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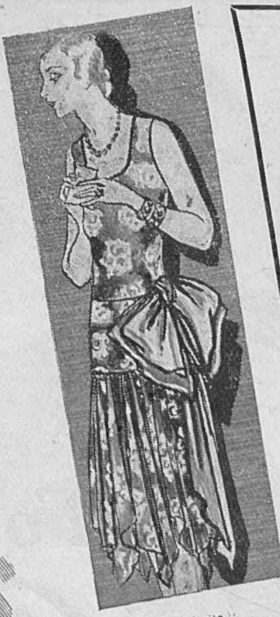
corot models by instalments



"felicite"
what could be more graceful and happy than ninon (softly toned flowers on a black ground) made up in this charming fashion, over a peach pink georgette slip, piped with black and finished at the waist with a big butterfly bow, composed of peach and orange ribbons. **19/6** monthly
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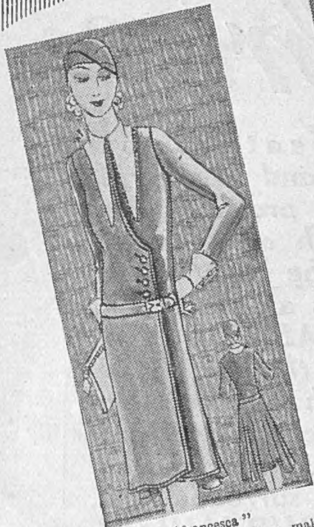
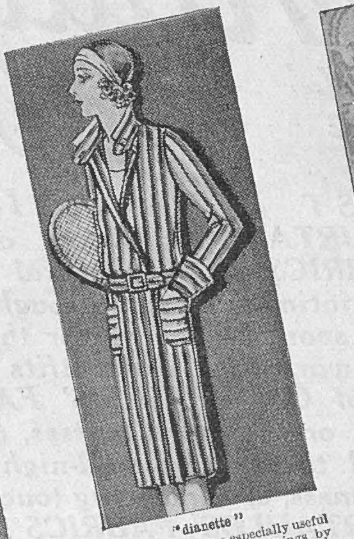
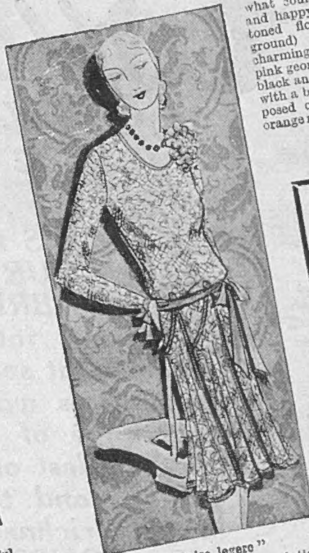


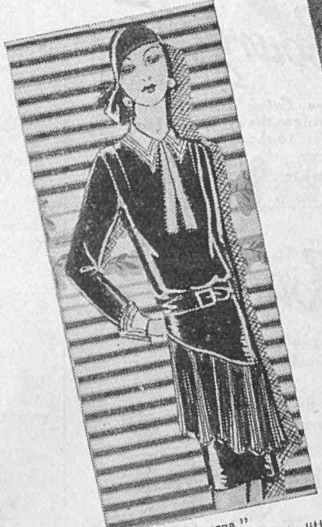
"francesca"
wine coloured crepe-de-chine makes this very unusual dress, which has a straight front and circular effect in the back of the skirt. a dainty finish is given by the quaint collar and cuffs of beige georgette. the buttons are also of this colour. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ guineas.



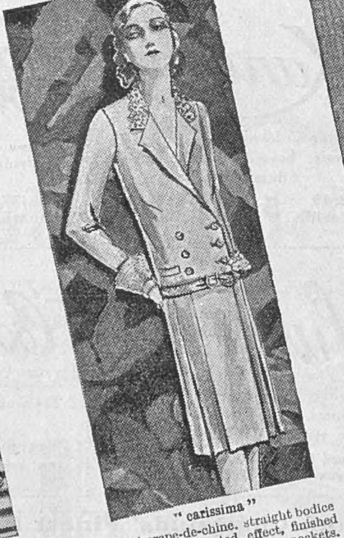
"dianette"
a charming little coat especially useful for sportswear, or cool evenings by the sea. developed in flannel, smartly woven in shaded and white stripes. model illustrated has dark green shading off to palest green, but can be made in other shades. **9/-** monthly
cash 3 guineas.



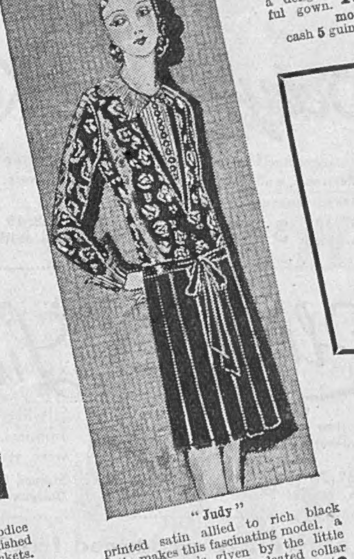
"brise legere"
golden brown lace on a foundation of georgette is responsible for the fairy-like charm of this exquisite yet practical model. the neck and the panels on the skirt are bound with the georgette. ties on the sleeves, a slim sash, and a soft shoulder flower of the same material add final touches of dainty chic to a delightful gown. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 guineas.



"verna"
dainty and youthful is this little afternoon frock in black or coloured satin. the overskirt of pleating gives a new note. finished off with a crisp little collar and cuffs bound with coloured georgette, it makes a smart toilet for most occasions. cash 4½ guineas. **13/6** monthly



"carissima"
scarlet crepe-de-chine. straight bodice with double-breasted effect, finished with six buttons and two pockets. collar of cream lace, with piece of same lace peeping from left side pocket. sleeves finished with the new gauntlet cuffs. front of skirt pleated, but back quite plain. also made in a soft green shade **18/-** monthly
cash 6 guineas.



"Judy"
printed satin allied to rich black satin makes this fascinating model. a pretty finish is given by the little tucked vest and finely pleated collar and cuffs of beige georgette. **13/6** monthly
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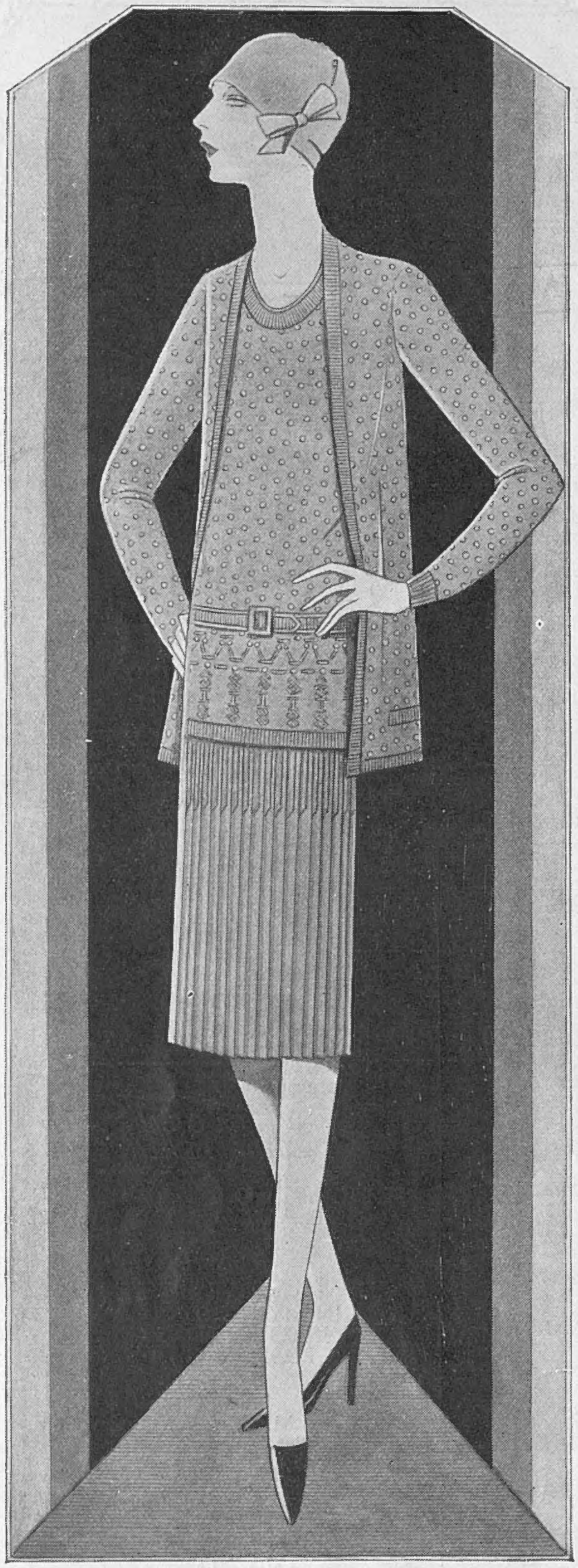

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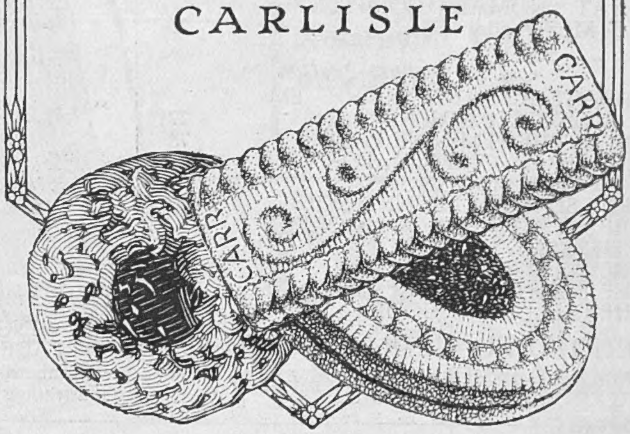

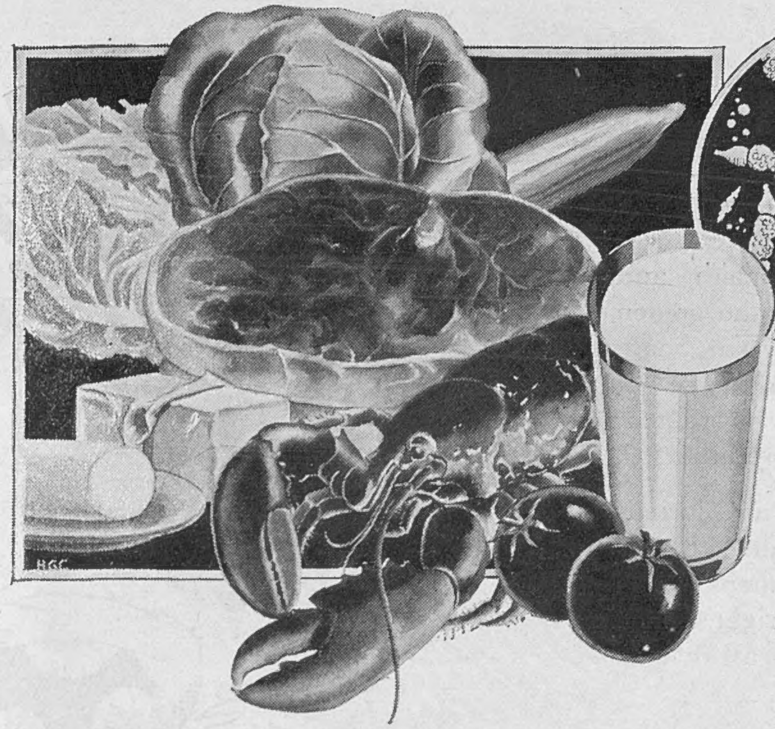

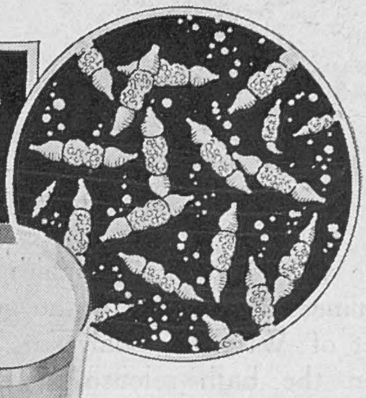

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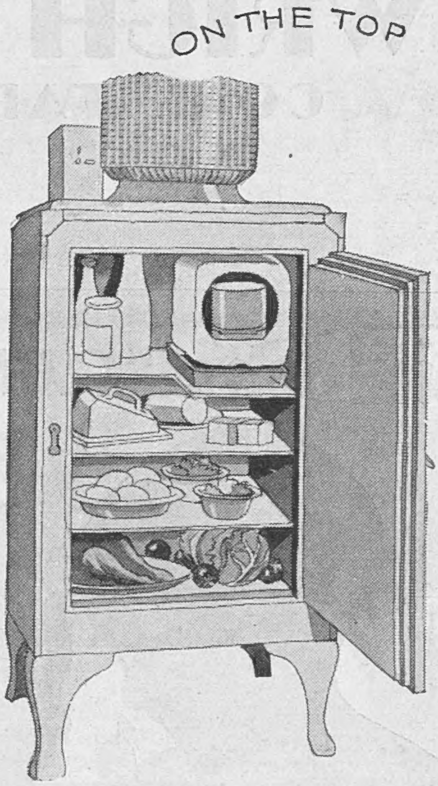

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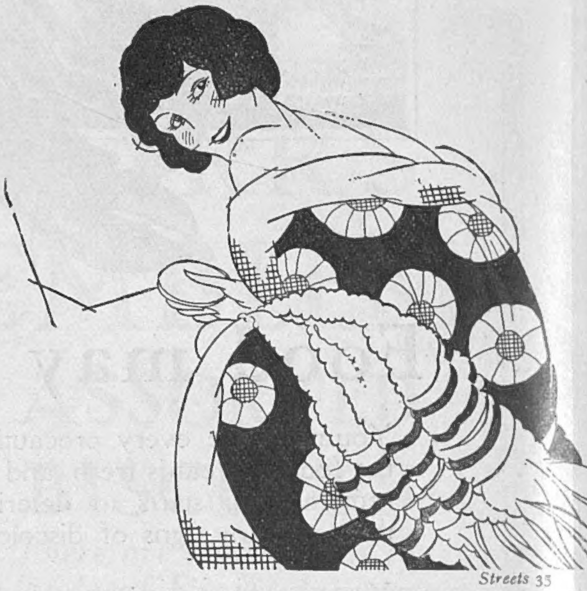

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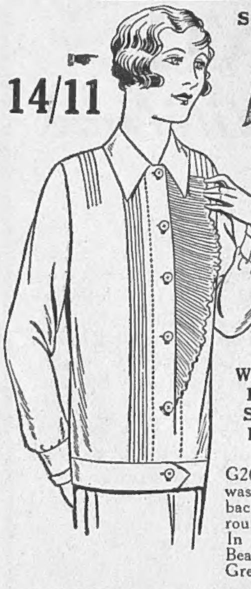
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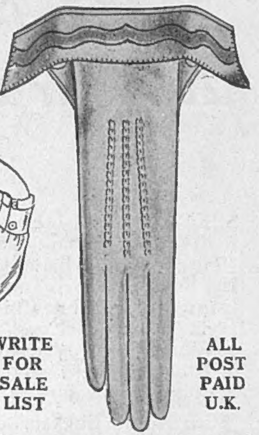

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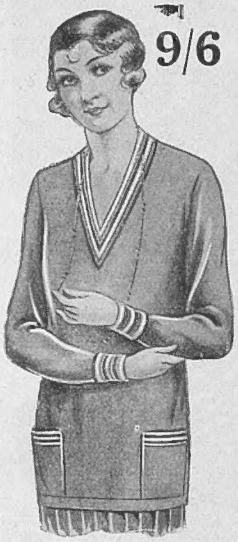
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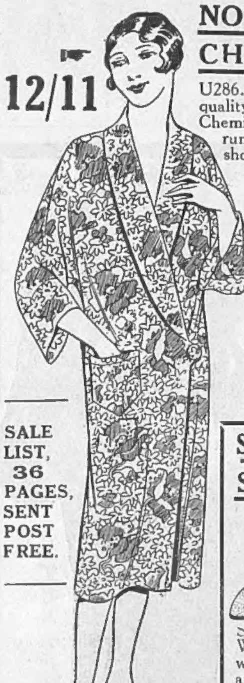
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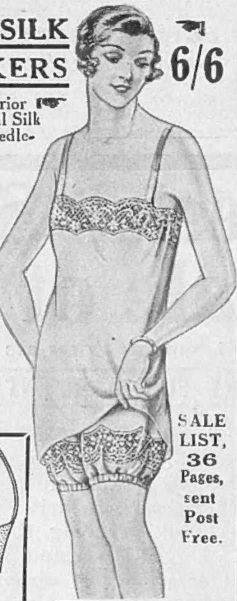
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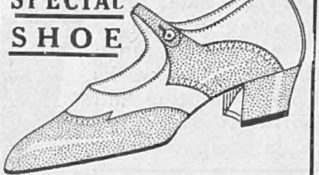

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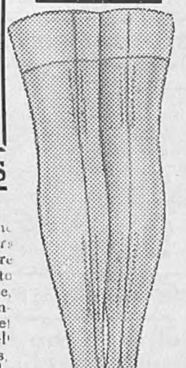

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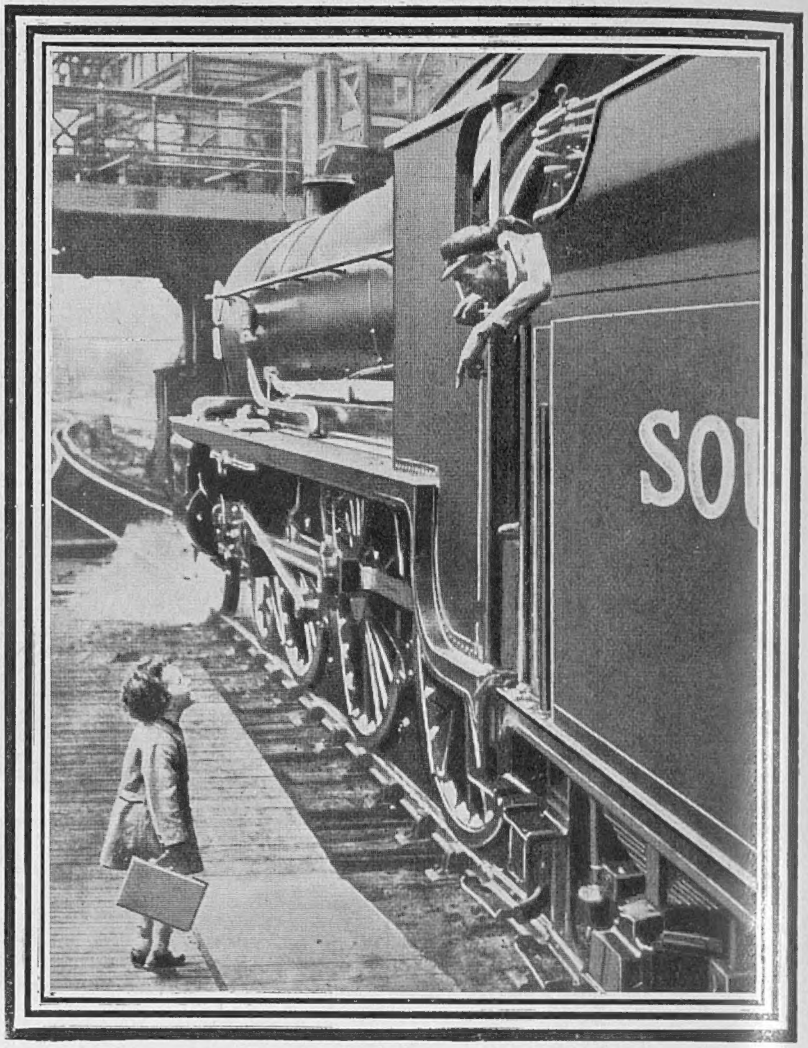

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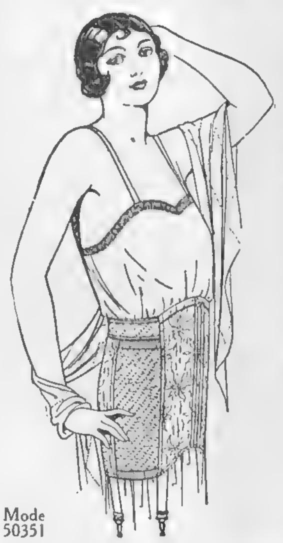

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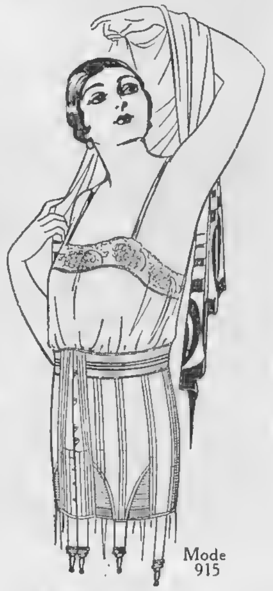

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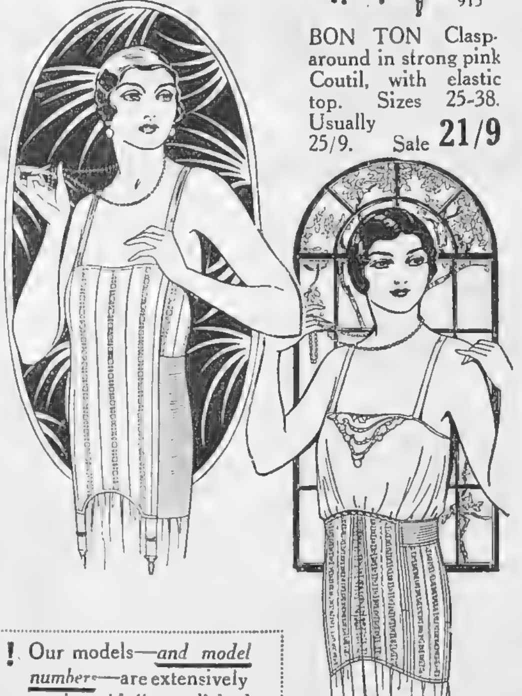

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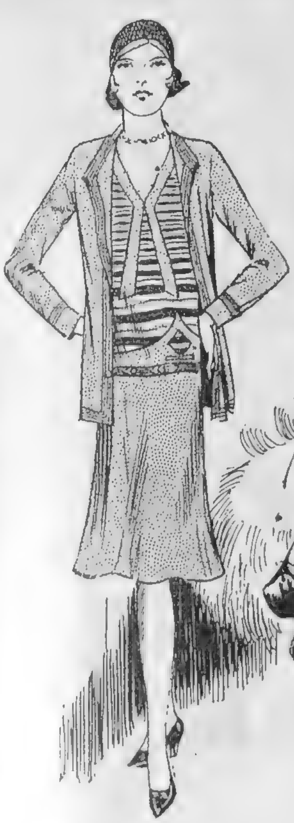

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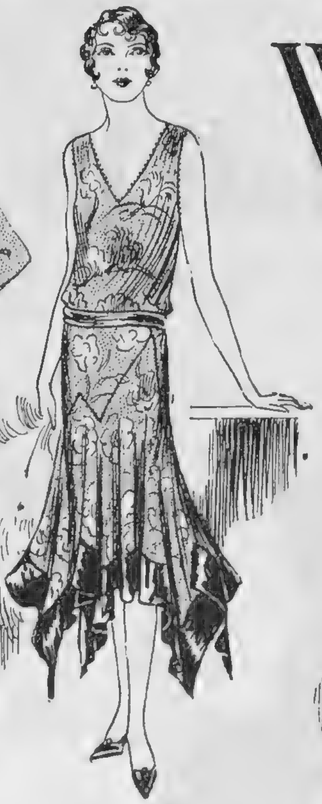

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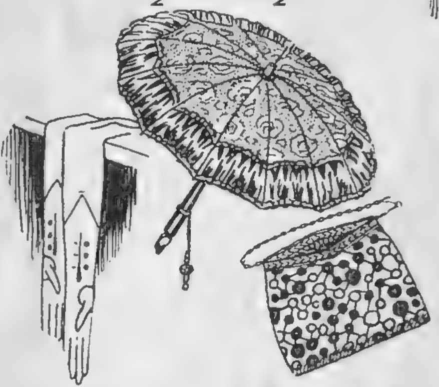

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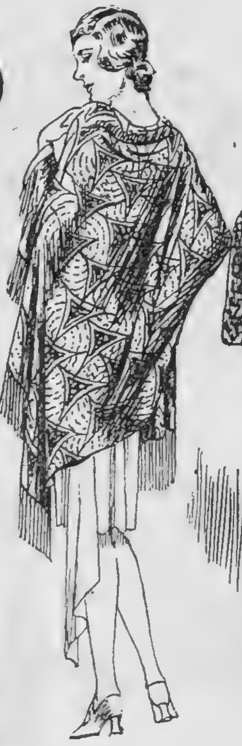

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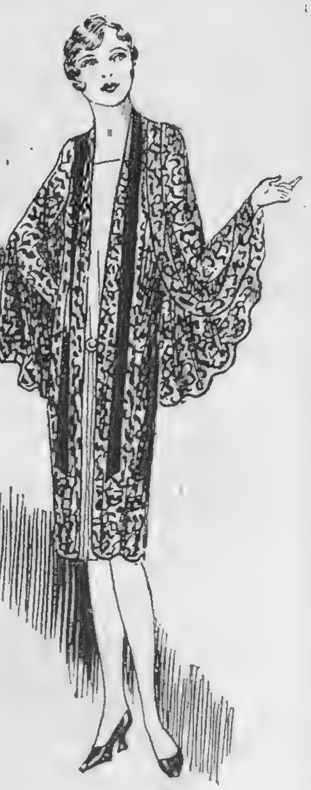

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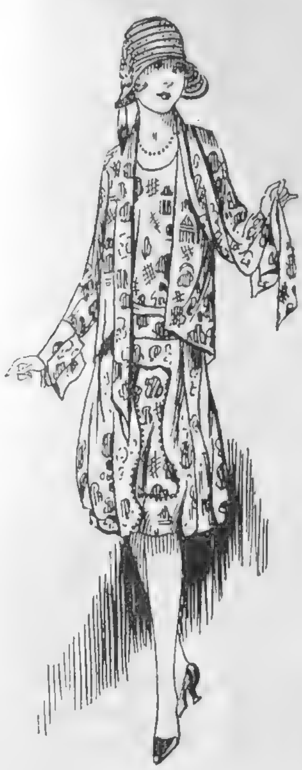

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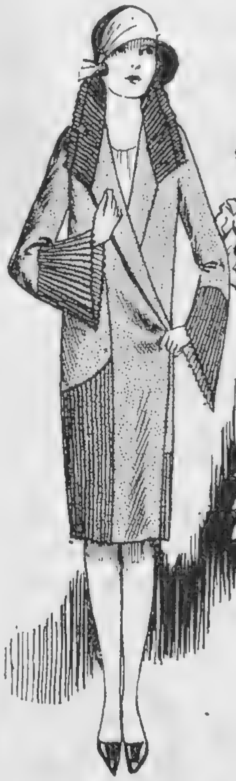

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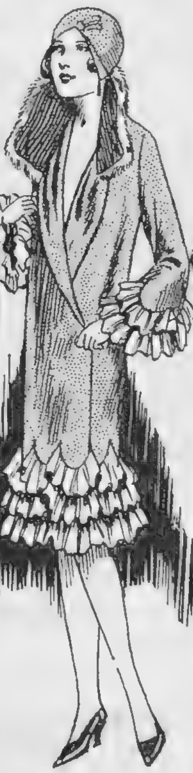

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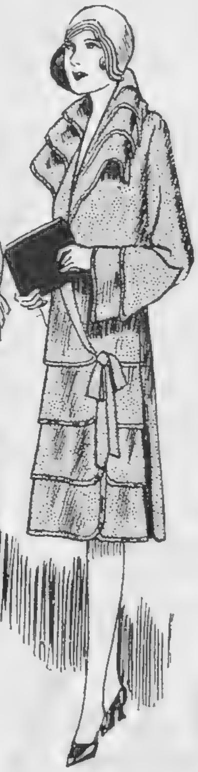

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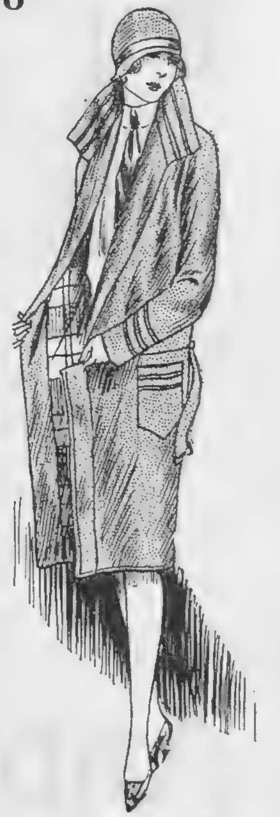

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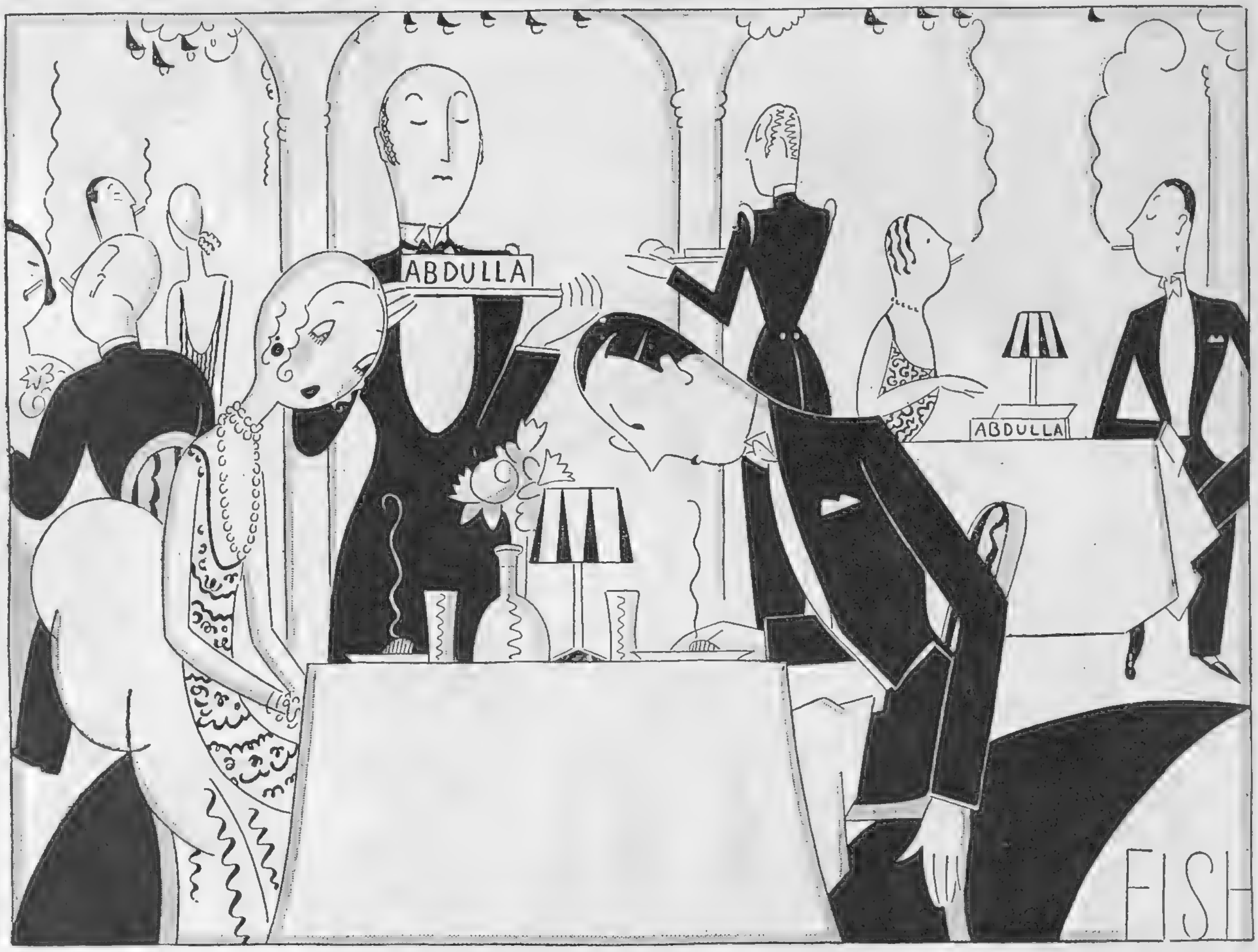

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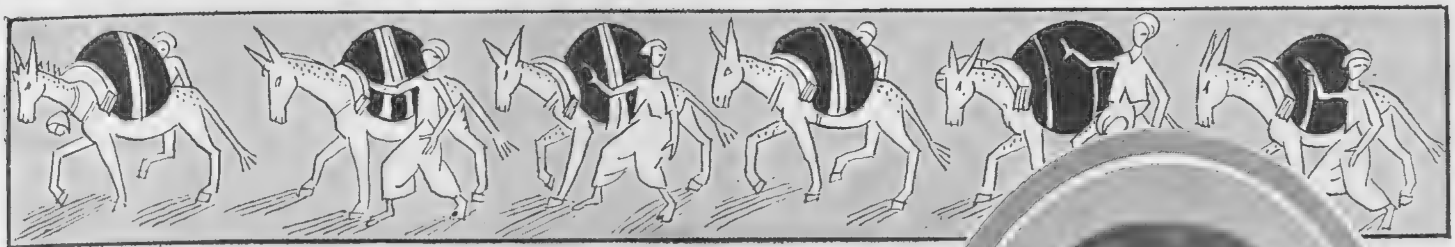

Part I of a graphic Travelogue

By W. Somerset Maugham

Through the JUNGLE

Beck and Macgregor

Mr. Somerset Maugham

Being the impressions, experiences and reflections of the famous novelist and playwright during a lone trek through the Shan States

THIS is the record of a journey afoot and on horseback across the Shan States. It is only by accident that I made it. I was on my way to Rangoon, intending to visit Burma, and having sailed from Colombo, met on board ship a man who asked me why I did not go to Keng Tung. He told me he had spent five years there. I asked him where it was, and with a smile he answered:

"Twenty-three days from the railhead."

He said it had an important market, held every five days, to which came natives of half-a dozen countries, and members of half-a-hundred tribes. It had pagodas darkly splendid and a remoteness that liberated the questing spirit from its anxiety. He said he would sooner live there than anywhere in the world. I asked him what it had offered him and he said "contentment." He was a tall, dark fellow with the aloofness of manner you often find in those who have lived much alone in unfrequented places.

Men like this are a little restless in the company of others, and though in the smoking-room of a ship or at the club bar they may be talkative and convivial, telling their story with the rest, joking and glad sometimes to narrate their unusual experiences, they seem always to hold something back. They have a life in themselves that they keep apart, and there is a look in their eyes, as it were, turned inwards, that informs you that this hidden life is the only one that signifies to them. And now and then their eyes betray their weariness with the social world into which hazard or the fear of seeming odd has for a moment forced them. They seem then to long for the monotonous solitude of some place of their predilection where they can be once more alone with the reality they have found.

It was as much the manner of this chance acquaintance as what he told me that persuaded me to go to Keng-Tung. I could not bear the thought of going back the way I had come, but I learned that from Keng-Tung I could get down into Siam and so to Bangkok. From the railhead in Upper Burma to the railhead in Siam it was between six and seven hundred miles; the Resident at Taunggyi wired to me that he would have mules and ponies ready for me on my arrival. Taunggyi was a few hours by motor from the railhead, and it was from there that I proposed to start.

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM, whose gripping description of his journey in Burma starts in this issue, has travelled widely, and especially in the Far East. After one of these trips in 1921 he produced "East of Suez," a play which captured the real atmosphere of the Orient. "The Letter," too, was remarkable for the trueness of the local colour, while several of Mr. Maugham's books also deal with the mystic East

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I REACHED it, spent several days completing my preparations, and then, early one morning, set out. It was the end of the rainy season—the sky was overcast, but the clouds were high in the heaven and bright. The country was wide and open, sparsely covered with little trees; but now and then, a giant among them, you came upon a huge banyan with wide-spreading roots. It stood upon the earth, a fit object for worship, with a kind of solemnity, as though it were conscious of victory against the blind force of Nature, and now, like a great power, aware of its enemy's strength, rested in armed peace. At its foot were the offerings that the Shans had placed to the spirit that dwelt in it.

An I Kaw bachelor

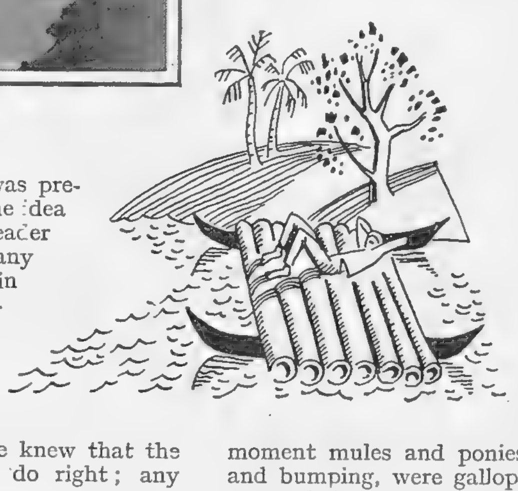
I rode at the head of the caravan, and the mules and ponies that carried the loads followed at my heels. But one of the ponies, unused perhaps to a pack, was very wild. It had savage eyes. Every now and then it bolted wildly among the mules, hitting them with its packs; then the leading mule headed it off, rounding it into the long grass at the side of the road, and stopped it. They both stood still for a moment, and then the mule led the pony quietly back to its place in the file. It walked along quite contentedly. It had had its scamper and for a little while at all events was prepared to behave reasonably. The idea in the mulish brain of the pack leader was as clear and distinct as any idea of Descartes. In the train was peace, order and happiness. To walk with your nose at the tail of the mule in front of you and to know that the nose of the mule behind you was at your tail, was virtue. Like some philosophers the mule knew that the only liberty was the power to do right; any other power was only licence.

The Salween River

But presently I came face to face with a buffalo standing stock still in the middle of the road. Now I knew that the Shan buffalo had none of that dislike of my colour which makes white men give the Chinese buffalo a wide berth, but I was not certain whether this particular animal had a very exact notion of nationality, and, since his horns were enormous and his eyes far from friendly, I thought it prudent to make a slight detour; whereupon the whole file, though neither mules nor muleteers could have had my reason for anxiety, followed me into the elephant grass. I could not but reflect that an undue observance of the law may put you to a good deal of unnecessary trouble.

WITH abundant leisure before me and nothing to distract, I had promised myself to think out on this journey various things that had been on my mind for a long time. There were a number of subjects, error and evil, space, time, chance and mutability, which I felt I should really come to some conclusion about. I had a great deal to say to myself about art and life, but my ideas were higgledy-piggledy like the objects in an old junk shop and I did not know where to put my hands on them when I wanted them. They were in odd corners of my mind, like oddments stowed away at the back of a chest of drawers, and I only just knew they were there. Some of them hadn't been taken out and brushed for so long that it was a disgrace; the new and the old were all jumbled together and some were of no use any more and might just as well be thrown on the dust-heap, and some (like a pair of Queen Anne spoons long forgotten that with the four a dealer has just found you in an auction room make up the half dozen) would fit very well with new ones. It would be pleasant to have everything cleaned and dusted, neatly put away on shelves, ordered and catalogued so that I knew what my stock consisted of.

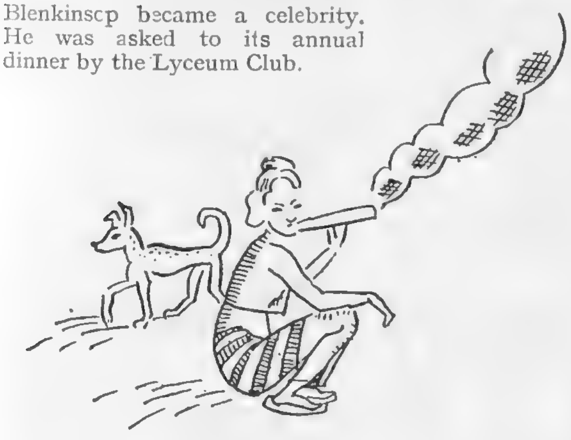
I resolved that while I rode through the country I would have a regular spring-cleaning of all my ideas. But the pack leader had round his neck a raucous bell and it clanged so loudly that my reflections were very much disturbed. It was like a muffin bell and it made me think of a Sunday afternoon in the London of my youth, with its empty streets and its gray, cold and melancholy sky. I put the spurs to my pony so that I might trot on and escape the dreary sound, but as soon as I began to do so the leader trotted too and the whole cavalcade trotted after him; I galloped, and in a moment mules and ponies, their packs jangling and bumping, were galloping helter-skelter after me, and the muffin bell rattled madly at my heels as though it were knelling the death agonies of all the muffin makers in London. I gave it up as a bad job and settled down again to walk. I resigned myself at least for that day to make no attempt at serious meditation and, instead, to pass the time, invented Blenkinsop.



THERE can be nothing so gratifying to an author as to arouse the respect and esteem of the reader. Make him laugh and he will think you a trivial fellow, but bore him in the right way and your reputation is assured. There was once a man called Blenkinsop. He had no talent, but he wrote a book in which his earnestness and his sincerity, his thoughtfulness and his integrity were so evident that, although it was quite unreadable, no one could fail to be impressed by it. Reviewers were unable to get through it, but could not but recognise the author's high aim and purity of purpose. They praised it with such an enthusiastic unanimity that all the people who flatter themselves they are in the movement felt bound to have it on their tables. The critic of *The London Mercury* said that he would have liked to have written it himself. This was the highest praise he knew. Mr. Blenkinsop deplored the grammar but accepted the compliment.

Driving a Bargain in Keng Tung

Mrs. Woolf paid it a generous tribute at Bloomsbury, Mr. Osbert Sitwell admired it in Chelsea and Mr. Arnold Bennett was judicious in Cadogan Square. Smart women of easy morals bought it so that people should not think they had no mind above the Embassy Club and banting. The poets who go to luncheon parties talked about it exactly as though they had read it from cover to cover. It was bought in the great provincial towns where the virtuous young are gathered together at high tea to improve their minds. Mr. Hugh Walpole wrote a preface to the American edition. The booksellers placed it in piles in their shop windows with a photograph of the author on one side and a card with long extracts from the more important reviews on the other. In short, the vogue of the book was so great that its publisher said that if it did not stop selling soon he would have to read it himself. Mr. Blenkinsop became a celebrity. He was asked to its annual dinner by the Lyceum Club.



NOW it happened that just about the time when Mr. Blenkinsop's book was at the dizzy height of success, the Prime Minister's secretary presented the Prime Minister with the list of birthday honours. This high dignitary of the Crown looked at it with misgiving.

"A pretty mangy lot," he said. "The public will raise a stink about this."

The secretary was a democrat.

"Who cares?" he said. "Let the public go to hell."

"Couldn't we do something for arts and letters?" suggested the Prime Minister.

The secretary remarked that almost all the R.A.'s were knights already and those that were kicked up the devil of a row if any others were knighted.

"The more the merrier, I should have thought," said the Prime Minister flippantly.

"Not at all," answered the secretary. "The more titled R.A.'s there are the less is their financial value."

"I see," said the Prime Minister. "But are there no authors in England?"

"I will inquire," replied the secretary, who had been at Balliol.

He asked at the National Liberal Club and was told that there were Sir Hall Caine and Sir James Barrie. But honours had already been heaped upon them so freely that there seemed nothing more to offer them than the Garter and it was evident that the Lord Mayor of London would be very much put out if they were offered that. The Prime Minister was, however, insistent, and his secretary was in a quandary. But one day when he was being shaved his barber asked him if he had read Blenkinsop's book.

"I'm not much of a reader myself," he said, "but our Miss Burroughs, she did your nails last time you was here, sir, she says it's simply divine."

Taungyi

The Prime Minister's secretary was a man who made it his business to be abreast of the current movements in art and literature, and he was well aware that Blenkinsop's book was a sound piece of work. In honouring him the State would honour itself and the public might swallow without a wry face the baronetcies and peerages that rewarded services of a less obvious character. But he could afford to take no risks and so sent for the manicurist.

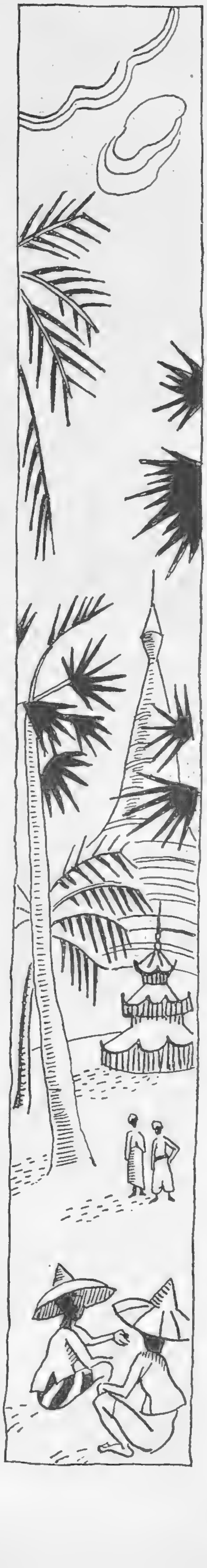
"Have you read it?" he asked her pointblank.

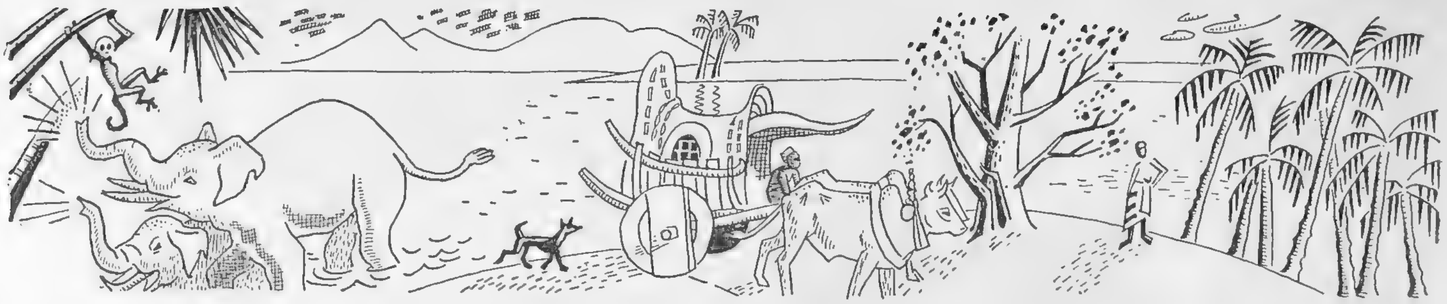
"No, sir, I haven't exactly what you might call read it, but all the gentlemen who talk about it when I'm doing their nails say it's absolutely priceless."

The result of this conversation was that the secretary placed Blenkinsop's name before the Prime Minister and told him of his book.

"What do you think about it yourself?" asked the great man.

"I haven't read it, I don't read books," replied the secretary frigidly, "but there's nothing about it that I don't know."





Blenkinsop was offered a K.C.V.O.

"We may just as well do the thing well if we're going to do it at all," said the Prime Minister.

But Blenkinsop, true to his character, begged to be allowed to refuse the distinction. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! The Prime Minister's secretary was at his wit's end. But the Prime Minister was a man of character and determination. When he had once made up his mind to do a thing he would allow no obstacle to stand in his way. He discovered the solution in a flash of his fertile brain and literature after all found a place in the birthday honours. A viscounty was conferred on the editor of Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables.

But even when I had learned by experience that if I wanted a quiet ride I must give the mules an hour's start of me I found it impossible to concentrate my thoughts on any of the subjects that I had selected for meditation. Though nothing of the least consequence happened my attention was distracted by a hundred trifling incidents of the wayside. Two big butterflies in black and white fluttered along in front of me, and they were like young war widows bearing the loss they had sustained for their country's sake with cheerful resignation: so long as there were dances at Claridge's and dressmakers in the Place Vendôme they were ready to swear that all was well with the world. A little cheeky bird hopped down the road turning round every now and then jauntily as though to call my attention to her smart suit of silver-grey. She looked like a neat typist tripping along from the station to her office in Cheapside. I wish, as many writers do, I could give distinction to these pages by the enumeration of the birds and flowers that I saw as I ambled along on my little Shan pony. It has a scientific air and though the reader skips the passage it gives him a slight thrill of self-esteem to know that he is reading a book with solid fact in it.

I passed a party of Shans cooking their meal under a tree. Their wagons were placed in a circle round them, making a kind of laager, and the bullocks were grazing a little way off. I went on a mile or two and came upon a respectable Burman sitting at the side of the road under a shady tree and smoking a cheroot. Round him were his servants, with their loads on the ground beside them, for he had no mules and they were carrying his luggage themselves. They had made a little fire of sticks and were cooking the rice for his midday meal. I stopped while my interpreter had a chat with the respectable Burman. He was a clerk from Keng-Tung on his way to Taunggyi to look for a situation in a government office. He had been on the road for eighteen days and with only four more to go looked upon his journey as nearly at an end.

Then a Shan on horseback threw confusion among the thoughts I tried to marshal. He rode a shaggy pony and his feet were bare in his stirrups. He wore a white jacket and his coloured skirt was tucked up so that it looked like gay riding breeches. He had a yellow handkerchief bound round his head. He was a romantic figure cantering through that wide upland, but not so romantic as Rembrandt's *Polish Rider*, who rides through space and time with so gallant a bearing. No living horseman has ever achieved that effect of mystery so that when you look at him you feel that you stand on the threshold of an unknown that lures you on and yet closes the way to you. Nor is it strange, for nature and the beauty of nature are dead and senseless things and it is only art that can give them significance.

But with so much to distract me I could not but suspect that I should reach my journey's end without after all having made up my mind upon a single one of the important subjects that I had promised myself to consider.

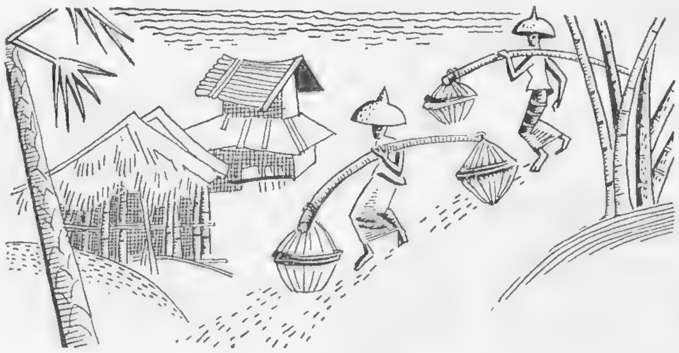
The day's march was no more than twelve to fifteen miles, that being the distance that a mule can comfortably do, and the distance from one another at which the P.W.D. bungalows are placed. But because it is the daily routine it gives you just as much the sensation of covering space as if you had been all day in an express train. When you arrive at your destination you are, in reality, just as far from your starting place, though you have gone but a few miles, as if you had travelled from Paris to Madrid. When you have ridden along a stream for a couple of days it seems to you of quite imposing length: you ask its name and are surprised to find that it has none, until you stop to reflect that you have followed it for no more than five-and-twenty miles.

But because the bungalows are all built on the same pattern, though you have been travelling for several hours (your caravan does little more than two miles an hour) you seem always to arrive at the same house. It stands on piles in a compound a few yards away from the road. There is a large living-room, and behind two bedrooms with their bathrooms. In the middle of the living-room is a handsome teak table. There are two easy-chairs with extensions for the legs and four stout, severe arm-chairs to set round the table. There is a chiffonier on which are copies of the *Strand Magazine* for 1918 and two tattered, much-read novels by Philips Oppenheim. On the walls there is a longitudinal section of the road, a summary of the Burma Game rules and a list of the furniture and the household utensils of the bungalow. In the compound are the servants' quarters stalls for the ponies and a cook-house.

It is certainly not pretty, it is not very comfortable, but it is solid, substantial and serviceable; and though I had never seen any one bungalow before, and after that day should never see it again, I seldom caught sight of it at the end of the morning's journey without a little thrill of content.

The bungalow stands generally on the outskirts of a village, and when I arrived at the confines of the commune I found waiting to greet me the headman with his clerk and an attendant, a son or nephew, and the elders. When I approached they went down on their haunches, shikoed and offered me a cup of water, a few marigolds and a little rice. I drank the water with misgiving. But once I was handed on a tray eight tapers and was told that this was the highest mark of respect that could be shown me, for they were the tapers that were set before the image of Buddha. I could not but be conscious that I little deserved such a compliment.

I settled down in the bungalow, and then my interpreter informed me that the headman and the elders stood without desiring to tender the customary presents. They brought them in on lacquer trays—eggs, rice and bananas. I sat down in a chair and they knelt on the floor in a half-circle in front of me. The headman, with abundant gestures but with composure, made me a long harangue. Through the translation that my interpreter gave me I thought I perceived certain phrases that were not unfamiliar to me, and I seemed to discern something about one flag, hands across the sea, and the desire that I should take back to my own country not only a greeting from this distant land, but the urgent request of the inhabitants that



the Government would build a metal road.

I felt it became me to make a reply if not as eloquent at least as long. I was only a wandering stranger, and if by the instructions they had received to make easy my way they had been misled into thinking me a person of any consequence I could at least do myself the justice of not behaving like one. I am no politician, and I was too shamefaced to utter the imperial platitudes that fall so trippingly from the mouth of those who make it their business to govern empires. Perhaps I might have told my listeners that they were fortunate in being under the control of a power that was content to leave them alone. Once a year the Resident of the district came round and composed the differences that they could not compose themselves to their complaints, appointed a new headman when one was needed, and then left them to their own customs, and they were free to grow their rice, to marry, bring forth children, and die, to worship the gods they chose without let or hindrance. They saw no soldiers and had no jail.

But I felt that these matters were not of my competence, and so contented myself with the smaller office of amusing them. Though no speaker (I can count on one hand the speeches that on public occasions I have been induced to make) it was not hard to devise a few graceful and humorous remarks in return for the eggs, bananas and rice which were presented to me.

IT is not easy, however, to make forty different speeches about eggs, bananas and rice, and the eggs I soon learnt by experience were far from fresh. But, thinking my interpreter would despise me if I said the same thing every day in the morning as I rode along, I racked my brain for new ways of expressing my gratification at my welcome and my present. I invented, as one day followed another, more than thirty different speeches, and when I sat there while my interpreter translated what I had said, it was a satisfaction for me to see the little nods the headman and the elders gave me when a point had gone home, and the way they shook themselves when they saw a joke.

Now one morning I suddenly thought of an entirely new jest. It was a very good one, and I saw in the twinkling of an eye how I could bring it into my speech. The lot of the English and the American humorist is hard, for pornography rather than brevity is the soul of wit, but the prudishness of his audience (and perhaps their sentimentality) has forced him to look for a laugh everywhere but where it is most easily to be found.

By this time I knew my public and this joke, though I hope not coarse, just touched the obscene as a mosquito touches your face and then flies away buzzing when you slap. It amused me very much, and, as I rode along, I thought of the headman and the elders of the village I was approaching on their knees on the floor in front of me shaking with laughter and rolling from side to side.

A Shan Warrior

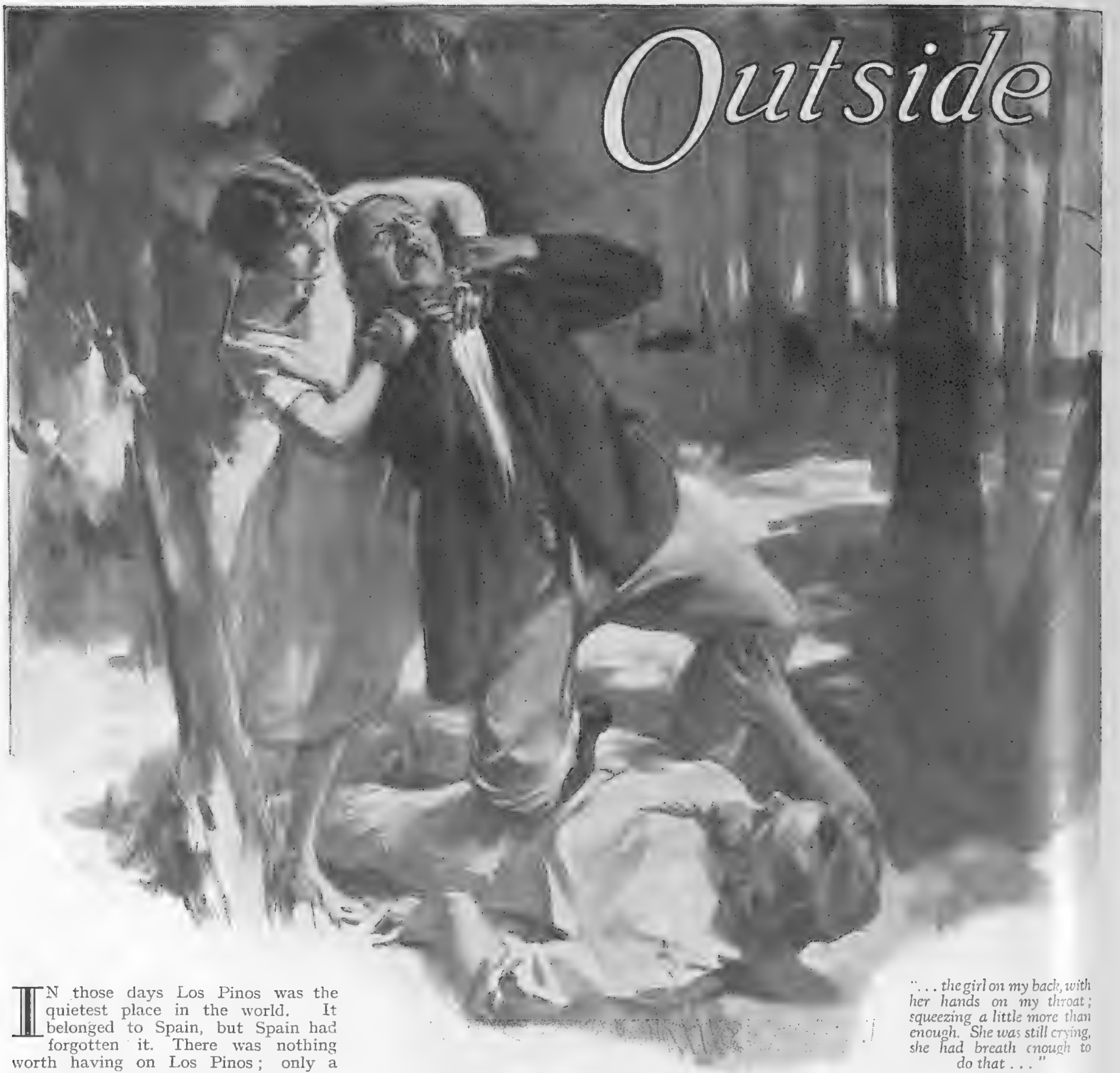
A Shan Beauty

We arrived. The village chief was a man of fifty-seven, and he had been headman for thirty years. He brought his nephew, a shy youth, with the beginning of a beard, four or five elders and the clerk, who sat a little by himself —a man of immeasurable age, wrinkled, with a sparse grey beard, a man so old that he seemed hardly human.

IN due time I made my speech, and when I came to my good joke, the interpreter giggled and his eyes glistened. I was pleased. I finished and sat back in my chair while he translated my winged words. The little half-circle of listeners turned from me to him and they watched him with dark, attentive eyes. He was a good speaker, my interpreter, fluent, with a gift of easy and descriptive gesture. I always felt

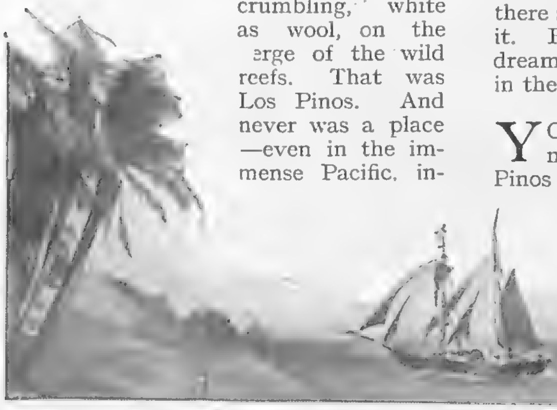
(*Continued on page* 188.)

Outside



"... the girl on my back, with her hands on my throat; squeezing a little more than enough. She was still crying, she had breath enough to do that ..."

IN those days Los Pinos was the quietest place in the world. It belonged to Spain, but Spain had forgotten it. There was nothing worth having on Los Pinos; only a handful of curious stiff pine trees, and a high centre of windy grasses, fine as mermaid hair. Lagoons and reefs all round, miraculous blue spilled into splendid green; the cloud-packs of half heaven—so it seemed—tossed down and left afloat and crumbling, white as wool, on the verge of the wild reefs. That was Los Pinos. And never was a place—even in the immense Pacific, insouciant of humanity—that wanted man so little.



I thought this when I went there. I could feel it fending me off.

But I said to myself that I would go there some day again. Buy it. Build on it. Realise the island dream that is dreamed by half the world, and grasped, in the end, by almost none.

YOU cannot have an island for the mere wanting. I had passed Los Pinos in a little cargo steamer that had been obliged to leave her course for water. I had hoped to make my home there within six months or so, but it was nearer six years before I had saved enough money to take out a lease from the Spanish Consul in Auckland, arrange my passage on a trading schooner, and sail away to Los Pinos.

I was afraid that I might have exaggerated the charm of the place, to myself; but when at last we made our land-fall, I knew that I had made no mistake. Here was the island of my dream, and here, God willing, I meant to live and die.

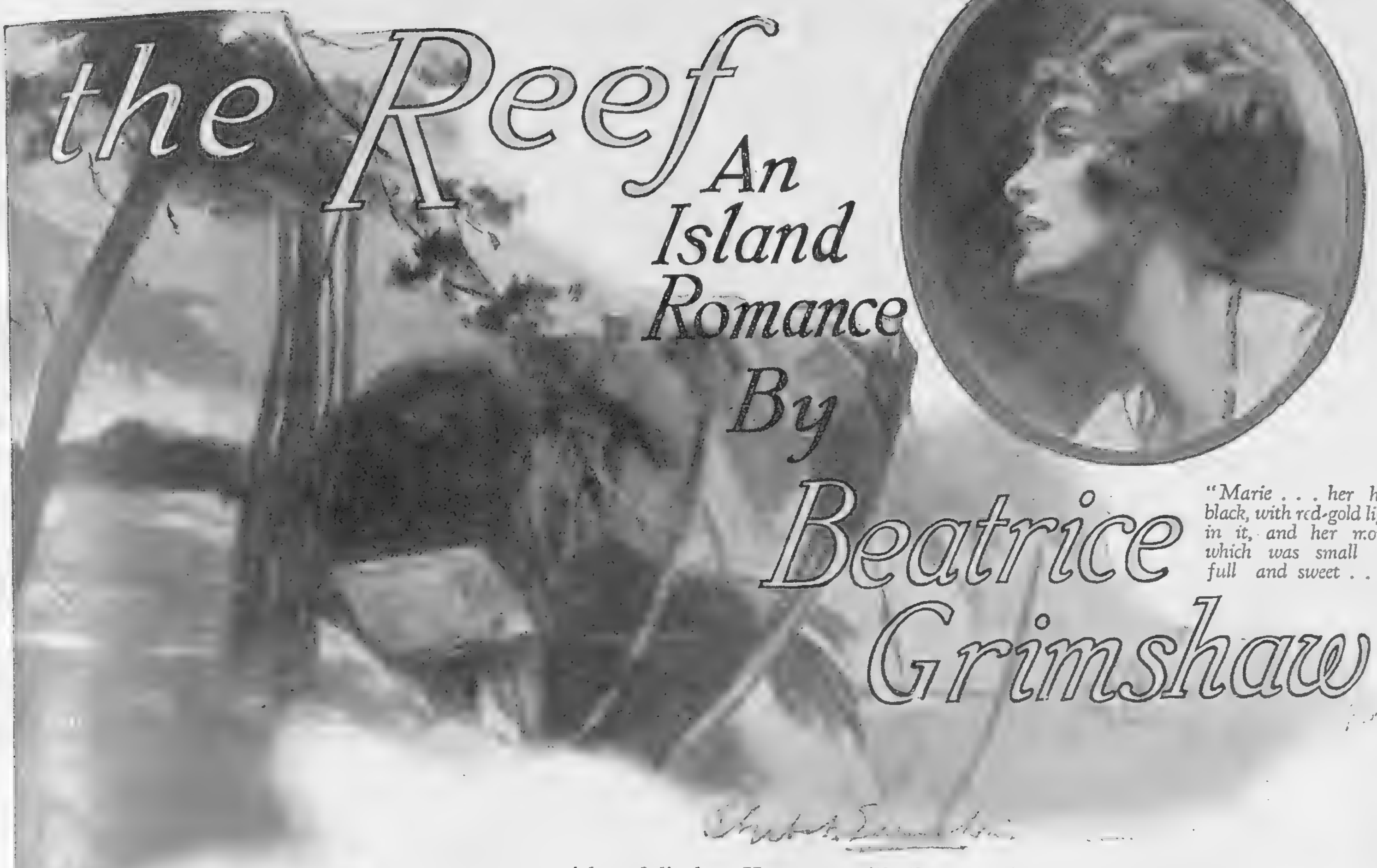
We came up on the windward side, and ran cautiously round to leeward, where the only anchorage was.

THERE was a surprise waiting for me on the leeward side of Los Pinos. Six years before, the island had been desert; there was not so much as a palm-leaf hut on it. Now, as we rounded the point, I saw with amazement and also with the indignation of a landed proprietor, that someone was living there. Behind the beach, in the shelter of the

the Reef

An Island Romance

By Beatrice Grimshaw



"Marie . . . her hair, black, with red-gold lights in it, and her mouth, which was small and full and sweet . . ."

Illustrations by Elizabeth Earnshaw

pines, a shack had been put up. A large native canoe was drawn up on the beach.

"Some of them damned natives from the Corrientes," said the captain, spitting overboard. "I'd bump them out quick and lively. Tell them to go back in their canoe, if they come in it. See, I'll come ashore and talk to them for you."

I do not know why I refused; but the fact remains that I felt more than reluctant to have the captain mixed up in the business at all. It was my island, wasn't it? If there was any trouble, it was my trouble. . .

I THEREFORE told him that I could not be responsible for delaying his ship at that late hour of the afternoon, among the notorious reefs of Los Pinos; and that if he would be good enough to have my stuff dumped on the beach as quickly as possible, he might yet get away before dark. I did not expect serious trouble with my Corrientes native; the people of that far, barren group were a spiritless race, unlikely to disobey the orders of white men.

The captain, busy letting go anchor, made no reply for the moment. Presently as the crew were lowering away the boat, he said, with his pipe tucked into the corner of his mouth:

"Well, have it your own way; maybe you can make them useful, and you're the blanky landlord anyhow. Well, I'll go; get Mr. Fisher's dunnage ashore, quick and lively. Hurry up with them tents. Put the cases in first. Well, Mr. Fisher, you've enough to last you there for six munce, easy, and I'll be calling then, as per agreement. Good-bye, and good luck, and I'm damned glad it isn't me."

"So am I," I thought, as we shoved off from the side through water coloured like a tub of washing blue. "If there's romance on this island, you wouldn't fit in." I did not believe there was romance, yet I was hungry for it. Perhaps there was the usual two-on-an-island vision tucked somewhere away in a corner of my brain; but where the other was to come from, or how I was to keep her when she came—that was not in the vision.

THE crew, a bunch of half-caste New Zealand Maoris, rowed up to the beach, and held the bow of the whaleboat for each other, while my goods and myself were dumped ashore.

All this time there was not a sign of any inhabitant, white or brown. The stark pines stood above us, motionless to the tearing wind; nothing sounded but the castanets of the pandanus, and the tinkle of blown twigs of sea-bleached coral, and, a long way out, the low, unending murmur of the reef.

I was glad when the boat was gone, and the schooner, long and white, had rounded the point of the island, for now, I said to myself, I should know.

The first thing was to find out where these trespassers had hidden themselves. Tramping industriously round the long white beach, from lee side up to windward, I said to myself that I wouldn't much like to be in their position. They couldn't know I was a decent sort of chap. They must be frightened, more or less, considering what they'd done. . .

Then a thought came to me that stopped me dead, in the middle of the leeward beach. I stood for quite a minute, staring at the toes of my brown boots, half-buried in sand.

These people did not know what they had done.

That was the thought that stopped me. They could not possibly be aware that I was the lessee of Los Pinos, simply because there was no conceivable way in which the news could have reached them.

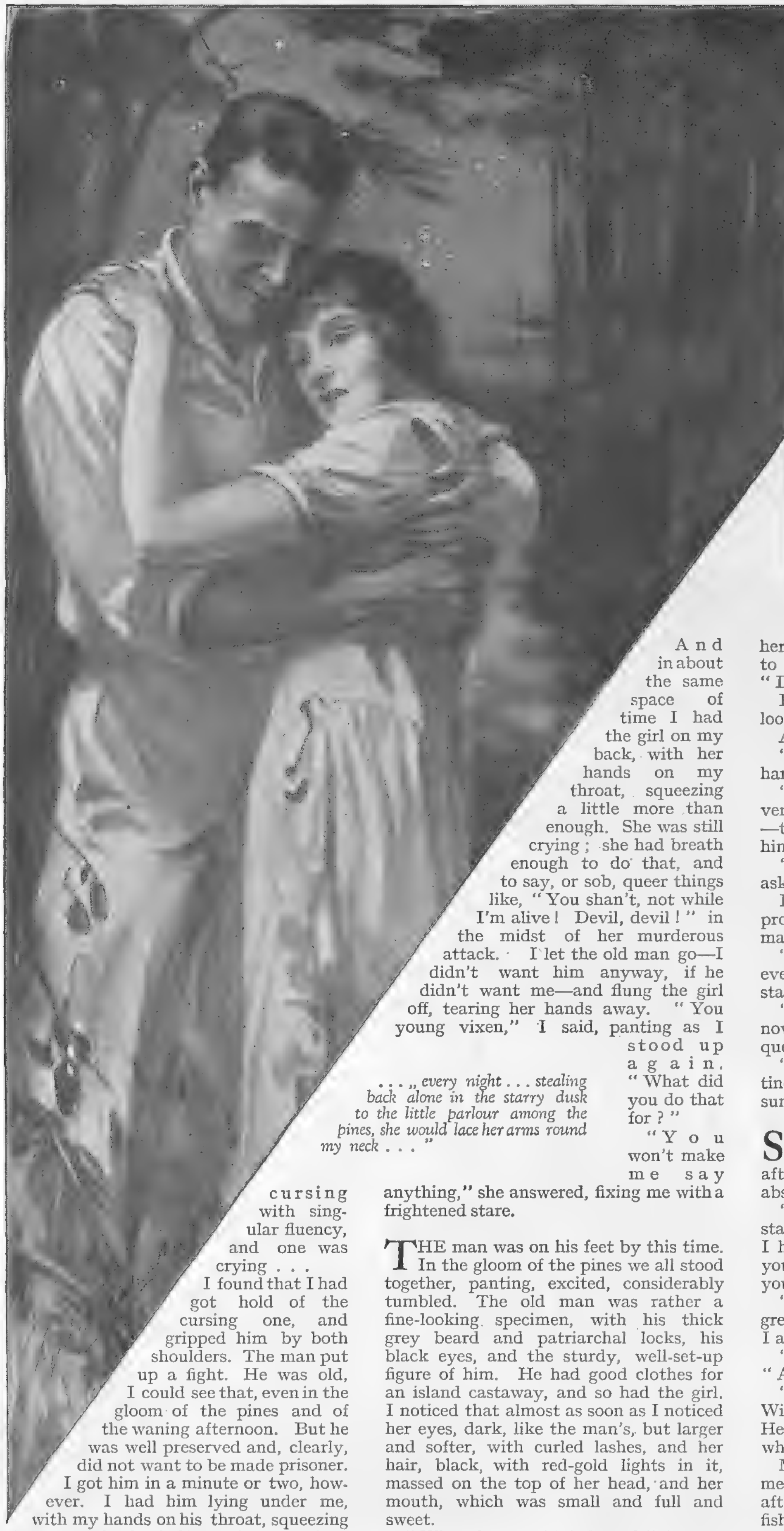
In that case, why were they hiding, and who, or what, were they?

A fire of curiosity waked up in me at this point. Clearly, there was going to be more fun about Los Pinos and my occupancy of it than I had imagined. Mystery—romance, perhaps.

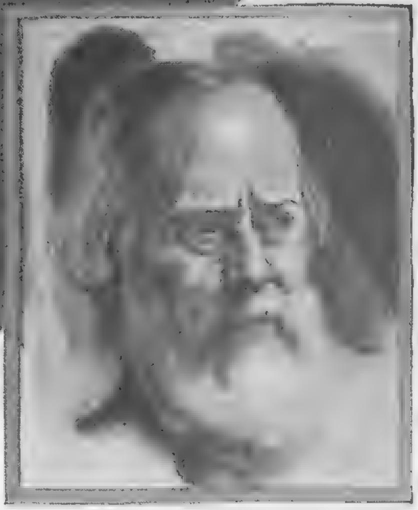
AGAIN I resumed my tramp round the island. There was no sign of life. If people were on the island, they must be cleverly hidden, I told myself, staring at the belt of pines, and at the little space of cleared grass and sweet potato above and behind it. In that moment, I felt that someone was staring back.

I could see nobody, but I have always been sensitive to the invisible rays of the human eye, and some such rays were fairly burning into me now. So sure was I, that I made a sudden, quick dash into the pines, aiming myself like a projectile for the point from which the rays proceeded.

I went into them full speed, and tumbled right over two people who had been watching from behind a depression in the ground, and were trying frantically to get out of my way. One of them was



. . . „ every night . . . stealing back alone in the starry dusk to the little parlour among the pines, she would lace her arms round my neck . . . "



"Mr. Williams"

cursing with singular fluency, and one was crying . . .

I found that I had got hold of the cursing one, and gripped him by both shoulders. The man put up a fight. He was old, I could see that, even in the gloom of the pines and of the waning afternoon. But he was well preserved and, clearly, did not want to be made prisoner. I got him in a minute or two, however. I had him lying under me, with my hands on his throat, squeezing just enough, in half a minute or less. And in about the same space of time I had the girl on my back, with her hands on my throat, squeezing a little more than enough. She was still crying; she had breath enough to do that, and to say, or sob, queer things like, "You shan't, not while I'm alive! Devil, devil!" in the midst of her murderous attack. I let the old man go—I didn't want him anyway, if he didn't want me—and flung the girl off, tearing her hands away. "You young vixen," I said, panting as I stood up again. "What did you do that for?"

"You won't make me say anything," she answered, fixing me with a frightened stare.

THE man was on his feet by this time. In the gloom of the pines we all stood together, panting, excited, considerably tumbled. The old man was rather a fine-looking specimen, with his thick grey beard and patriarchal locks, his black eyes, and the sturdy, well-set-up figure of him. He had good clothes for an island castaway, and so had the girl. I noticed that almost as soon as I noticed her eyes, dark, like the man's, but larger and softer, with curled lashes, and her hair, black, with red-gold lights in it, massed on the top of her head, and her mouth, which was small and full and sweet.

"What do you think I am?" I asked her, addressing the man, whom I guessed to be her father, at the same time. "Did you know I had got a lease?"

Instead of answering me, the two looked at each other.

After a minute, the old man answered. "We didn't know; we are doing no harm." He still kept looking at me.

"My father," said the girl, "has been very ill, and they said this place, with the—the pines and all that—would cure him."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

I suppose that something of the proprietor's air had crept into my manner, for the girl answered meekly.

"Oh, a long time, nearly a year. He's ever so much better. Will you let us stay?"

"Why did you try to choke me just now?" I asked her, replying to one question with another.

"We thought you were the quarantine," she answered. "He's had consumption."

SHE said it so pat, with such a matter-of-fact air, that it was not until afterwards I realised the answer was absurd.

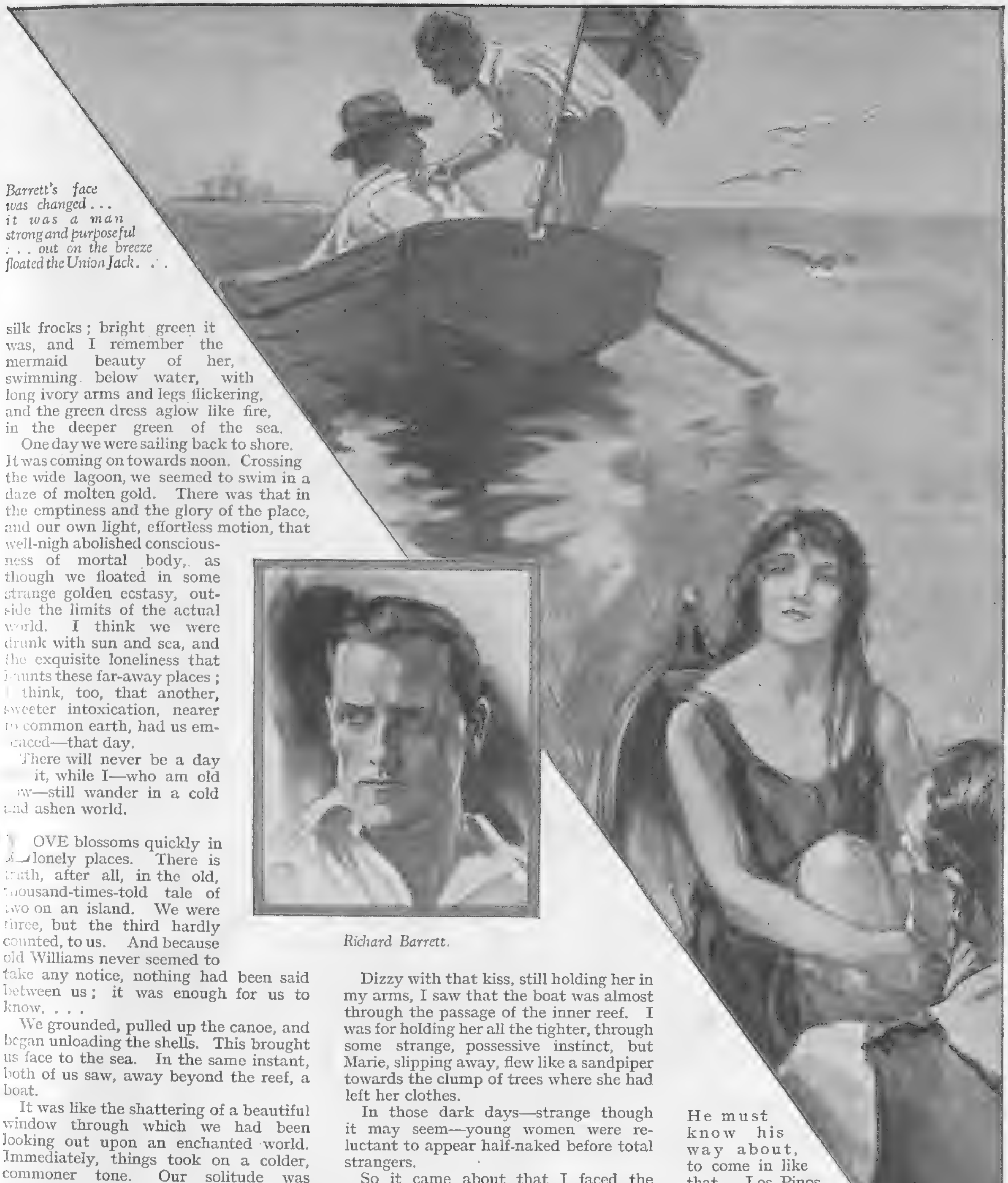
"Well," I told her, "if you want to stay on, you may, so far as I'm concerned. I hope to do a bit of shelling here, and you may help me, and share profits, if you like."

"I must say you're very kind—I'm greatly obliged," said the man. "May I ask your name?"

"Fisher, Jack Fisher," I told him. "And yours?"

"Williams," he said, "James Williams. My daughter's name is Marie." He stared at me with unwinking eyes while he spoke.

Marie took up the diving work with me, as one born to it, and we spent day after day together, out on the reefs, fishing trochus shell. She had made herself a bathing-suit out of one of her



Barrett's face was changed . . . it was a man strong and purposeful . . . out on the breeze floated the Union Jack. . .

Richard Barrett.

silk frocks; bright green it was, and I remember the mermaid beauty of her, swimming below water, with long ivory arms and legs flickering, and the green dress aglow like fire, in the deeper green of the sea.

One day we were sailing back to shore. It was coming on towards noon. Crossing the wide lagoon, we seemed to swim in a daze of molten gold. There was that in the emptiness and the glory of the place, and our own light, effortless motion, that well-nigh abolished consciousness of mortal body, as though we floated in some strange golden ecstasy, outside the limits of the actual world. I think we were drunk with sun and sea, and the exquisite loneliness that haunts these far-away places; I think, too, that another, sweeter intoxication, nearer to common earth, had us embraced—that day.

There will never be a day [illegible] it, while I—who am old now—still wander in a cold and ashen world.

LOVE blossoms quickly in lonely places. There is truth, after all, in the old, thousand-times-told tale of two on an island. We were three, but the third hardly counted, to us. And because old Williams never seemed to take any notice, nothing had been said between us; it was enough for us to know. . . .

We grounded, pulled up the canoe, and began unloading the shells. This brought us face to the sea. In the same instant, both of us saw, away beyond the reef, a boat.

It was like the shattering of a beautiful window through which we had been looking out upon an enchanted world. Immediately, things took on a colder, commoner tone. Our solitude was threatened, destroyed. It must be now or never, for Marie and me.

Neither of us said a word about the boat. Marie turned a little away from it, towards myself. I took her hands; they were very cool and salt when I kissed them, and held them to my breast.

"Do you know I love you?" was what I said hurriedly, as if the boat were already there at my elbow. She did not answer in words, but she drew her hands free, laced her long, sun-gilded arms about my neck, and held her lips to mine.

Dizzy with that kiss, still holding her in my arms, I saw that the boat was almost through the passage of the inner reef. I was for holding her all the tighter, through some strange, possessive instinct, but Marie, slipping away, flew like a sandpiper towards the clump of trees where she had left her clothes.

In those dark days—strange though it may seem—young women were reluctant to appear half-naked before total strangers.

So it came about that I faced the newcomer alone; saw him sail his half-decked cutter through the reef opening, run before the wind to shore, and drop anchor fifty yards from where we stood.

Marie was dressed by now; she came out from behind the trees, and ran down the beach to where I stood. She seemed alarmed, and she looked at the cutter almost with dismay.

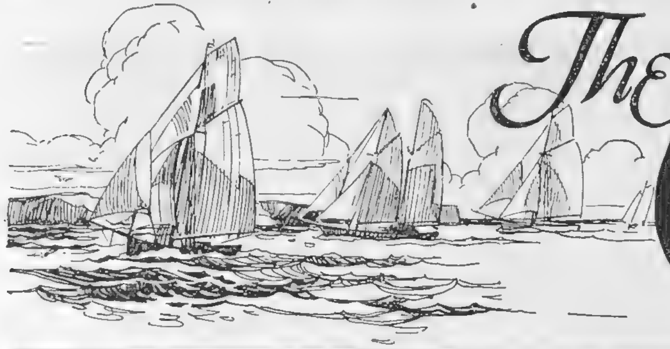
"Who is he?" she said, clutching my arm. "What does he want?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered her. "Looks like a yachtsman, rather. He must know his way about, to come in like that. Los Pinos seems to be growing quite popular."

SHE answered nothing to that, but I felt her little nails dig into my flesh.

"He'll spoil our solitude for us, won't he?" I said, watching the dinghy cut through the celadon-green shallows of the lagoon. I was flattered by her emotion. "She must be very fond of

(Continued on page 174)



The Cowes of Yesterday

". . . The white sails of a thousand yachts catch the sunshine, the hotels are bulging with the rich and the rare, and dreamy, white dressed people sit in cane chairs and talk the talk of Cowes. . . ."

Hector Bolitho

lifts the curtain on the bygone days, and down the vista of the years passes a stately procession of Romans, Normans, Stuarts and Victorians whose lives are linked with the story of the Isle of Wight

The house of the Governor of Carisbrooke (Princess Beatrice) which stands within the ruined castle walls

This little Swiss Chalet in the grounds of Osborne was built as a playhouse for Queen Victoria's children

WHEN the glorious Romans tired of their local fare they came to England solely because of the richness of our oysters. (Sallust writes: "The poor Britons, there is some good in them after all—they produce an oyster.") To insure their hold of our precious earth they built strongholds, and one of these was on the Isle of Wight. That was sixteen hundred and thirty years ago. The Romans departed—they went back to set their own house in order. Saxons and Normans have followed since then; a hundred rulers have made a procession of saints or tyrants, to lend colour to the island's story. But these have departed too, and now, if you go to the Isle of Wight, you will find boats upon the water flying more quickly than the birds, speed boats, ripping the blue silk of the Solent with skirts of white foam flying in their wake. The white sails of a thousand yachts catch the sunshine, the hotels are bulging with the rich and the rare, and dreamy, white-dressed people sit in cane chairs and talk the talk of Cowes. Fifty silver hydroplanes skim the water, or, flying high, pierce the woolly clouds.

PERHAPS the haughty Romans would have discovered some other virtue in us besides the oyster if we could play some trick with time and bring them back again to walk along the esplanade of Cowes in their togas. Perhaps Agricola himself would have found a certain amount of pleasure sitting in a cane chair on the balcony of the Yacht Club, with Tacitus behind him making feverish notes of times and handicaps in the yacht races.

But while the shore line of the island is alive with quick boats and energetic people, while Cowes awakens to enjoy its season, wearing its flags and white awnings as if every year it had the right to flutter forth as a debutante, inland across the green slopes and in the deep, cool valleys of the island there is romance of another kind for those who are willing to turn their backs upon the sea and walk over the hills to find it.

EIGHTY years ago Osborne was the glory of the Isle of Wight. It was "Queen Victoria's marine

". . . Eighty years ago the Queen is sitting beneath the great cedar tree—her dress is a cascade of lace . . . her children are playing in the little Swiss chalet . . . It is to Osborne that the Queen retires when the Prince Consort dies in 1861. It is at Osborne that she herself dies in 1901 . . . the Victorian curtain is lowered, very slowly . . ."

The drawing room at Osborne

villa," and there, with her Saxe-Coburg Prince, she lived in spacious glory and comparative content, looking out across the Solent, where Charles the First had looked when he was a prisoner at Carisbrooke. But his tragedy was an incident of the history book and the windows of Whitehall held no terrors for her.

So the family circle under the great cedar on the lawn spelled Security and Prosperity and the happiness which follows in their wake. They might have been posing for Watteau—at least for Winterhalter, with their wide, faery skirts kissing the lawn, their lace moving gently in the breeze and, as a background, a faint suggestion of marble Dianas hiding discreetly among the trees.

THE Queen is sitting beneath the great cedar tree—her dress is a cascade of lace. She is looking out over the Solent towards the shore upon which her subjects are crowding into seaside villas, to enjoy the sea air, just like herself. They, too, are part of the English prosperity. She is tiny, and her head moves quickly when she speaks. Her laugh is quite hearty as she hears some story told to her by her Prince Consort, the most beautiful man in England. He has a hundred fine plans—a hundred cannon balls of his making, which she is to fire, for the good of an already prosperous Empire. She looks out again from the immediate circle of her ladies. Two stiff footmen are carrying tea across the lawn. Beyond them the white yachts move slowly out from Cowes to Southampton Water.

The gateway of Carisbrooke Castle, through which Charles the First was taken on the tragic journey to Whitehall and his death

Her children are strong and lively—they are playing in the little Swiss chalet which has been built for them a mile or so from the house. The Princesses are cooking in the miniature kitchen. Prince Arthur is learning the game of war in the miniature fortifications which have been made for him behind the chalet.

THE tiniest of them all, Princess Beatrice, is writing a letter, in a big round hand, to somebody who is her religious adviser. She has been confused by the history of Lot and his wife. When she saw the salt on her plate at luncheon she had exclaimed, "Perhaps that is a bit of Lot's wife." She had wondered what kind of salt it was into which the unfortunate lady was turned. Life is full and rich and adventurous for the Princesses. Pompous statesmen unbend and play with them. Generals, lined and grey, from great campaigns, willingly go on all fours to provide a mount for them to ride.

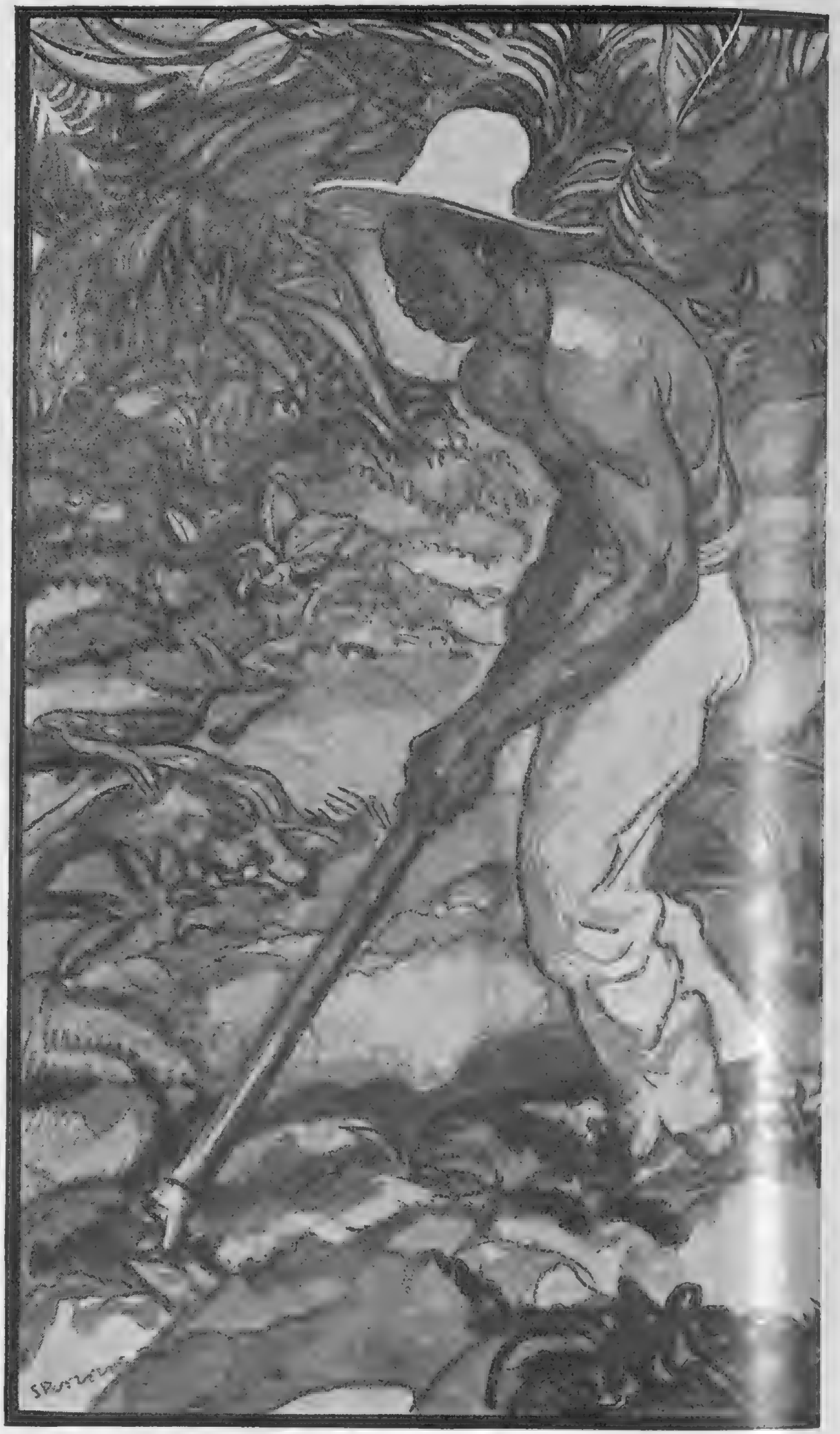
Dean Stanley walks across the lawn to the Swiss cottage, where the

(*Continued on page* 98)

Dead GIRL Finotte

Over the riot of colour and light that is Martinique, land of things half known and dimly suspected, hangs the pall of age-old superstition dark as the heart of Africa . . . the poison of plants dealing in Death Delirium or Madness . . . the drug-poisoned dead resurrected like Robots into slavery . . .

By H. *de* Vere Stacpoole

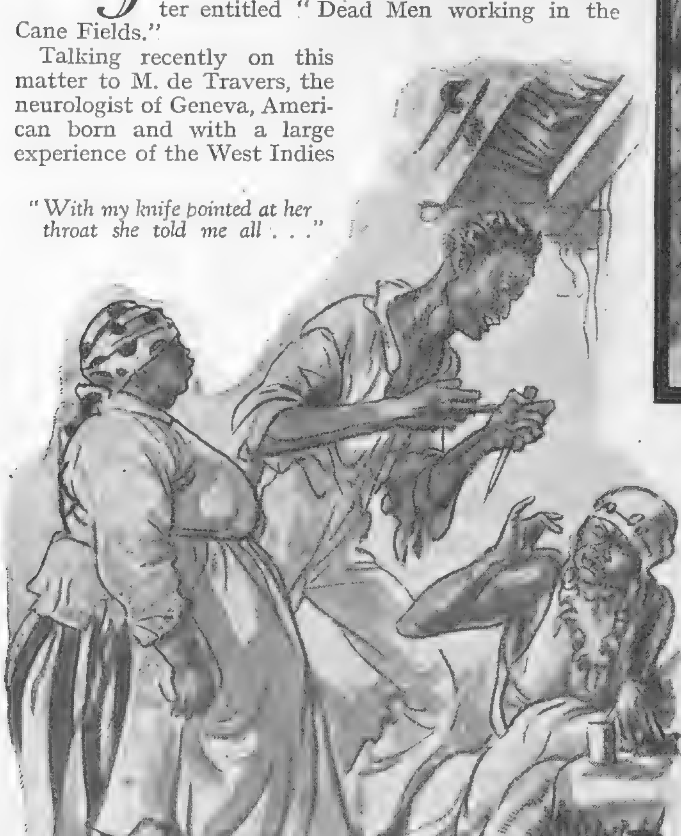


IF you have read Mr. Seabrooke's book on Haiti, "The Magic Isle," recently published, you must have been struck by the chapter entitled "Dead Men working in the Cane Fields."

Talking recently on this matter to M. de Travers, the neurologist of Geneva, American born and with a large experience of the West Indies and of the negro mind, he said, "Why not?"

"Because," said I, "it's impossible. It would be easier to make one of Karel Capek's Robots than to take a dead man and put motive power into him and turn him into a slave. You know yourself the post-mortem changes that take place in the tissues of the body; even Magic has limits and ——"

"A moment," said he. "I mentioned Mr. Seabrooke's book as confirmation of the story I had to tell you, and perhaps you will suspend judgment on the whole matter till I have finished. The story has to do with Martinique."

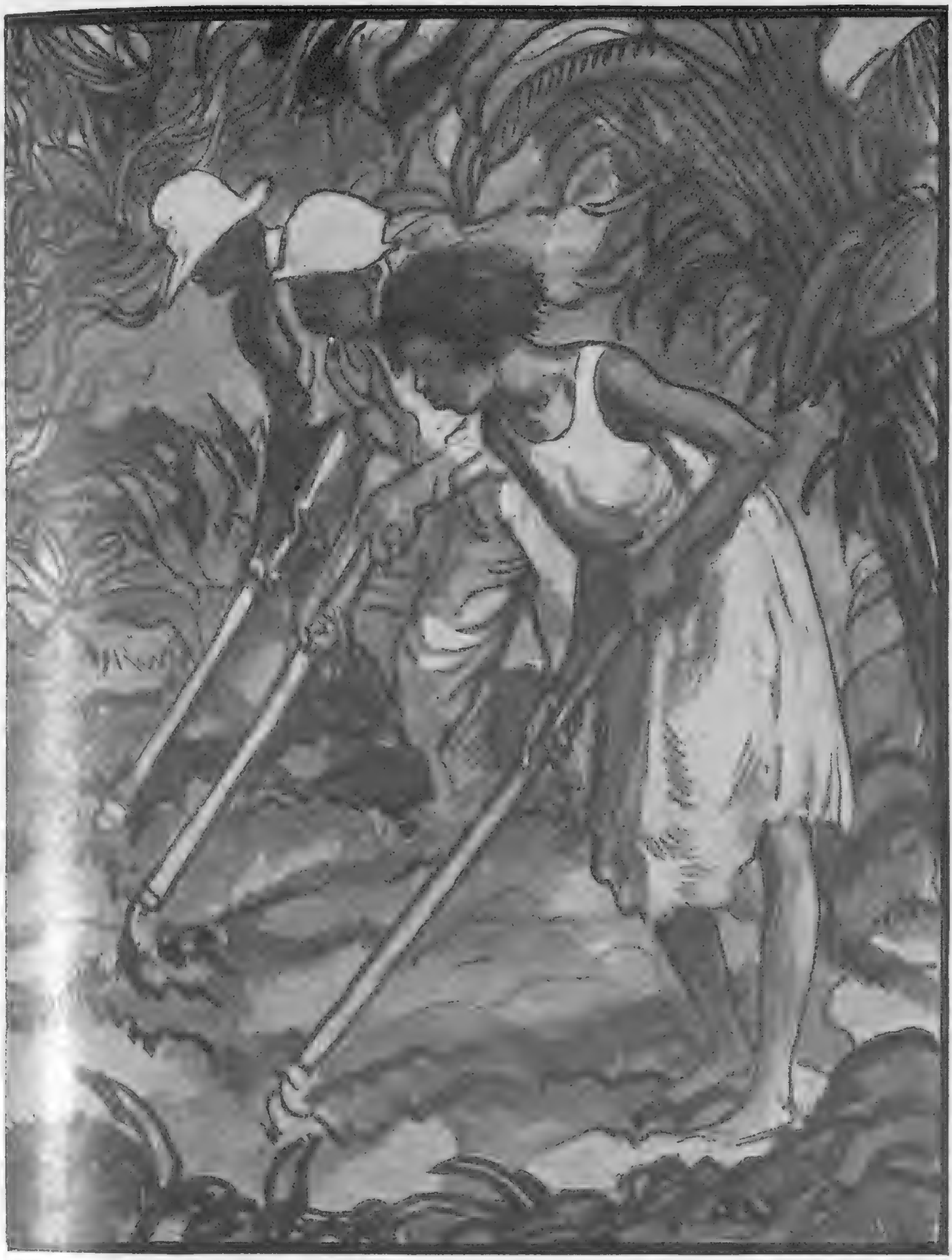


"With my knife pointed at her throat she told me all . . ."

MANY years ago, when quite a young man, I lived at St. Pierre, Martinique.

St. Pierre, now a mound of ashes, stood quite alone amongst the towns of the world, there was no other place like it; gay as Paris with a touch of New Orleans; yellow tinted and palm topped against the burning blue of the sky, its old French houses looked down upon a bay of sapphire rarely stirred by the great winds and heavy seas that torment the north eastern side of the island.

I lived in the Rue Victor Hugo, a street that traversed the whole length of the town, and I had only to step on to



"Then the clink of iron and they came round the bend of the cane clump, breaking the earth with their hoes . . . four figures in the moonlight, three men and a girl, walking not as men walk . . ."

Illustrations by

STEVEN SPURRIER,
R.O.I.

my balcony to look down on a crowd more astonishing that any dream of the Arabian Nights. Nearly all creoles of all tints, from the octoroon to the chabine, the women gay as tropical birds; idlers, loungers, chatterers, street singers, itinerant sellers of fruit, fish, pastry, and heaven knows what—a moving market; a business scene—touched with the charm of the unreal.

I had three rooms all on the same floor, and for personal servant, Baidaux, a young man, a creole, handsome, dark-eyed, serious, and entirely devoted to me; he bought everything, and I was never robbed and always sure of the finest mangoes, sapotas and avocats in the market; his coffee was the best in Martinique and he was always there when wanted. Except on Sundays.

IT seems he had a girl; she lived away over beyond Morne Rouge towards Grande Anse, a town on the seaboard to the north-west and twenty miles from St. Pierre; her name was Finotte and every Sunday he would vanish before dawn, taking his way on foot by the great national road *La Trace*, which, winding like a ribbon over hill and dale by morne and mountain, cocoa plantation and cane field, took him to Finotte.

But always on Monday morning at eight o'clock he would be in my room pulling up my blind and handing me my morning coffee.

"*Bonjou*, M'sieur."

"*Bonjour*, Baidaux — and how is Finotte?"

I dreaded Finotte and the day surely to come when marriage would join them and separate me from Baidaux.

Life has many losses; not the least is the loss of a good servant, but Baidaux was not of the precipitate sort—he was laying by and building his nest as a bird might build, only with francs instead of sticks and feathers. I judged from what he said that it would be at least a year before the happy, and unhappy day for me, when Finotte would come to St. Pierre to take her place in that little shop in the Rue du Morne Mirail which he had marked down as their future home.

Ah, well! One Monday morning he did not return; on the Wednesday he returned, but it was not Baidaux, it was a much older man.

"*Bonjou*, M'sieur."

"*Bonjour*, Baidaux — and how is Finotte?"

He put up his hands without a word—then I knew she was dead.

HE made the coffee as usual and put out my clothes.

Yes, she was dead—it all came out gradually; he had arrived to find her dying—she was dead and buried. Of what had she died? He did not know. She was dead. He had seen her buried and had returned. That was all.

He went on with his work. There was nothing else to do except die, and he was not of that sort, and time passed till a month had slipped away and the carnival came and passed with its rioting and drums sharply cut off by Lent. Then—it might have been a month later—one evening I found him at the street door talking to an old woman, a *capresse*, very old and wrinkled, her head bound up in a foulard turban. It was Maman Robert, the mother of Finotte.

He told me that, speaking with a look in his eyes I had never seen before, a wild, far-gazing look, disturbing as his manner, for he seemed like a person cut off from all reality and he said that he must go away, leave me for a time, but that he would return soon—perhaps.

He left that night, and though I did not follow him I knew quite well that his road was the great national road that had led him so often towards Grande Anse and the home of his girl.

II

YOU know at St. Pierre everyone knew everyone—the washer-women by the river Roxalanne—the fruit-sellers in the market by the fort—the old women selling carossoles at the street corners—they were like a big family as far as rumour was concerned; a story started at dawn in the Rue du Morne Mirail would travel down to the Rue Victor Hugo by noon and be on the front by night, and you may be sure that the story of Baidaux wasn't slow in travelling, but no repercussion of it came back to me till one day a *porteuse* in from the hills stopped to speak to my old landlady, Maman Jean, and gave her word of Baidaux.

I must tell you a *porteuse* is—alas! was—a sort of girl commercial traveller; barefooted and with a great bundle on her head, she would take goods from the city all over the island through the country parts, and this girl just in from the north-west had seen Baidaux near Grande Anse. He was looking very wild, living on the plantation of a creole named Jean Labat, and—it was a pity.

These were her words.

Yes, it was a pity, a thousand pities, when I remembered him as he had been, so bright, intelligent, well groomed and efficient, and he had been fond of me.

The fondness of a good servant for his master, and conversely, is a thing apart from all other forms of attachment, and those four words of the *porteuse* seemed somehow intended for me, as one might say, "Can you do nothing for him?"

I took them to heart and determined to go over to Grande Anse, hunt about, try to find him, and if possible bring him back to himself and my service. I started next day, taking with me a bag with a few things and hiring a two-horse trap.

III

IT was only twenty miles from St. Pierre to Grande Anse—all the same a long journey, for the great national road winds over hill and dale, and it is squealing brakes and labouring horses a good part of the way, but no road in the world is just like that for scenery; the purple mornes and blue distances, the fields of cane and the high woods of balisier and palm and mahogany, all lie beneath a blinding light that has got in it something of the mournful nature of darkness.

Here, indeed, to the European mind is a land of things unknown, half known and dimly suspected, for under this riot of colour and light lies the poison of the manchaneel apple, and the centipede and the fer-de-lance, the poison of plants dealing in death, delirium or madness, and old superstitions from the shores of far-off Africa, transplanted but growing firmly.

Grande Anse is a little town lying right on the coast; here, there are great cliffs hundreds of feet in height, and the beach is of black sand and nearly always alive with a thunderous surf. The cliffs form two promontories, the Pointe du Rochet and the Pointe de Croche Mort.

SUCH is Grande Anse, and I put up at the chief inn of the town and later that day began to make enquiries about Baidaux.

No one knew of him.

He was interesting to St. Pierre folk because he had been born there, but here he was of no interest. Then I asked about Maman Robert, the mother of Finotte.

Ah, yes, Finotte, she who had died some months ago. Well, she and her mother had lived in the little hamlet of Mirail, close to the plantation of Jean Labat. The mother lived there still. Then came silence and the cause of it was Labat, whose plantation lay near the village. He was both disliked and feared. I could tell that at once by the faces and the shrugs and the drawing back as if from the very name. He grew cocoa and sugar and had a distillery—*rhommerie*—but people did not visit that plantation.

Would anyone lead me to the house of Finotte's mother? No, it was close to the plantation and Jean Labat had dogs.

I might have started out myself despite the dogs, and made an attempt to find the place myself, feeling sure that Finotte's mother would be able to put me on the traces of Baidaux—but things turned out differently.

IV

IT was the second evening of my stay at Grande Anse, and I had gone for a walk on the black sands to watch the waves coming in under the last of the sunset, then, turning at dark, I began to climb the stiff path that leads up from the beach along the side of the great swell of ground that forms the side of the Pointe du Rochet.

The night was moonless but alight with stars, and it was my idea to reach the top of the bluff, have a look at the starlit world from there, and then return to Grande Anse by the track the goats have trodden out in the basalt. The light had gone out in the little town, where everybody turns in at dark, but I was sure of the inn being open.

More than half way up I paused. On the sky line just above I saw two men. A man of vast stature and a man of ordinary size, they were walking in single file and the latter was leading. Then they stopped. I thought they had seen me, but that was not so. They stopped only for a moment and then the smaller man pointed straight ahead, that is to say where the bluff ended at the cliff edge and a fall of four hundred feet sheer with nothing but the waves below.

AT the pointing the tall man went straight ahead in the direction indicated, but I had never seen a man walk like that before, the way he raised his feet, the way he held himself; why, he seemed a mechanical figure, not a man, a thing wound up to go, not a thing going of its own volition.

He kept on till he reached the cliff edge, but he did not stop, he stepped over and in an instant there was nothing but the night, the stars and the roar of the sea—and the other man. The other man was Baidaux. I could see that now as he came closer along the sky line. He came to the cliff edge and looked down, then he stood with arms folded, looking at the sea.

I had found him—but heavens, what was all this?

I am a man nervous by nature, but still I have courage if the cause is good or if a certain thing has to be done.

I had to find out about this, and I continued climbing till I reached the top of the bluff just as he was turning from the sea and coming back towards me.

He did not stop on seeing me, he seemed quite indifferent to this new person the night had sprung on him. Close up he recognised me.

"Baidaux," I said. "What is this?"

He stood for a moment without speaking, then he heaved a great sigh as though awakened from sleep. "It is I, Baidaux," said he, "you have seen him. It is long since we parted, and it is right that you should know about him and about me."

HE was no longer a servant or an ex-servant, just a being level in station with myself, but with a feeling from the past that it was right that I should know his affairs. He who had told me of his girl and his plans for the future had now to tell me what had happened to him culminating in the amazing tragedy of a few moments ago.

He led the way down the slope by way of the goat track, and then in the shelter from the wind and by a great clump of tree ferns he sat down on the ground, still warm from the vanished sun, and motioned me to his side.

"In St. Pierre," said he, "you were good to me, and I opened my heart, telling you of my affairs and of my girl. You remember on the Sundays I used to come over here, starting before the light of day and whilst the *Cabri-bois* still filled the woods with sound. Then the day came when I found my girl dying. Maman Robert, her mother, could not say what ailed her, and Maman Faly, who is the doctor for all the workers round these parts, said she had been seized with a fever from the woods. No matter, she died—but you will remember all this, I only say it to keep my mind from travelling astray as one might follow a string in the dark, for the things I have to tell belong indeed to the darkness that is deeper than night.

"I CAME back to you and life went on. I had no need of it, but I could not cast it away, it is not easy for a man to lose the habit of living, even after it has become an evil habit to him.

"I went on as one dead might go on with his work, could he be moved by some spirit of life.

"Then one evening Cyrilla, who was the girl of the landlady where your rooms were, came to me and said:

"'There is one who wishes to speak to you, Baidaux.'

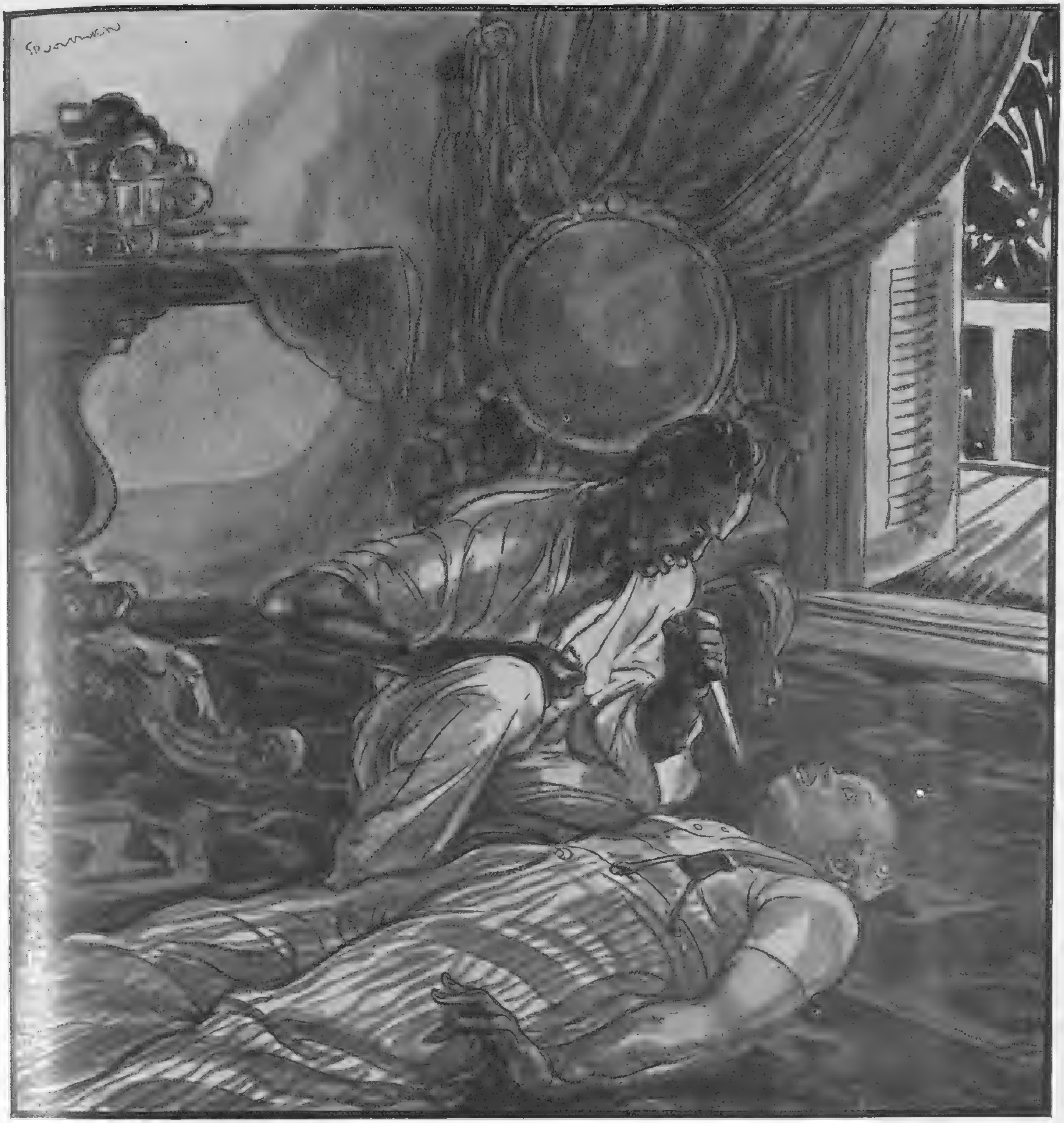
"I went to the door and there I found the mother of my girl, Maman Robert.

"I said to her 'What do you want?' and she said 'I have come to speak to you about Finotte.'

"I said 'What, then, about Finotte?' thinking the old woman had come to me for money as is the way with relatives of those one loves, but I had done her a wrong.

"She answered 'I have come to you from Finotte—and I would bring you to her,' and as she spoke the flesh crawled on my bones, for I had seen Finotte buried in the place where the people are buried by the palmiste grove near her home—where of a Sunday we used sometimes to go to look on the graves of the dead and say to ourself, 'Without doubt some day we will be here,' for I never had the fancy to be buried at St. Pierre.

"I listened to what the old woman said and I could say nothing to her in reply, till my lips moved and they said, 'Very well—but not now—leave me and I will come.'"



"He chose the drug rather than instant death . . . for my knife was at his throat . . ."

"YOU remember, I did not leave you at once after that old woman had been. In fact I was afraid. I said to myself maybe that old woman is not a woman but a Zombie come to betray me and steal my soul. I knew her well, how should one not know the mother of one's girl, but a man's mind is strange and full of fear in the dark and in the unknown.

"Then I put all that by and said to myself 'I will go.'

"I had always set out on foot on my journeys to Finotte, and before dawn, so as to get there in the early day. I could have taken the stage to Morne Rouge and got a horse from there, but I could go as I had always gone, on foot, so I went past Morne Rouge and the old Calebasse road past Ajoupa-Bouillon, past the Rivière Falaise, pausing only to rest for a moment by the great gommier that marks where the path to the village of Mirail strikes off from the road.

"Here I stayed an hour resting in the shade, so that it was past noon when, taking the path, I sought the little house of Maman Robert.

"It lies by the cocoa fields, and a great wood of balissiers shelters it from the trade wind; you can hear like the voice in the shell the sea on the beach of Grande Anse, and now and then from the wood the call of the siffleur de Montagne.

"Beyond the cocoa fields lies the rhommier, and beyond that the house of Jean Labat. It is all only two kilometres from here where I sit talking to you now, and the graveyard where the creoles are buried lies only half a kilometre from the house of Maman Robert.

"I found her in the house, but she would say nothing of the business I had come on—only this, 'I will take you after dark.'"

V

"AND then it happened. The moon had risen, and leading me by the shadows of the trees she crossed a cultivated field to the barren part where the wild canes and sword grass grow.

"Here she paused where before us lay a field preparing for cultivation of manioc, and lifting up a finger she said 'listen.'

"I heard nothing—nothing but the

(Continued on page 155)

A lovely charmer of the Screen, Miss Lily Damita, whose vivid personality has brought whispers of Romance into countless lives. Existence without our Film Stars would be for many a colourless affair indeed

The Lure of "Sex-Appeal"

By Cosmo Hamilton

"So long as women remain a destruction, a peril, an enchantment . . . there will be immeasurable compensations for the human man. . . . Life is not measured by the time we live but by the many times we love"

FROM the moment that the earth was peopled, or at most, within an hour or two of an event which did so much to ruin the excellent time which had been enjoyed until then by beasts, Man has been involved in embarrassment, perplexed and confused, as to the meaning and value of Woman in the scheme of things. More idealistic, sentimental, and unkind than women, as history amply proves, he has either exhausted every effort to elevate this novelty far above her place or gone out of his way to lower this fair defect of Nature beneath the level on which she was intended to stand.

She has been made a Goddess and a Temptress, held up to adulation and to cruel abuse. She has been the subject of wholly misleading labels, legends, poems and plays, in every one of which she has been twisted out of human shape, according to the mood of the times in which she lived. She has been burned t the stake as a witch, and cast in marble as the symbol of purity. She has been accused of being worthless and devoid of soul, a skilful mistress in the art of tyran and a seducer of the sombre human troop.

Thus, for instance, cried out Thomas Otway many years ago;

> "What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
> Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman;
> Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman;
> Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
> And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman;
> Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

AT the other extreme she has been told that Heaven is in her eyes, that she is as sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn, a soft landscape of mild Earth, and that she was made to temper man who would be a brute without her. She has been assured that beauty and virtue shine for ever round her, that, like music, she was fashioned to beguile. She has been congratulated upon her grace and dignity, her power as an angel to give eternal joy. But, if the truth must be told at last, she is neither fiend nor goddess. Her lot, and that is how she would have it, was made for love. She was born but "to chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours, to strew its short but weary way with flowers, new hopes to raise, new feelings to impart, and pour celestial balsam on the heart; for this to man was lovely woman given, the last, best work, the noblest gift of Heaven."

SO sang Thomas Love Peacock, in an honest moment, and I may say with equal honesty that I wholly agree with

Miss Edwina Booth, a leading lady in the Moving Picture World, provides tangible proof that it is the beauty and charm of the heroine, rather than the Plot, that appeals to the average Cinema audience

him. Women were, are, and always will be, the last best work, a perennial source of pleasure, and I have absolutely no patience with any other view. It is perfectly true that mankind, from Adam, have been women's fools. Why not? Better be a fool over a woman than a copper mine or a horse. Better for a charming woman to ruin a career and sink into the gutter than plug dully to security or climb to the top of a tree in miserable loneliness, missing enchantment and the only joy that is to be found in life. What can be said of that man Granville who, in a moment of bitterness, cried out that, "Heaven might have spared one torment when we fell; not left us women, or not threatened hell," except that he was a poet and in the violent agitation of composing verse wrote further that, "Women from Eve have been the devil's tools," so that he might provide a word which rhymed with fools.

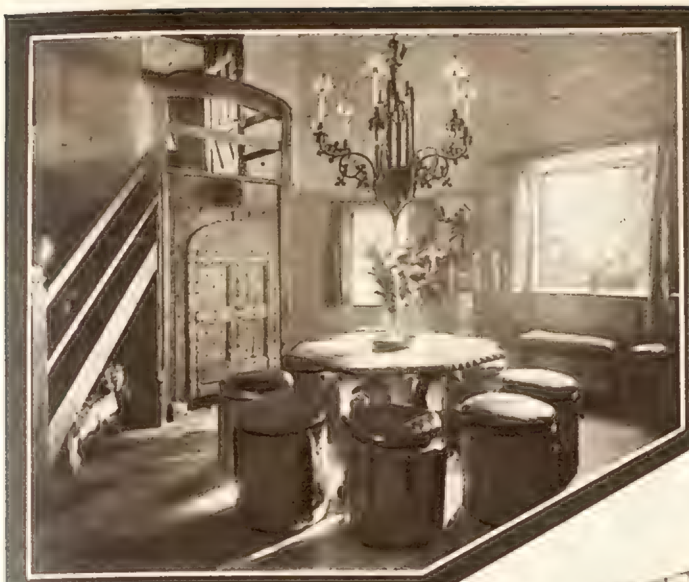
IT is about time undoubtedly that someone came out from behind the high hedge of hypocrisy, ecstasy and misrepresentation and wrote about women and their sex appeal with common or garden good sense. I have always envied and congratulated those men who live in History for having made colossal fools of themselves, according to public opinion, for the sake of a beautiful creature who swept them off their feet. Imagine the lack of colour and joy in Nelson's life, for instance, without the glorious Emma who led him such a dance. How dull his days would have been without her when his ship was out of port, how tiresome the dull monotony of naval routine and the watches of the night. It was Emma who provided our little hero with a much to be envied opportunity of flying to his pen and pouring forth his passion between his bursts of work, however uncertain the weather or uneven his keel. It is true that during many of his watery absences ecstasy was replaced by irritation and faith by deep suspicion. But what of that? He had someone for whom to live, an admirable reason for longing to dock his ship. He had dreams, too, during which, however brief, his spirit was touched by the fragrance of dearest Emma's breath. In a word he had romance and was well content to pay.

THE lure of sex appeal, which is the lure of lure, is, therefore, to be encouraged in every conceivable way.

(*Continued on page* 170)

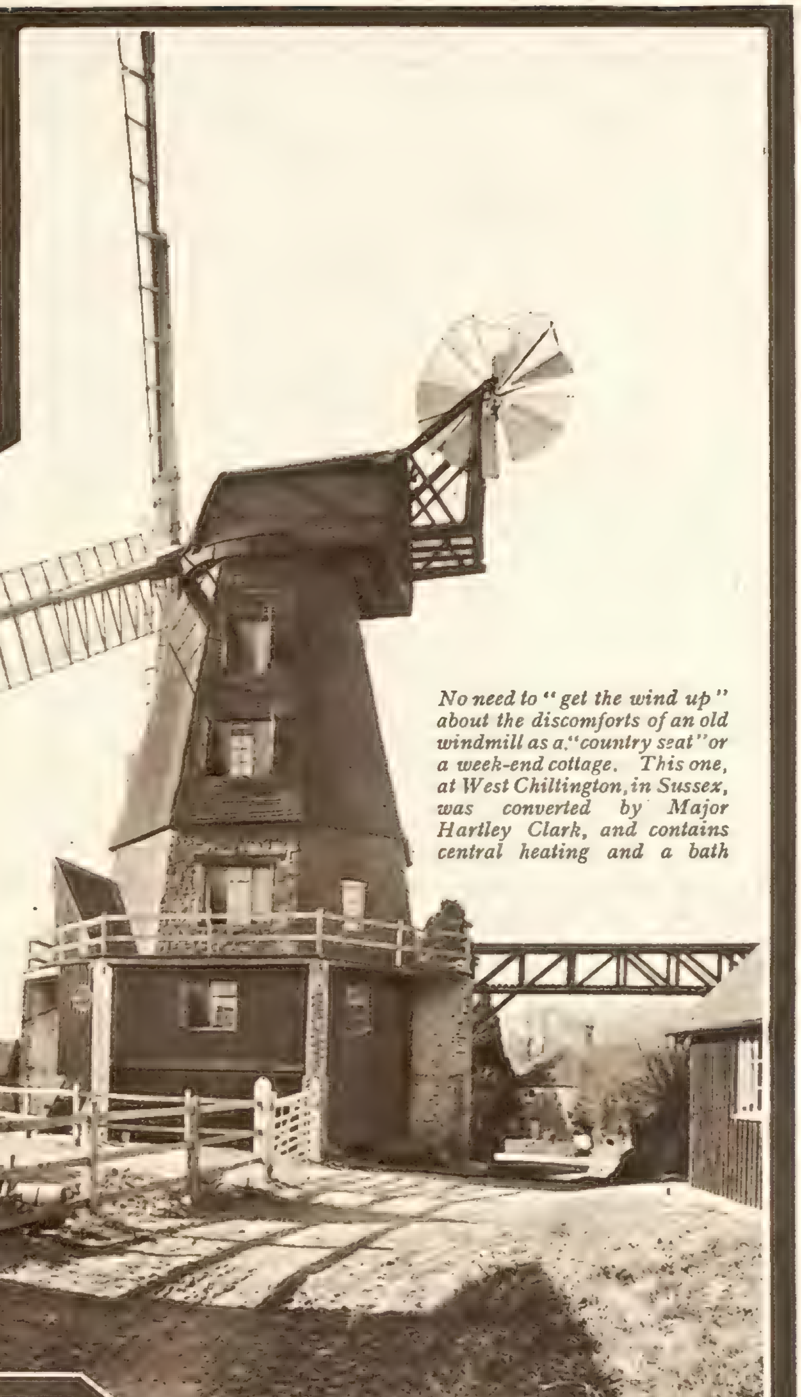
The Doone Valley, Exmoor.

England in JULY

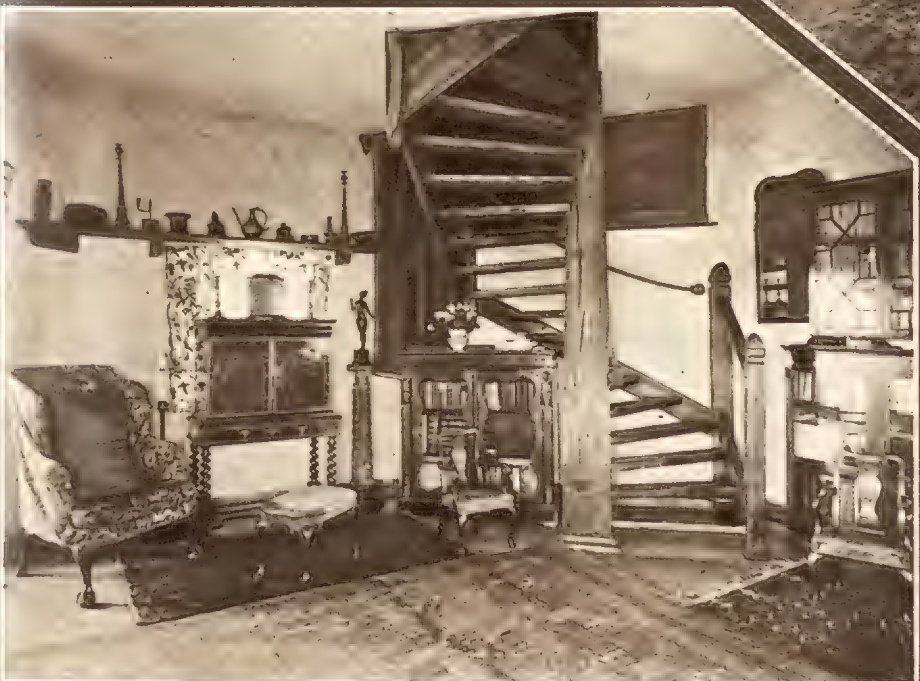


This is the dining room, on the ground floor, where sacks of grain were once stored. The "chairs" are made out of the old oak mill posts

An oak door with an old brass knocker contrasts admirably with the black walls of the windmill



No need to "get the wind up" about the discomforts of an old windmill as a "country seat" or a week-end cottage. This one, at West Chiltington, in Sussex, was converted by Major Hartley Clark, and contains central heating and a bath



Photographs by Stanley Reeves

Converting a Windmill into a Country Cottage

Left: From the outside it is difficult to believe that the old mill contains sufficient space for this delightful sitting-room

Growing UP

Marcus Adams

Jeremy Benson, the youngest son of Lady Violet Benson

Lafayette

"I wonder how my baby looks asleep." A charming study of Mrs Arthur Bendir's daughter, Jane

Bee Bolton

"Day Dreams"

Janet Jevons

Janet Howard, Clare Eames' little daughter, faces the camera over the tea-cups

Greta Garbo

the famous Swedish film star.
Her latest picture is "Wild Orchids."

More Pets at PLAY

"All dressed up and plenty to do"

The Joy Ride

In last month's issue of "Britannia and Eve" our readers made acquaintance with a number of cleverly trained cats and dogs (not forgetting the pig!) posed by the well-known American photographer of animals, Mr. Harry Whittier Frees. Here is a further selection of these amusing actors

BARGAIN SALE
TO=DAY

Above: The Queue for the July Sales

Left: Thick Soup for four

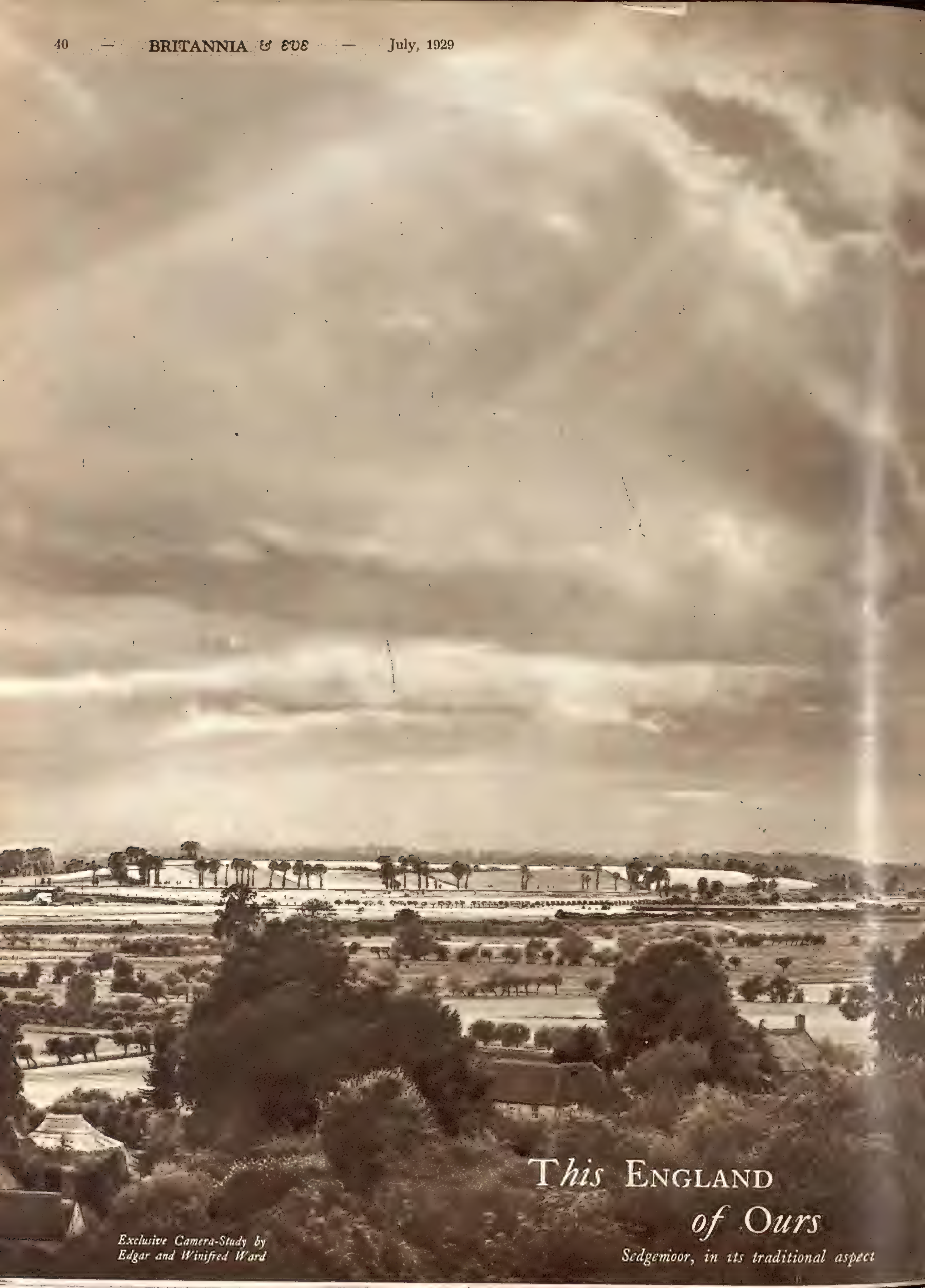
Photographs exclusive to "Britannia and Eve"

"Sleep, baby, sleep"

Wake up and dream

"Hey, diddle, diddle"
played as a trio

Left: Soap suds;
or, Saturday night



This ENGLAND of Ours

Sedgemoor, in its traditional aspect

Exclusive Camera-Study by Edgar and Winifred Ward

Edgar Wallace

in his happiest manner unfolds a detective story of mystery and imagination in which strange things happen

One Night IN Somerset

Illustrations by M. MACKINLAY

BEGGARS," said Audrey Bourne, "could not be choosers."

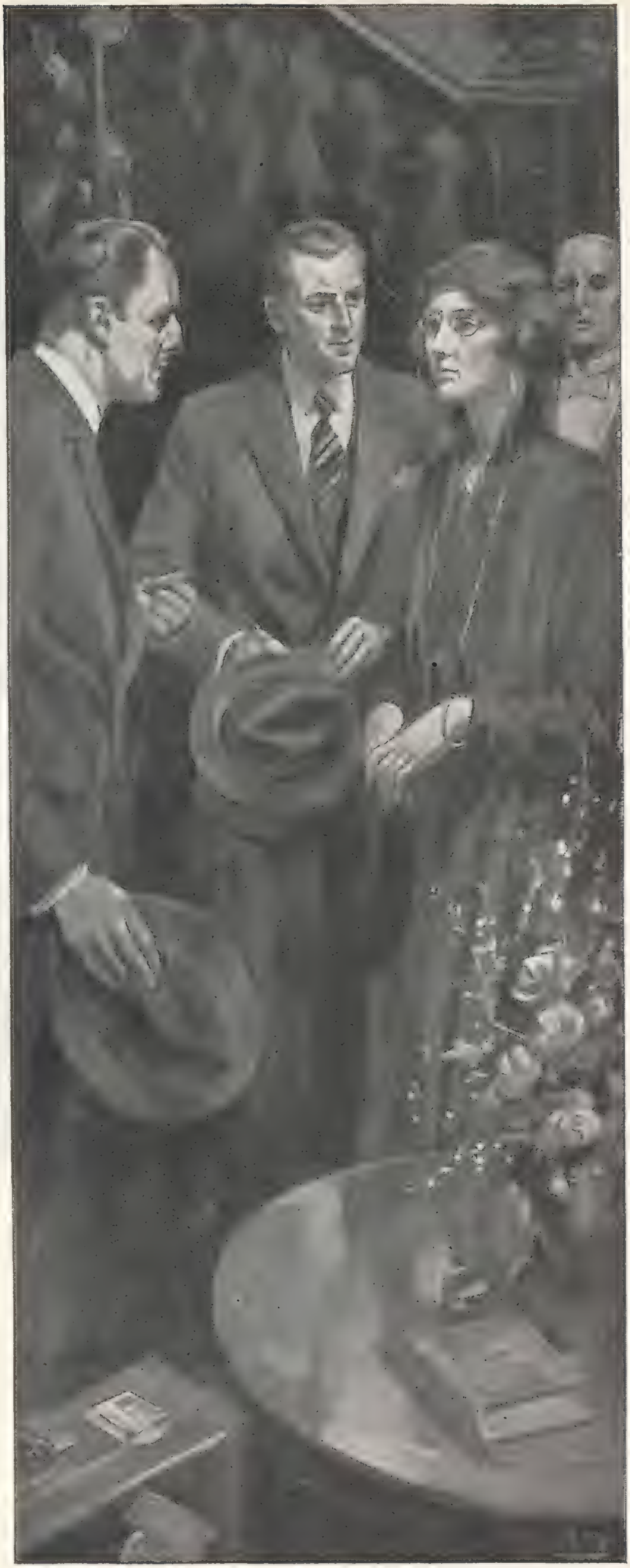
It is more than a little dangerous to base your life and future upon a platitude, even though that platitude has assed into a proverb.

She was not exactly a beggar, for she had a thousand a year of her own, and the choice was hardly hers. here were certain overpowering relatives of hers, the half-millionaire uncle being the most dominant, who hought it would be an amazingly fine stroke of business to make her the Countess of Tenford, and, since she was heart-free and had the spurious philosophy which twenty acquires so readily—the keystone of hat philosophy being that one man is very much like nother—she accepted her fate though she hated Tenford Court, which was Tudor and comfortless, hough she loathed Tenford Park with its gloomy trees that shut out all view, and she disliked Lady Tenford, soon to be Agatha, Dowager Countess.

Few people liked Lady Tenford, who was tall, and thin, and acrid; a woman with a large nose and a short upper lip; who knew the history of every coat of arms that jostled one another in the mullion windows of the Great Hall. She had been a Tenford before she had married the late earl, and could trace her line back to pre-Plantagenet times. To her Tenfordism was a religion, the name more sacred than any she murmured so mechanically in the big family pew at Tenford Church

AUDREY came to hate the name and found a welcome relief in discussing, with bated breath, the murderous eccentricities of a hideous assassin who at that time was setting the nerves of Somerset on edge so that nobody walked out at night.

Cattle had been maimed, a farmer on his way home had been struck down and left for dead, a row of cottages at Senthford—which was once Seventhford—had been fired in the night and a poor woman had died of shock.



"Her Ladyship . . . a close-lipped woman, thin and angular. Harry Telford was nervous in her presence. . . . In the background was the big, heavy-jawed servant . . ."

Her ladyship discovered her interest in these fearful happenings and had squashed her.

"I don't think it is wise, my dear Audrey, and I am sure Harry would not like it, to discuss these dreadful things with servants. You must not forget that one day you will be the Countess of Tenford and between you and them there is a gulf . . ."

She enlarged upon the exaltation which awaited the girl till Audrey was almost rude. And then, mercifully, Audrey was called to Berlin.

She had, strangely enough, an interest in the estate of a dead aunt who was indubitably German by marriage. The law courts of Berlin required her presence. It was not a very trying ordeal! Her business was finished the day she arrived, and she had a week left for sight-seeing.

IN the ordinary and normal circumstances Audrey Bourne would never have become acquainted with Scar-face. She thought of him by this ugly title before she knew his name. She was rather young and very modern and had the trick of flippancy. Not that it was an unpleasing scar, or very noticeable: it followed the line of the lower jaw and was not more than two inches long. Otherwise he was quite good looking. Her first impression was that he was an army man; she amended this and decided, on the evidence of his intellect, that he was a schoolmaster on a holiday. He spoke German perfectly and she spoke it as she had been taught at school. It was in a curio shop near the Kurfurstendamm that he came fluently to her rescue, helped her with her purchases, and eventually walked with her, through the Tiergarten, to the Poliserplatz.

Two days later she saw him lunching alone at the Adlon and had coffee with him in the lounge. She did not ask his name; the head-waiter could not tell her when she asked; she knew that he was staying at the Eden and no more.

THE acquaintance and its conditions would have been impossible in England; abroad one does singularly unconventional and even vulgar things and is thought none the worse of.

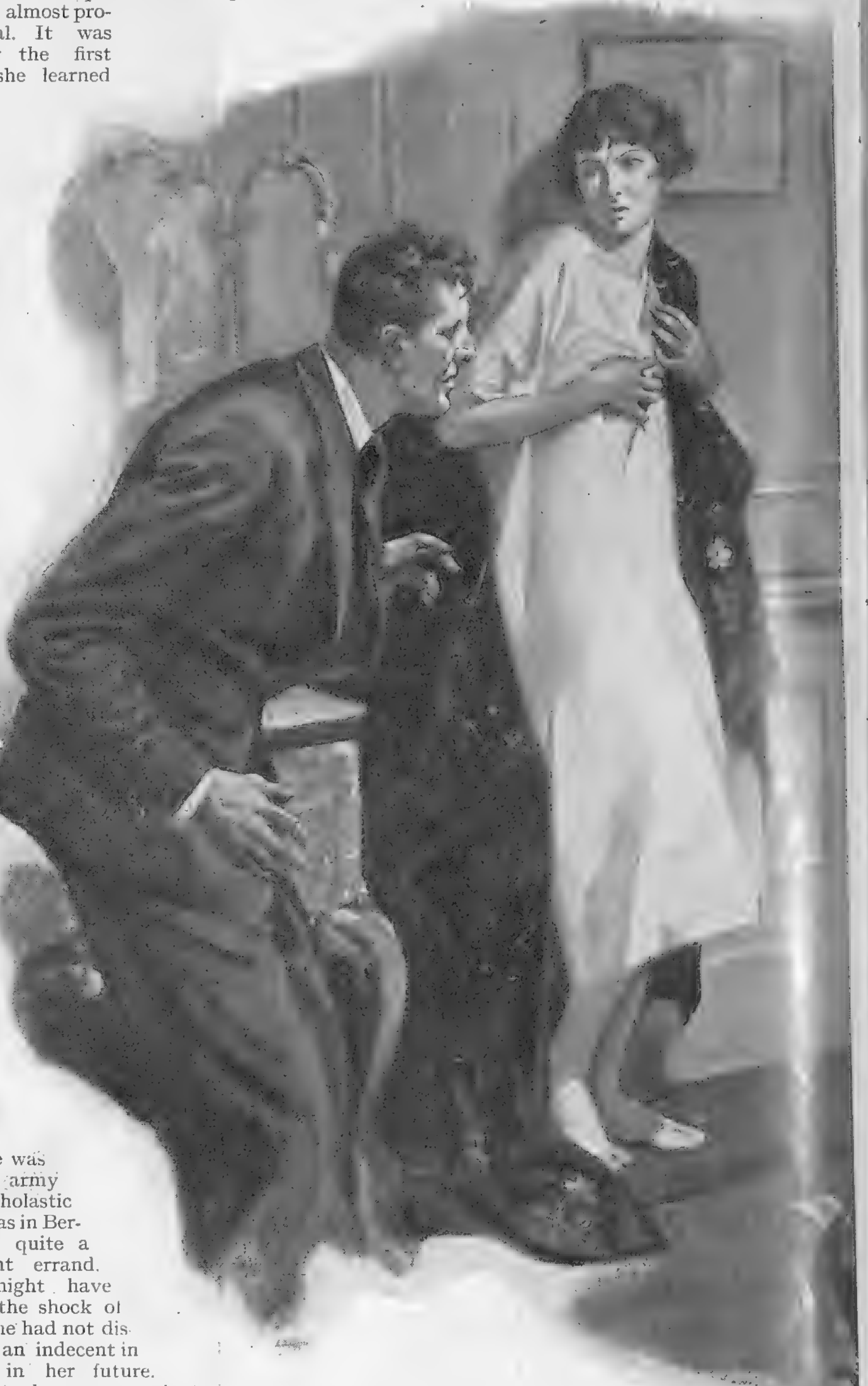
Had she told him she was visiting Potsdam and was approaching the home of military glory by way of the great lake? She rather thought that she had when she found him on the terrace of the Haus am See, with a table reserved for luncheon. They went across the lake together in a hired motor boat, through the Venetian waterways, to Potsdam, where her car was waiting. In the course of the trip she learned his name and his perfectly dreadful profession. She was genuinely shocked, though he seemed quite oblivious to his social inferiority.

She sat on the edge of her bed that night frowning at her indiscretions.

Why on earth had she told him about her engagement, about Harry and Lady Tenford, and everything? And why had he gaped at her when she told him of her engagement? That was an impertinence. Here was an acquaintance to be dropped instantly.

She went to the writing table and scribbled a note. She would not be able to lunch with him as she had arranged—she was terribly sorry. She left the note sealed on the table and went to bed.

IN the morning she forgot to send it and lunched with him to her regret; for he was insufferable, plied her with questions, became almost proprietorial. It was now for the first time, she learned that he was neither army nor scholastic—he was in Berlin on quite a different errand. She might have borne the shock of this if he had not displayed an indecent interest in her future.



"But why marry anybody if you don't love them?" he asked. "I think it is a horrible idea! After all, there are more important things than money——"

"Shall we talk about something else, please?" she asked coldly.

She left Berlin a day sooner than she had told him she was leaving and was unreasonably hurt because he did not come to the Friedrichstrasse station to see her off.

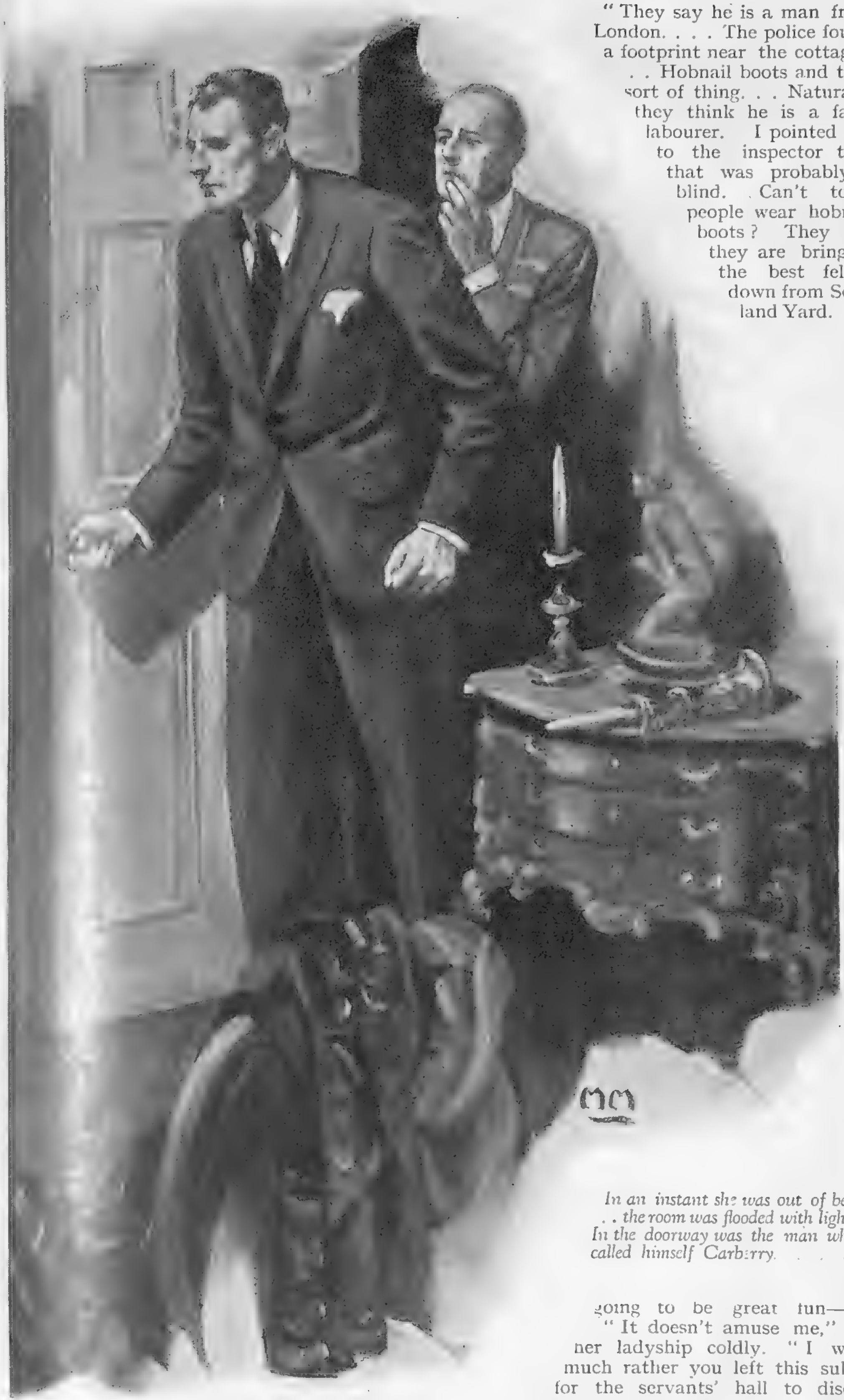
"A horrible man," she said, and wished she had never met him.

She wished this through a sleepless night and in the dreary day journey between Dieppe and Calais, and on the boat and in the Pullman.

Lady Tenford met her at the Halt a few days later and thought she looked peaked.

"You must get some colour in your cheeks before Harry comes back. He is in town, having treatment for his ankle—you know when he was in the army he was shot at by a wretched native."

HARRY TENFORD'S military career was a short one. He had served for two years with a crack cavalry regiment, had gone to India as A.D.C. to a provincial governor, and, resigning his post,



In an instant she was out of bed . . the room was flooded with light. In the doorway was the man who called himself Carberry. . . ."

had returned to England to a life of complete idleness.

He came down on the day of Audrey's arrival—a rather shy and awkward young man, too full of this forbidden subject for Lady Tenford's peace of mind. He was, it appears, an amateur detective, had joined one of the search parties which went out to seek the unknown destroyer of the countryside peace, had theories upon which he would have enlarged if his dominating mother had not vetoed the discussion.

"They say he is a man from London. . . . The police found a footprint near the cottages. . . Hobnail boots and that sort of thing. . . Naturally they think he is a farm labourer. I pointed out to the inspector that that was probably a blind. Can't town people wear hobnail boots? They say they are bringing the best fellow down from Scotland Yard. It's going to be great fun——"

"It doesn't amuse me," said her ladyship coldly. "I would much rather you left this subject for the servants' hall to discuss. Audrey is not interested, neither am I."

Audrey was very much intrigued at something he had said, but she did not feel that was the moment to display her interest. She had set her teeth for a very dull week, and had an idea that grimmer weeks would follow the 17th July which saw her by courtesy the mistress of Tenford Court.

* * *

THERE was a label on the window of the compartment which announced that it was reserved. Harry Tenford's heavy-jowled servant, who was standing in the corridor looking out on the station platform as the train began to move, took a half-step to check the intruder, but he had already pulled aside the sliding door and had one foot in the compartment. Harry looked up over the magazine and scowled at the newcomer.

"The compartment," he began, "is reserved."

"I am terribly sorry, I didn't notice it."

Harry liked people instantly or disliked them instantly, generally unreasonably in either case. He liked this brown-faced man with his ready smile.

"Don't go, sit down. The beastly train is bound to be crowded. I generally travel de luxe," he said apologetically. Then, looking past his guest, he nodded. "It's all right. Sool, I have asked this gentleman to share my carriage."

The heavy-faced man withdrew reluctantly and closed the door. Harry Tenford's guest had the impression that he would have welcomed the order to eject without ceremony this invader of his master's privacy.

"My name is Tenford. I suppose you are going on to Bath?"

But the other man said:

"No. I hear the train is stopping at Tenford Halt by great good luck. I am staying with some people in the neighbourhood. You are not Lord Tenford?"

HARRY grinned and nodded. He was a big, florid young man with thin fair hair and a bald forehead.

"Yes, that is my name. Who are you staying with? They must be neighbours of mine. You are in luck; this train doesn't usually stop at Tenford Halt, no trains do except by request. Do you know Somerset, Mr.——?"

The visitor took a card from his pocket and passed it across to his host.

"John Carberry," read the other. "I knew some Carberrys in India. A chap on the Viceroy's staff. You don't happen to be——?"

"I have never been in India," said John Carberry. "I believe I have some relations in the Army, but I don't know them."

Lord Tenford picked up his magazine again and turned the pages slowly. Presently he put the book down again.

"Are you staying over the week-end?"

"I hope I am staying a week," said Carberry with a laugh. "I have an invitation to come down to Braime. Lord Perley——"

"Perley? Good lord! He went abroad yesterday. I believe the house is shut up."

CARBERRY looked at him with an expression of blank astonishment.

"That's bad news," he said. "It looks as if I had my journey for nothing. I was hoping to get some fishing, too. If I hadn't been a fool I should have telegraphed from Paris to tell him I was coming."

Harry Tenford looked at him thoughtfully.

"You are not a doctor, are you?" he asked.

"No," said the other, evidently surprised at the question.

"I only asked you," Tenford explained hastily, "because my mother dislikes doctors. She is one of these what-do-you-call-ums? "Christian Scientists?"

(Continued on page 178

ERIC FRASER

PASTICHE

A Glance
literary epics of

By the Rt. Hon.

BIRKEN

EVER since the first days of the war, now nearly fifteen years ago, books have been poured out in the attempt, so rarely successful, to describe the individual war experiences of the writers. Most of the earlier volumes seem to the reader to-day to have been written hastily and, too often, superficially. The best of them—like *Peter Jackson* and *Le Feu*—would not, I think, bear very critical re-examination now; we have outgrown *Peter Jackson*, and Barbusse's pacifism is as dated as last Saturday's evening newspaper.

After this first harvest there followed a period, after the Armistice, when war literature lost its fascination. Certain narratives of escapes were read as light literature; but serious attempts to describe the horrors of war drooped between the inability of writers to tell their experiences, still too recent, and the unwillingness of readers any longer to hear them. This reaction reached its maximum about three years ago. We came to a moment when the generation which had fought the war desired nothing better than to forget about it, while the next generation was not yet old enough to be inquisitive about what had happened. Already that day has passed, and once again war books are read.

It is not perhaps unnatural that the new books should excel their predecessors in distinction. Written in philosophic retrospection, they are not the mere vehicles of their authors' first unbalanced reaction to the trenches. The new author has had time to realise that war is not merely a cruel caprice of a ruling class, an easily avoidable act of collective madness. But in avoiding Barbusse's hysterical pacifism he is doing much more towards forcing a realisation of the horror of war upon the world. No volumes have been so telling, so successful in their arraignment of war, as some of those now being published. I will mention four of them: *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque; *Sergeant Grischa*, by Arnold Zweig; *Undertones of War*, by Edmund Blunden; and R. C. Sherriff's play, *Journey's End*. The truth about war lies in them as never before; this truth is, as Sherman said, that war is Hell.

Erich Maria Remarque, whose book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," is regarded by critics as one of the most vivid war books yet written

R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End," the play that is having such a remarkable success

THE four books are not equal in quality. *Journey's End* does not read as well as I expected; perhaps the brilliant acting and production of the play have given it an undeservedly high reputation. *All Quiet on the Western Front* is by far the best. It is intelligent, poignant, marvellously descriptive, cruelly frank. One may judge of Remarque's insight that he is able, while satirising it, to appreciate the value of the wearisome drudgery of the parade ground and the training camp:

> . . . a renunciation of personality such as one would not ask of the meanest servant—salutes, springing to attention, parade-marches, presenting arms, right wheel, left wheel, clicking the heels, insults, and a thousand pettifogging details. We had fancied our task would be different, only to find we were to be trained for heroism as though we were circus-ponies.

Here is his justification for it:

> Had we gone into the trenches without this period of training most of us would certainly have gone mad. Only thus were we prepared for what awaited us. We did not break down, but endured; our twenty years, which made many another thing so grievous, helped us in this. But by far the most important was that it awakened in us a strong, practical sense of *esprit de corps*, which in the field developed into the finest thing that arose out of the war—comradeship.

A LATER incident in the book points this moral. The hero is lying in a shell-hole in No Man's Land during a raid; he volunteered to take part in it, but has suddenly become stricken with fear. Then he hears voices in the trench behind him:

> At once a new warmth flows through me. These voices, these few quiet words, these footsteps in the trench behind me recall me at a bound from the terrible loneliness and fear of death by which I had been almost destroyed. They are more to me than life, these voices, they are more than motherliness and more than fear; they are the strongest, most comforting thing there is anywhere: they are the voices of my comrades.
>
> I am no longer a shuddering speck of existence, alone in the darkness; I belong to them and they to me, we all share the same fear and the same life, we are nearer than lovers, in a simpler, a harder way; I could bury my face in them, in these voices, these words that have saved me and will stand by me.

at some Armageddon

the Earl of

HEAD

P.C., G.C.S.I., D.L.

(Right): A dramatic momen[illegible] in "Journey's End" [illegible] the tragic conflict between Captain Stanho[illegible], the company comma[illegible]ler (Colin Clive[illegible] and 2nd Lt. Raleigh (Maurice Evans) [illegible]is young school friend [illegible]sh from England [illegible] Stanhope, drinkin[illegible] heavily to stead[illegible] war-wracked nerve[illegible] [illegible]ents Raleigh's pres[illegible] [illegible]ecause he is in love [illegible] the boy's sister, but [illegible] not face her [illegible] last leave

Stage Photo. Co.

THERE follows, a few pages later, an incident which is a more convincing indictment of one aspect of modern warfare than anything which Barbusse, in his most effective moments, ever wrote:—

A French attack passes over the spot where the hero lies; a French soldier stumbles into the shell-hole beside him. He swiftly stabs the intruder—then seeks to comfort the dying man.

> I unbutton his tunic in order to bandage him if it is possible. In any case I must do it, so that if the fellows over there capture me they will see that I wanted to help him, and so will not shoot me. He tries to resist, but his hand is too feeble. The shirt is stuck and will not come away, it is buttoned at the back. So there is nothing for it but to cut it off.
>
> I look for the knife and find it again. But when I begin to cut the shirt the eyes open once more and the cry is in them again and the demented expression, so that I must close them, press them shut and whisper: "I want to help you, Comrade, camerade, camerade, camerade, camerade"—eagerly repeating the word, to make him understand.
>
> There are three stabs. My field-dressing covers them, the blood runs out under it, I press it tighter; there; he groans.
>
> That is all I can do. Now we must wait, wait.

The book is indeed a pastiche of war incidents. Some of them are heroic, like Bertinck's self-sacrifice. Other passages possess a brutal humour—"They will have a job with Hans Kramer's body at the Judgment Day, piecing it together after a direct hit." And there is one vignette which few readers will soon forget:

> One morning two butterflies play in front of our trench. They are brimstone-butterflies, with red spots on their yellow wings. What can they be looking for here? There is not a plant nor a flower for miles. They settle on the teeth of a skull. The birds too are just as carefree, they have long since accustomed themselves to the war. Every morning larks ascend from No Man's Land. A year ago we watched them nesting; the young ones grew up too

I NOTICE that some reviewers have charged Herr Remarque with an inordinate amount of references to a certain physical function. I cannot agree with them. It is true that, to a foreigner, German comedians seem to have only one joke, and modern German writers turn overmuch attention to the lavatory. I felt this often when I read *Sergeant Grischa*; its author is, to my mind, needlessly coprological. But I would not bring this charge against Remarque. One moves indeed in a hospital atmosphere in the pages of this remarkable book: much is written which it were better that no one knew; but whoever went through the war will recognise that without them no true picture could be painted.

I WISH that the author had not attempted, even though half-heartedly, to make his book a novel. It is with a shock, after one has read incident after incident in which "I" figure, to discover that the character with whom the reader has associated himself is a fictitious "Paul Bäumer," of whom the last page assures us, though without carrying the slightest conviction, that "He fell in October 1918, on a day that was so quiet and still on the whole front, that the army report confined itself to the single sentence: All quiet on the Western Front." I see no technical or artistic reason why this mystification should have been attempted; I fear that some publisher or agent must have suggested that a "war novel" would sell better than the same book written as war experiences.

The foreword to the volume is more interesting than its author can have supposed when he wrote it:

> This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war

It is not the least satisfactory feature of this and the other books which I have mentioned above, but which reasons of space preclude me from examining here, that they demonstrate beyond any possibility of denial that Remarque's

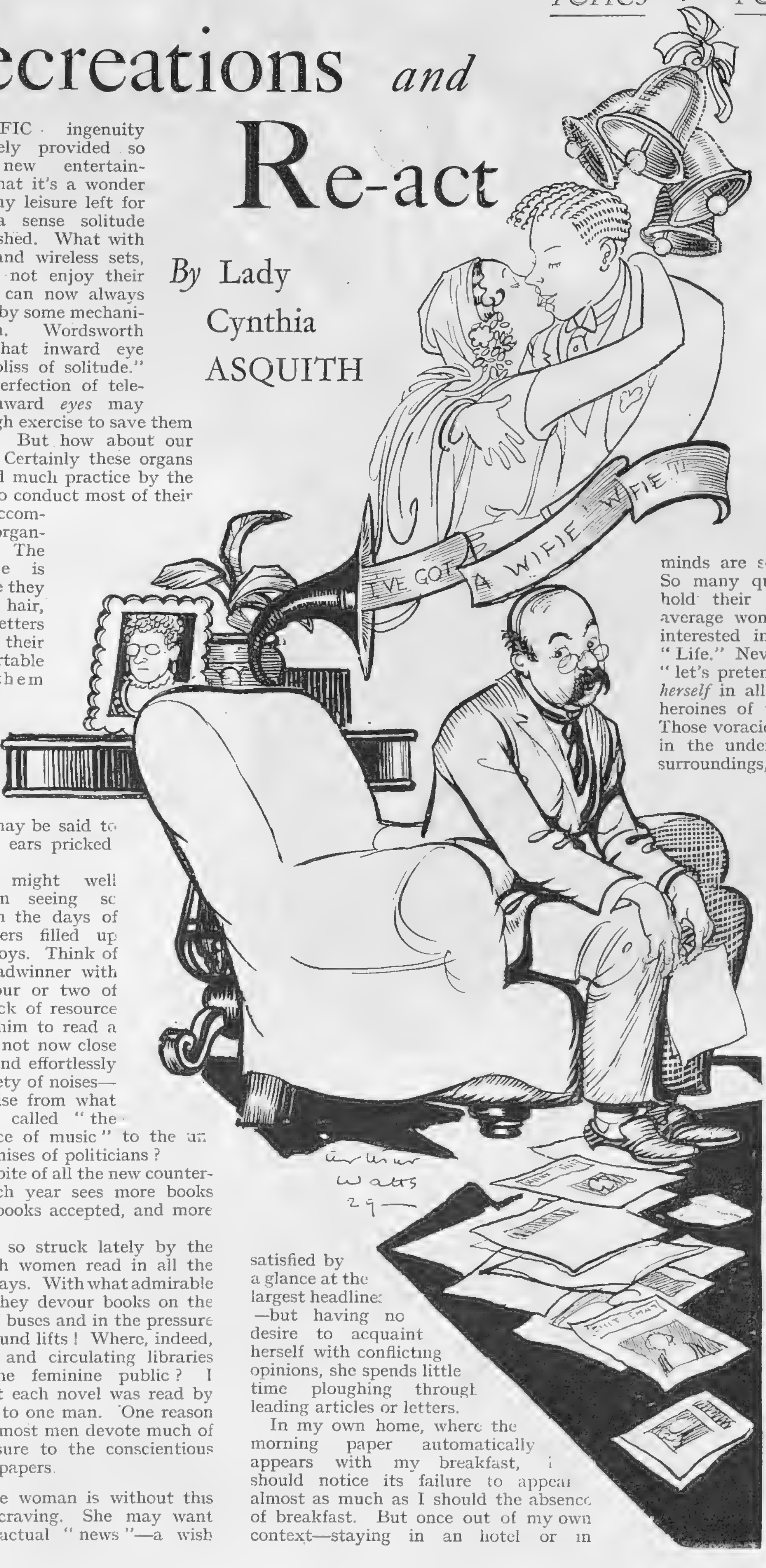
(Continued on page 195)

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

Recreations and Re-actions

By Lady Cynthia ASQUITH

SCIENTIFIC ingenuity has lately provided so many new entertainments that it's a wonder people have any leisure left for reading. In a sense solitude has been abolished. What with gramophones and wireless sets, those who do not enjoy their own company can now always be chaperoned by some mechanical distraction. Wordsworth commends "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." Pending the perfection of television our inward *eyes* may still have enough exercise to save them from atrophy. But how about our inward *ears*? Certainly these organs are not allowed much practice by the up to date, who conduct most of their lives to the accompaniment of organised noise. The gramophone is turned on while they brush their hair, write their letters or talk to their friends. A portable set helps them through their meals and their sick-rooms are invaded by sounds from afar. In fact, they may be said to live with their ears pricked


I'VE GOT A WIFIE! WIFIE!
Arthur Watts 29

AUTHORS might well tremble on seeing so many chinks in the days of potential readers filled up by these new toys. Think of the weary breadwinner with his evening hour or two of leisure when lack of resource used to drive him to read a book. Can he not now close his tired eyes and effortlessly listen to a variety of noises—almost any noise from what Charles Lamb called "the measured malice of music" to the unmeasured promises of politicians?

And yet, in spite of all the new counter-attractions, each year sees more books written, more books accepted, and more books bought!

I have been so struck lately by the extent to which women read in all the hinges of their days. With what admirable concentration they devour books on the swaying tops of buses and in the pressure of the underground lifts! Where, indeed, would authors and circulating libraries be without the feminine public? I should say that each novel was read by twenty women to one man. One reason for this is that most men devote much of their scant leisure to the conscientious perusal of newspapers.

THE average woman is without this insatiable craving. She may want to know the actual "news"—a wish satisfied by a glance at the largest headlines—but having no desire to acquaint herself with conflicting opinions, she spends little time ploughing through leading articles or letters.

In my own home, where the morning paper automatically appears with my breakfast, I should notice its failure to appear almost as much as I should the absence of breakfast. But once out of my own context—staying in an hotel or in someone else's house—I must confess that I might easily pass two days without noticing that I had not seen a paper.

EVEN if it were not so much a question of opportunity, supposing time an unlimited commodity, I'm sure novelists would still mainly depend on a feminine public. Men's minds are so much more objective. So many quite impersonal subjects hold their attention, whereas the average woman is only passionately interested in what is vaguely called "Life." Never having outgrown the "let's pretend" of infancy, she sees *herself* in all the vicissitudes of the heroines of the novels she so loves. Those voracious bookworms you meet in the underground! Lost to their surroundings, the school-girl is reading of her future, the young woman of her present, the old lady of her past. *One and all they are, as it were, gazing into a mirror.* Women are wonderfully dexterous at fitting on to their own heads a diversity of caps.

Can we, then, wonder at the success of the "popular novel," in which dreams come true, Love triumphs and super-men are subjugated?

I OFTEN wonder how different life would be if no fiction had ever been written. Suppose the traveller between Life and Death met each landmark on his journey without having it described for him by previous travellers of exceptional sensibility.

If none of the emotions and events of life were dramatised to us before we experienced them for ourselves, how would they strike us? Had we studied no map should we miss much by passing mountain peaks unnoticed?

(Continued on page 169)

MONTH BY MONTH

A WOMAN said, "Isn't it strange that the very people who need not be in a hurry are the people who push?" and she added: "Take such a place as Wimbledon. I have seen so much selfishness and unmannerly hustling that I do not care to go there now. I stay more and more in my garden."

Euripides complained of "the bitter streets" of Athens, and of the low fellows who jostled him into the gutter. They did not recognise the old poet, and perhaps the poet was peeved and saw the Attic world of his day as a mass of fish porters and hucksters. But even a Covent Garden porter of to-day will apologise if he bumps a passer-by, or warn the unwary to give heed to his basket. "Mind yer fice!" Abrupt perhaps, but considerate.

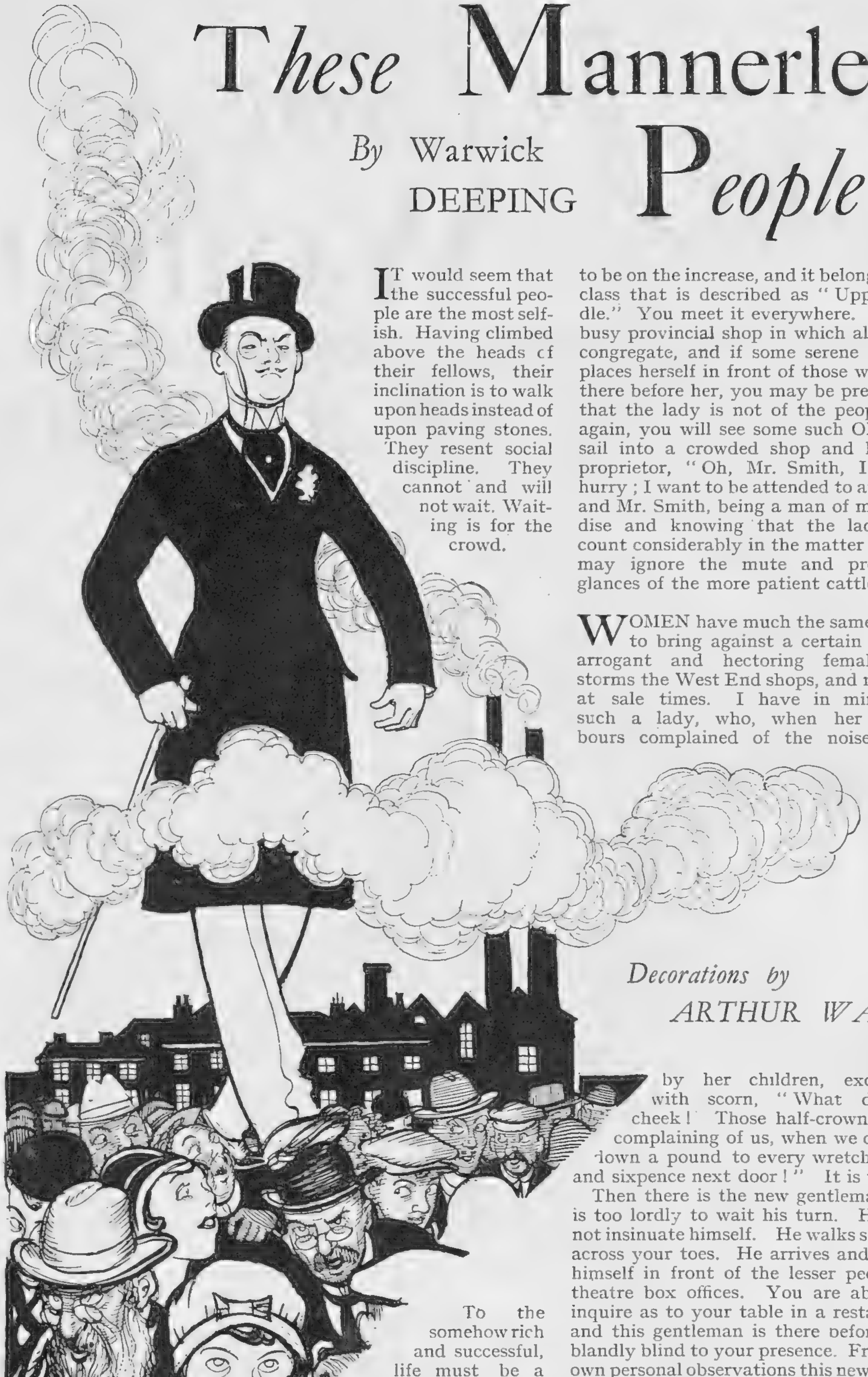
EURIPIDES would have thought very well of our city crowds. He would have thought very well indeed of our policemen, and of our bus conductors, and even of our taxi-drivers. So much good temper in the midst of so much haste would have impressed him as one of the most admirable and strange virtues of this age of bustle.

But had Euripides carried his investigations further he would have discovered a seeming paradox. To-day rudeness is exhibited by those people who have the leisure to be courteous. It appears to be the prerogative of the purse-proud to push.

The impartial observer, were he to jot down the instances of rudeness that came to his notice during the course of a year, might find that nine-tenths of these acts were performed by the well dressed and the well-to-do. There is the rudeness of the road, of the theatre, of the railway carriage, of the restaurant. It is the rudeness of selfishness.

These Mannerless *People*

By Warwick DEEPING



IT would seem that the successful people are the most selfish. Having climbed above the heads of their fellows, their inclination is to walk upon heads instead of upon paving stones. They resent social discipline. They cannot and will not wait. Waiting is for the crowd.

To the somehow rich and successful, life must be a series of quick responses. They knock and expect the door to open instantly. Like youth—when most arrogant—they clamour for quick results. Having got into the habit of presuming that all that they wish will happen and happen immediately, they will not deign to wait. Life must give way instantly, and with the bow of some suave maître d'hôtel.

This infinitely self-sufficient type seems to be on the increase, and it belongs to the class that is described as "Upper Middle." You meet it everywhere. Enter a busy provincial shop in which all classes congregate, and if some serene thruster places herself in front of those who were there before her, you may be pretty sure that the lady is not of the people. Or again, you will see some such Olympian sail into a crowded shop and hail the proprietor, "Oh, Mr. Smith, I'm in a hurry; I want to be attended to at once," and Mr. Smith, being a man of merchandise and knowing that the lady may count considerably in the matter of cash, may ignore the mute and protesting glances of the more patient cattle.

WOMEN have much the same charge to bring against a certain type of arrogant and hectoring female who storms the West End shops, and not only at sale times. I have in mind just such a lady, who, when her neighbours complained of the noise made by her children, exclaimed with scorn, "What damned cheek! Those half-crown people complaining of us, when we can put down a pound to every wretched two and sixpence next door!" It is true.

Decorations by ARTHUR WATTS

Then there is the new gentleman who is too lordly to wait his turn. He does not insinuate himself. He walks serenely across your toes. He arrives and places himself in front of the lesser people at theatre box offices. You are about to inquire as to your table in a restaurant, and this gentleman is there before you, blandly blind to your presence. From my own personal observations this new superswell is true to type. Usually he is tall well dressed, personable. He has an air, almost the appearance, of a sahib. Usually he is rather blond, with an unpleasant blue eye, and that particular type of nose that has predaceous nostrils. Probably you are surprised at being choused out of your turn by so presentable a fellow, until you realise the insensitive, serene insolence of him. Either other people do not exist, or he makes a point of effacing them. This is the kind of new

(*Continued on page 86.*)

FAMOUS Women of HISTORY

No. 3

Judith, the Slayer of Holofernes

Described by KENNETH BELL

Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY

Continuing his series depicting women who have made history Mr. Matania, who illustrated the stirring story of Boadicea, the Queen of the Iceni, last month, takes us to the East. Judith, the handsome Jewess, was the instrument of Jehovah in the overthrow of Holofernes, the dissolute leader of the all-powerful Nabuchodonsor, King of the Assyrians, and this makes an epic story of universal interest.

Next month in this series we hope to present the story of SUSANNA.

WHAT the Pyramids are in the history of Egypt and the Acropolis of Athens in the history of Greece, that the Temple of Solomon was in the history of Judæa. For Cairo, Athens, and Jerusalem, the three frontier posts of Africa, Europe and Asia, looking out at one another across the eastern Mediterranean, have each of them embodied the spirit of their being in a monument of stone. Over Egypt, the teeming delta of the Nile, there broods a preoccupation with death so intense that hundreds of thousands of slaves spend their lives in rearing for one man an indestructible tomb. The Pharaoh who commands the absolute obedience from a vast population of meek and industrious peasants can find no better occupation for them than the creation in his lifetime of a gigantic *Memento Mori* for himself. His subjects live in mud hovels flooded out every year by the inundations of the great river: he will lie in a vast and permanent sarcophagus with its roots in the changeless desert.

Across the Mediterranean, in the home of curiosity, freedom and intelligence, it is the pride of life and the worship of beauty which finds a monument of stone. Pericles, like the Pharaohs, was an Imperialist, but it was tribute from allies and the labour of citizens which reared the Acropolis. The Shrine of Athens was built to be the meeting-place of freemen, not the tomb of a king. In the Pyramid when it is completed lies the body of a man of whom death has made a god; on the Acropolis stands the figure of a goddess who has chosen a living city for her home.

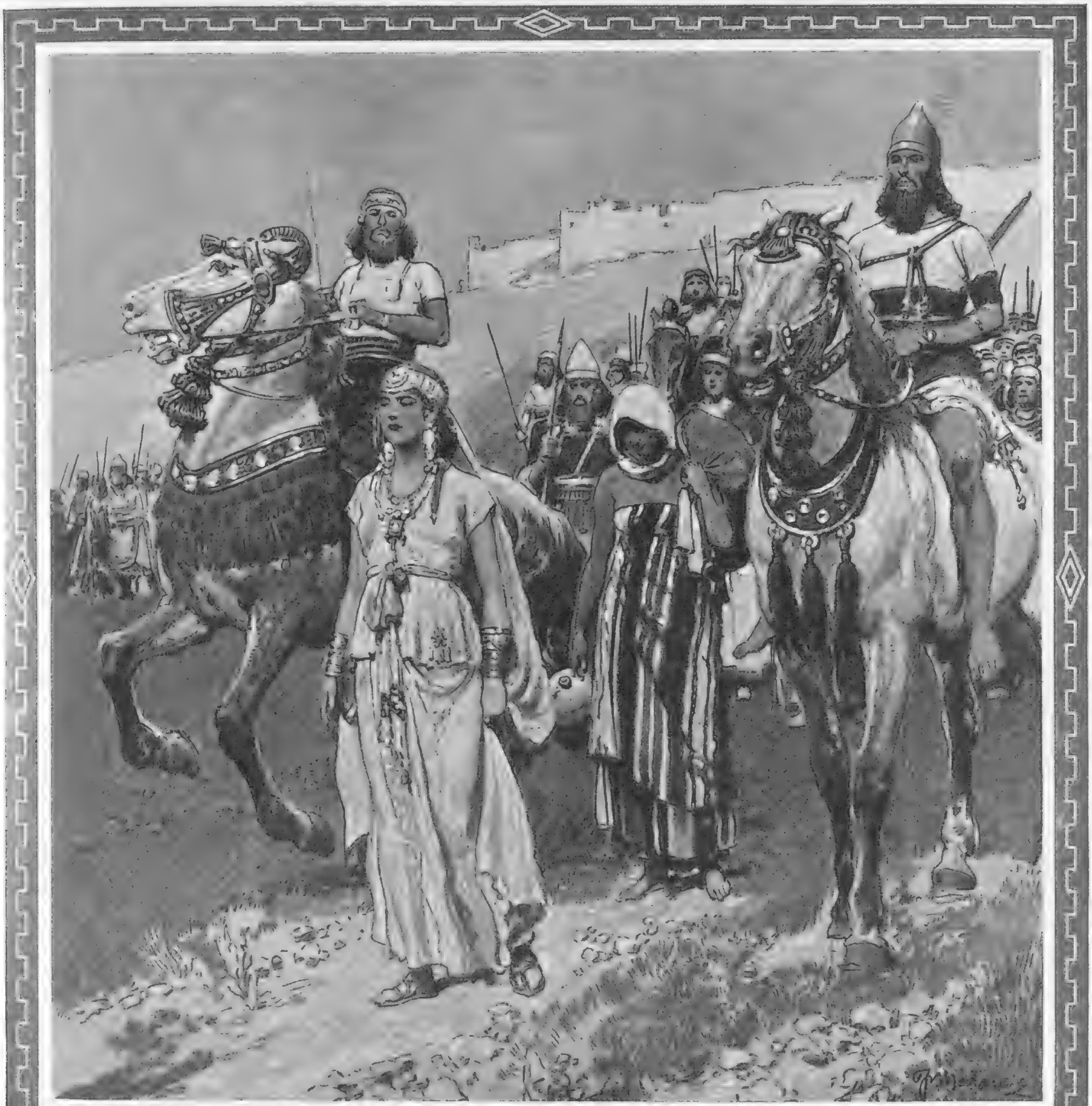
NOTHING remains to-day of the Temple of Solomon save its site in the enclosure of the Mohammedan mosque which now dominates Jerusalem in its stead, and the wailing wall beyond that enclosure, where pious Jews still weep and pray for the glory of Israel to be restored. The Pyramid remains, the Acropolis is in ruin, of the Temple there is not now one stone upon another. Yet the idea which the Temple embodied comes home to the visitor and to the historian with even greater force because its material expression is now visible only in imagination. The Temple was made with hands, but its Architect was the unseen Deity. What does it matter to Him that men have destroyed what He designed? The Jews built the Temple because God told them to build it: they knew that they were a people chosen to work out in this world the divine purpose, they were dominated by a sense which was not the sense of the presence of Death nor that of the joy of Life, but the sense of the all-compelling will of God. Life in this world derived its meaning for them from the personality and the design of a Being beyond its frontiers. The great question for them was not what can man make of life nor what happens after death, but what does God want life to be.

THE story of Judith is built up round the Temple of Solomon as the symbol of the Chosen People of God. Judith assassinated Holofernes, and so saved the Temple from profanation by the Assyrians. The chronology of the story is absurd, and its authenticity doubtful, but it is intensely and profoundly true: it is soaked in the spirit of Judaism. Observe how the crisis arose with which Judith alone was able to deal. The all-powerful ruler of the East, Nabuchodonosor of Nineve, King of the Assyrians, planned a war against his enemy Arphaxad, who reigned over the Medes in Ecbatana, and ordered the nations of the West to help him in this enterprise. But the nations of the West were not afraid of him; yea, he was before them as one man, and they sent away his ambassadors from them without effect and with disgrace. This naturally annoyed Nabuchodonosor, and after he had beaten Arphaxad he determined to punish the nations of the West, and sent Holofernes, the chief captain of his army, with 120,000 foot and 20,000 horse, to compel their submission, to make them give the traditional tribute of earth and water to him in token of vassalage, to lay waste their land and to carry them off captive. So they would learn that the King of the Assyrians was not to be treated as if he were one man.

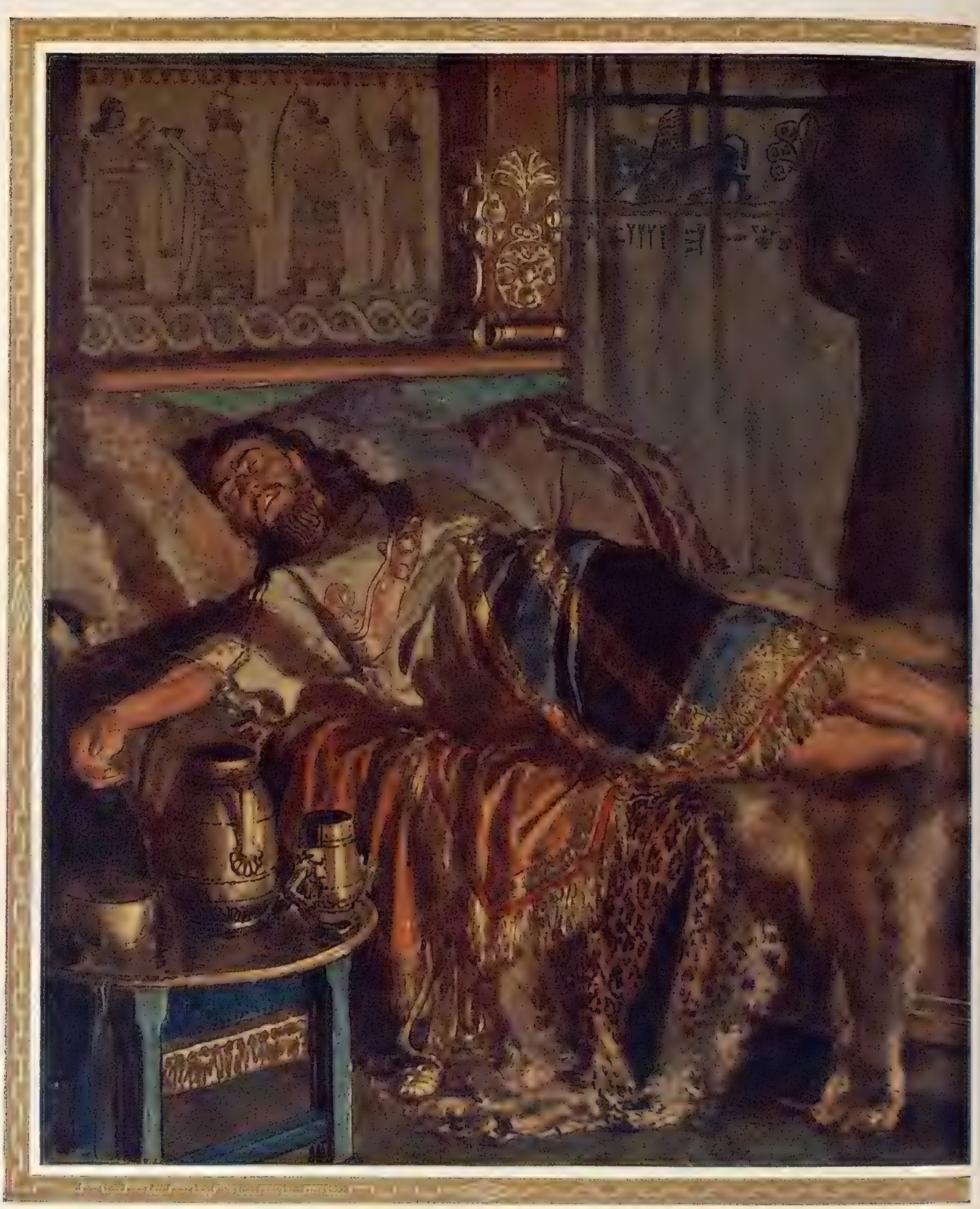
HOLOFERNES thoroughly understood what was expected of him. He collected besides his regular 34,000 troops a vast irregular host, attracted by the prospect of loot and adventure, and a huge transport and provision train of camels and asses, sheep, oxen and goats, and began to move westward across the land like a swarm of locusts or one of the dust-storms of the desert. From the upper Euphrates he reached Cilicia, carrying destruction in his wake. Then he turned south to Damascus, the northern gate of the Holy Land, to which he came in the time of the wheat harvest. This he burnt, the flocks and herds he slew, and the young men he smote with the edge of the sword. Fear and dread of him fell upon all the inhabitants of the sea-coasts, the rich cities of Philistia, where to-day the orange groves send their sweet scent far out to sea, and they took warning by the fate of Damascus and threw up the sponge. They sent embassies to Holofernes and promised him help, they received him with garlands, with dances and with timbrels. But he was an Assyrian who had had his orders—for all their cringing he cast down their frontiers and cut down their groves. They had defied Nabuchodonosor the human god and there could be no mercy for them.

So he came with his locusts and his dust-storm through the hills of Galilee down on to the great plain of Esdraelon, and there he pitched his camp between Geba and Scythopolis, at the southern end of the plain, and tarried a whole month that he might gather together all the carriages of his army. For at last he had reached the frontier of Judæa, the savage upland country where, between the howling wilderness of the Dead Sea border and the rich plain lands of the Mediterranean coast, dwelt in proud isolation the people of God.

NOW the children of Israel had something more to worry about than their harvests and their groves. They were used to locusts and dust-storms and their shaggy little country had nothing much within its borders to attract the plunderers from the East. But they were troubled for Jerusalem and the temple of the lord their God. They were newly returned from the captivity of Babylon, and the vessels and the altar and the house of God had but lately been consecrated after the profanation. Not for them were the tactics of the plainmen with their garlands and songs: they were afraid of Holofernes, but they were much more afraid of God. They fortified the hill villages overlooking their passes: they carried off up to them the newly-reaped grain from the fields below, but above all they humbled themselves before God. They and their wives and their children, and even their cattle



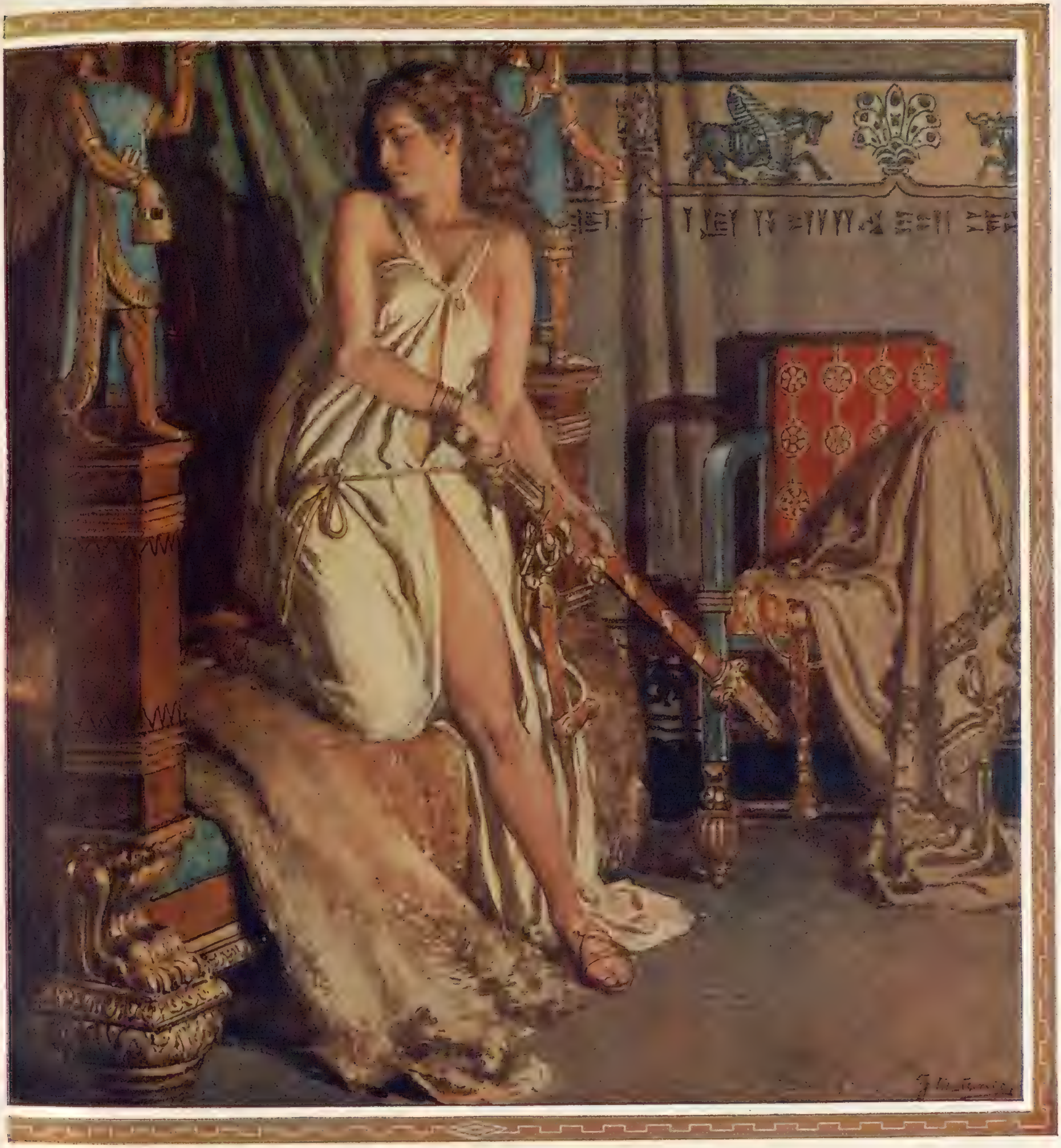
". . . Then she ordered the gates of the city to be opened, and with her maid went out through them, 'and the men of the city looked after her until she was gone down the mountain and till she had passed the valley and they could see her no more.' One widow with a maid and a basket against all the hosts of Assyria. . . ."



"Sure enough, as soon as dinner was over, the company dispersed, and Judith was left alone in the tent with Holofernes 'lying upon his bed, for he was filled with wine.' She was sober and he was helpless. Her hour was at hand. . . . She was alone with the rival Commander-in-Chief. She walked to the head of the bed where Holofernes' fauchion was hanging. . . ."

and every stranger and hireling and their servants bought with money, they dressed in sackcloth. Every man and woman and the little children fell before the Temple and cast ashes on their heads and spread out their sackcloth before the face of the Lord

HOLOFERNES was naturally puzzled when he was told that the Israelites were using the respite he had given them to fortify their country instead of to make terms with the invader. So he summoned the recently subdued princes of Moab and the captains of Ammon, who might be expected to have some local knowledge of their strange neighbours, and asked them, "Who is this people that dwelleth in the hill country? What are their cities? What is the multitude of their army? Wherein is their power and strength? What king is set over them or captain of their army? And why are they determined not to come and meet me more than all the inhabitants of the West?" To this very pertinent question he received a most unexpected answer. One Achior, the captain of all the sons of Ammon, volunteered as an explanation of the odd conduct of the Jews that they had abandoned the gods of their fathers to worship the God of heaven. This God, he explained, was at once exacting and efficient. He visited with equal severity any slackness on the part of his people and any attempt to meddle with them. Witness the Babylonish captivity and the plagues of Egypt. Exile for backsliders and noxious miracles for persecutors. The best way to cope with the Jews, Achior ventured to suggest, was to find out whether they had recently offended their God. If they had, then they would easily be beaten; if they had not, it would be safer to leave them alone.



> "Now, therefore, my lord and governor, if there be any error in this people, and they sin against their God, let us consider that this shall be their ruin, and let us go up, and we shall overcome them.
>
> "But if there be no iniquity in their nation, let my lord now pass by, lest their Lord defend them, and their God be for them, and we become a reproach before all the world."

ACHIOR was obviously not a very tactful man, and it is easy to see why Holofernes was annoyed. He vented this annoyance quite ingeniously. He ordered a party to take Achior into the enemy's country and hand him over to them to await destruction in their company. It was not an easy thing to do. As soon as the party appeared in sight of the Israelites they were met with a fusillade of stones discharged in slings by concealed marksmen in the hills. But by making use of dead ground they succeeded in getting round, behind and above their combatants. They then tied up Achior in a bundle and rolled him downhill towards the Israelites. The latter untied him, and when they had heard his story received him hospitably.

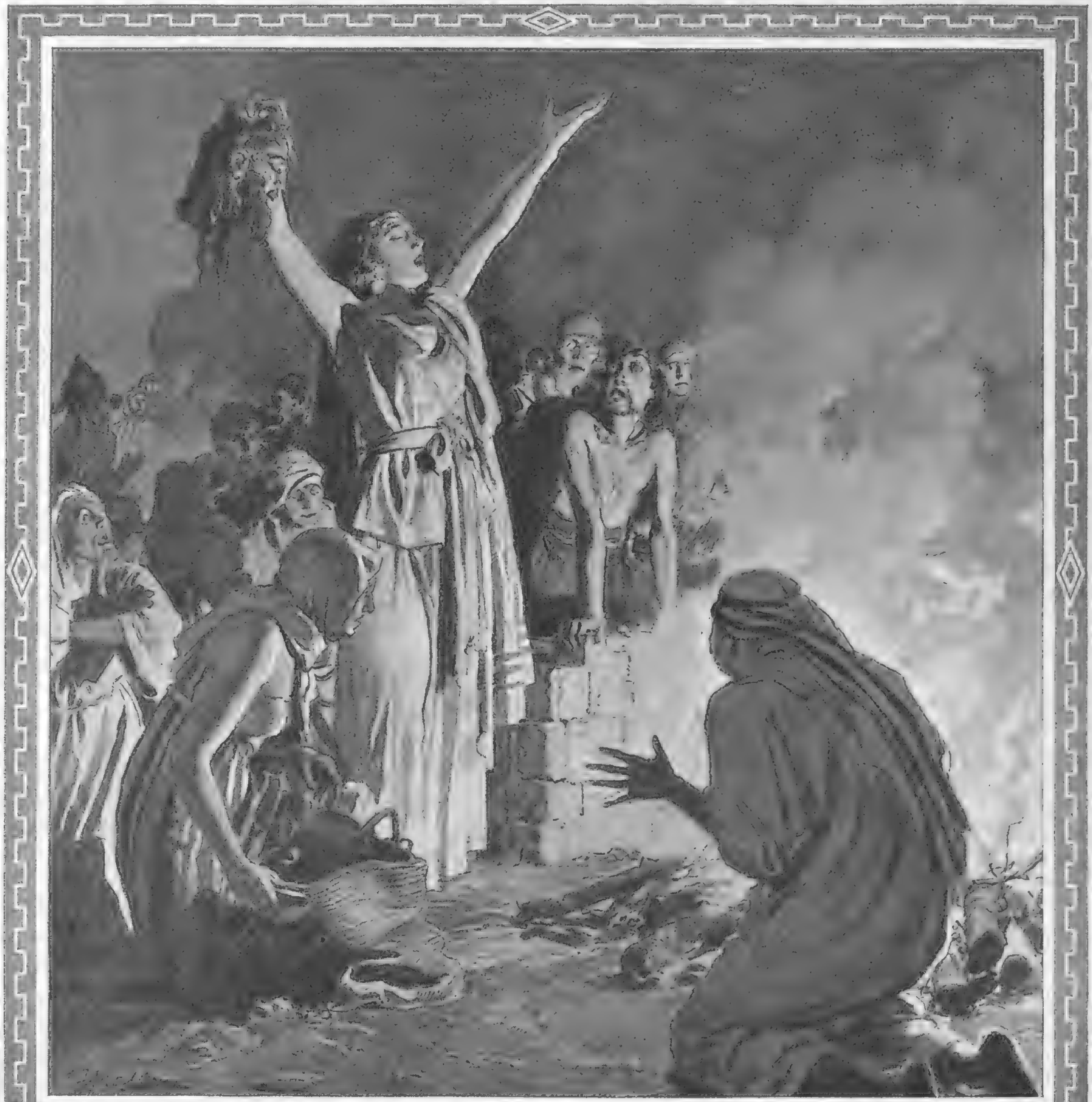
Next day Holofernes broke camp and moved against the city of Bethulia. Acting on excellent advice, he did not attack the city directly, but by seizing its water-supply made its surrender, humanly speaking, inevitable. Bethulia, wherever it may be, and it has never been satisfactorily identified, is represented in the story as the key by which alone could be unlocked those foothills of Samaria which are the gateway to Jerusalem from the north. Here, then, was the test case. If Bethulia fell, the Temple would be profaned, the hosts of Nabuchodonosor, the god of the earth, would have vanquished the Israelites, the people of the God of heaven. Holofernes is the instrument of the will of Nabuchodonosor. The instrument of Jehovah's will is Judith.

THE contrast is magnificently appropriate. Holofernes is throughout the man of war, vigorous, energetic, decisive, at once prudent and daring. War is his business and he understands it thoroughly. He does not run unnecessary risks and is always open to a good suggestion. That was why he had asked Achior about the puzzling Israelites. Now, as he sits before Bethulia, word is brought to him that a Jewish woman has found her way into the camp. He has her brought before him, and in his genial, manly way promises her his protection and listens carefully to her advice. After all, her people *are* mysterious and she must know more about them than he does. Also she is extraordinarily good-looking. Judith certainly is good-looking. So impressed were the Assyrians by her beauty when she arrived that everyone said to his neighbour, "Who would despise this people that have among them such women?" and drawing the obvious conclusion, added, "Surely it is not good that one man among them should be left alive." But that is not why God chose her as His commander-in-chief against Holofernes. Her beauty is only a weapon, her strength is in her righteousness. Holofernes knows the laws of war, she the laws of God. Never was there a more virtuous widow. Her husband had no sooner died of sunstroke than she had retired completely from the world.

SUCH was the lady who had abandoned her vigil for her three-years-dead husband and come down from her housetop to meet Holofernes face to face. And this is how she had been induced to adopt so apparently unseemly a course. News had been brought to her in her isolation that the elders of Bethulia, tormented by thirst, had decided to capitulate. So do mere men, involved in the business of the world, lose their sense of proportion. What are parched throats and throbbing eyeballs that they should weigh for one instant against the inviolate sanctuary of Jehovah? Her course is clear. She must herself violate the seclusion of her widowhood to save from violation the Temple of her God. Holofernes is the servant of Nabuchodonosor; she alone is fit to cope with him in the service of God.

She, too, makes careful preparations; her strategy must be as prudent as his. First she goes to the elders. In magnificent words she reminds them of their trust, weakness at the frontier will mean

(*Continued on page* 166.)



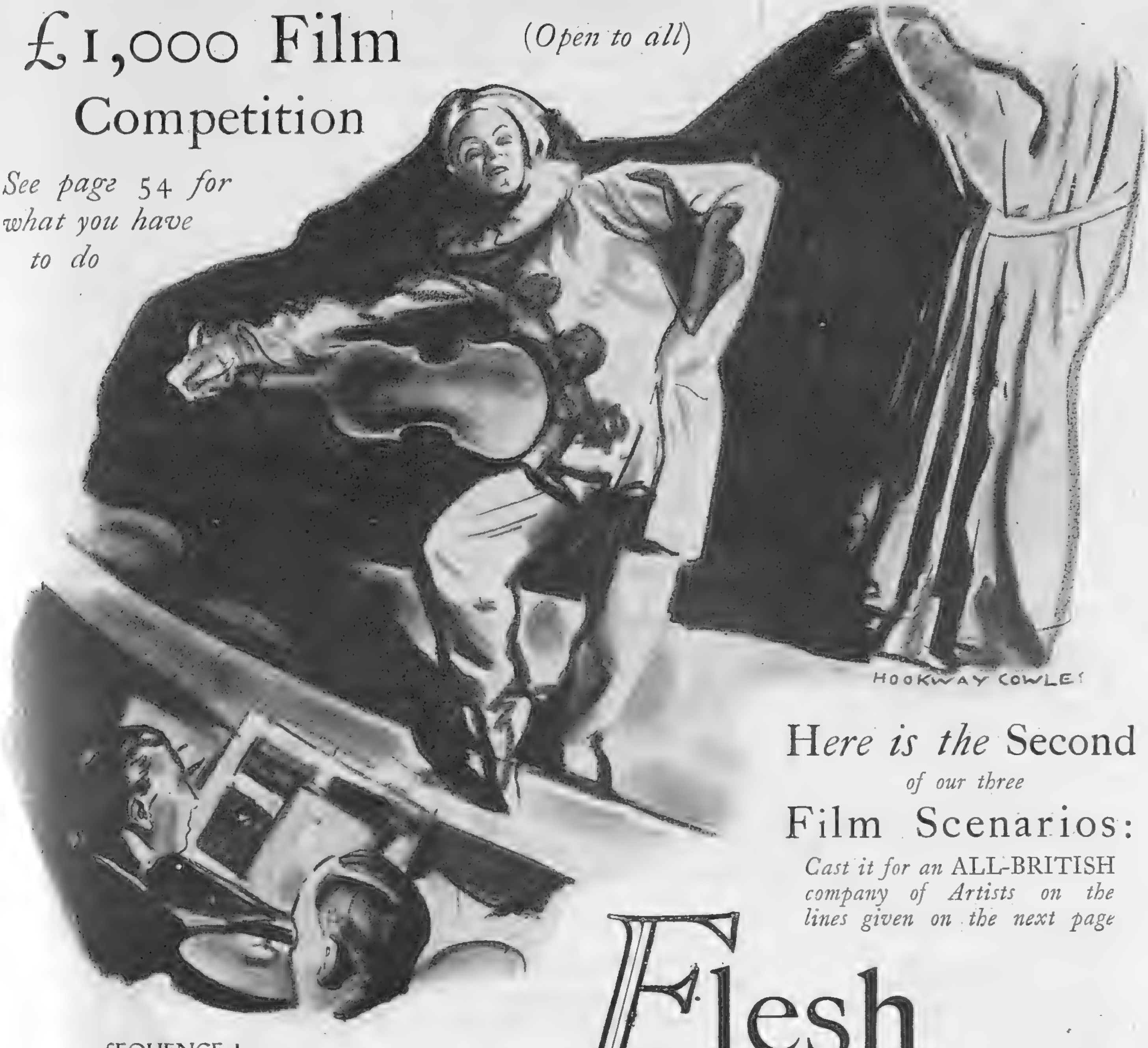
". . . Judith, standing alone in the darkness before the great fire they lit to welcome her, drew out the head of Holofernes . . . and cried to her people with a loud voice to glorify God. . . ."

BRITANNIA & EVE'S

£1,000 Film Competition

(Open to all)

See page 54 for what you have to do



Here *is the* Second *of our three* Film Scenarios:

Cast it for an ALL-BRITISH *company of Artists on the lines given on the next page*

Flesh *and* Blood

By L'*Estrange* F*awcett*

SEQUENCE I.

FADE IN.

Atmospheric shots of London.

Narrative : Saturday evening down Fulham way.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

Albert Higginbottom's butcher's shop in North End Road.

He is selling off to kerbside clientele who hope to get a bit off, or a bit over, according to Albert's whim.

Tremendous noise, mothers scolding and cajoling their querulous offspring or arguing over a choice bit of rolled ribs. Street tradesmen shout out the merits of their seedy vegetables, toffee, or cheap silk stockings, from little tarpaulin-roofed booths; ice-cream merchants propel tricycles along road, shouting "Bagg's ice-creams are lovel-ay." Barrel organ is churning out "One whiff of the old Corona—I'll follow the man to Barcelona."

Blind man tapping down pavement, led by pathetic little girl who has abandoned all hope in life; other atmosphere *ad lib.*

Over all sounds, the booming tones of the *basso profondo*, Albert, bellowing butcher's patter.

Dialogue :

ALBERT : "Buy, buy, buy! 'Ow much for this lovel-ay bit of trouser-button? Goin' at a couple o' bob? Who says one-and-six? One-and-six — Mrs. Wimple — right—there's a lady who knows value when she sees it. . . . Please don't 'andle the meat, ma, it 'urts its feelings, and mine . . . thank you."

Albert is a splendid specimen—white coat, striped blue apron and steel on leather belt, straw hat at back of head. Masses of naked red and yellow meat cover the slab.

Young woman tries to take a rise out of Albert—with a twinkle in her eye.

Dialogue :

WOMAN : "Got any brains, butcher?"

ALBERT (quick in the uptake): "Thought you were looking as

if you needed some."

Albert picks up anæmic calf's head, and, holding it towards the customer, moves one of its eyelids so that it winks at her. Child with the woman laughs merrily.

Dialogue :

WOMAN (rather disgusted): " I think I'll change my mind. . . . I'll have some tripe."

ALBERT (lifting up a welter of yellow flesh): " Purl or plain, mum ? "

He hands some over and receives a coin.

Behind Albert, in cash desk, a pretty, dark girl.

She takes money from Albert—sticky money—and gives Albert change.

She enters amounts in neat handwriting in a ledger—her left hand bears a wedding ring.

The filthy money disgusts her.

So do the masses of raw meat.

Men customers, waiting while their wives fumble in fusty purses—

Look at the girl.

But she takes no notice of them.

On the other hand, she sighs wearily as—

She sees the boisterous Albert, who is getting overwhelmed and beckons to her.

She acquiesces reluctantly, leaves her desk and crosses the shop to help sell the repulsive meat.

Poor woman carrying child asks her :

Dialogue :

WOMAN : "Three penn'orth of bones, please."

The girl reaches under slab-counter, puts bones and ends of meat in paper, and takes money.

The woman looks at the parcel; girl's hand comes into picture and puts juicy steak on top of bones.

Woman looks up gratefully surprised.

Girl pets baby—a great longing in her eyes.

Albert nudges girl, telling her to hurry up and serve—

Other customers, who are clamouring for attention.

Girl indicates " all right; in a moment," and continues to pet child.

Fat, offensive woman thrusts a lump of dripping beef under girl's nose with one hand, holding up two fingers with other hand.

Girl holds up three fingers.

Woman nods and hands the meat over.

Girl makes her put meat on slab—then she picks it up with paper (to avoid touching it), wraps it up and receives money.

Series of MIXES of hands—moving swiftly.

Large hands holding up joints of meat.

Horny, dirty, grimy hands taking newspaper parcels.

Money passing from hands to hands.

Albert's huge hands putting money in the till.

Girl's tiny hands following suit.

Albert bustling girl about shop, making her hold side of beef on bloody wood-block, while he saws and hacks joints off.

Chopper crashing down—inches away from her delicate hands with their single gold ring.

Girl blenches as chopper flies up and down past her head.

Few customers remain.

The slab-counter is considerably denuded.

Albert straightens up and wipes sweat from brow—shaking moisture off in all directions.

Girl goes back into cash desk and resumes book-keeping.

Longer Shot: At back of shop, between two sides of beef, is seen lace-curtained window forming part of door. An old woman comes through (Albert's mother); she rests one hand on the tail of a complete sheep hanging up, head downwards, and the other on her hip.

Dialogue (shouted across shop) :

ALBERT : " 'Allo, mother."

MOTHER : " What shall it be, Albert ? "

Albert looks at counter and sees—

Couple of fat kidneys. He picks them up and throws them—

Across the shop towards mother.

Gyro Shot to show mother catching kidneys deftly on the end of a carving fork.

Old woman turns towards girl in cash desk.

Dialogue :

OLD WOMAN : " What'll Else have ? "

ELSIE (without looking up) : " No *meat*, thanks."

Old woman shrugs her shoulders and disappears through door, which slams.

She crosses a parlour to cooking stove and prepares to cook supper.

In cash desk Elsie goes on adding up—

In her neat handwriting.

Now and then she glances towards street door expectantly.

Albert finishes serving a customer, stretches his back and goes outside.

Facing the shop, he pulls down the metal shutter with a crash, making sudden darkness on the pavement.

Elsie looks up with a jump; she can't get used to that.

Albert comes into shop whistling

Dialogue .

ALBERT : " Coming to eat, Else ? "

ELSIE : " Not yet . . . . . not finished Bert."

Albert goes on into parlour behind shop.

Elsie goes on adding up figures.

Outside, a violin starts playing " Destiny " valse.

Elsie looks up suddenly—pleased.

Boy of 20 appears in doorway, lively, romantic, curly hair, etc. ; stops playing. He comes in and—

Gives Elsie a tiny bunch of violets, which she puts in her desk.

£1,000 FILM COMPETITION

What you have to do:

WE publish here the second of a series of three Scenarios, which we invite our readers to cast. The prizes will be as follows :—

1st Prize	..	*£750*
2nd Prize	..	*£100*
3rd Prize	..	*£50*

and twenty prizes of £5 each.

For the eight characters included in the Dramatis Personæ on the opposite page, make up a list of the eight artists whom you would consider ideal for the various parts they have to portray. All the artists must be All British and at present working in Great Britain.

A sealed list is now in the possession of the Editor, and those entries which approximate nearest to this list will be awarded the prizes already announced.

The Editor's decision in any detail connected with this competition is absolutely final.

On page 169 of this issue will be found a Coupon which must be enclosed with every entry sent in. Readers are limited to three entries only. Those availing themselves of this last-mentioned concession must send in a separate Coupon with each separate entry.

Entries should consist of a single sheet of paper bearing the name and address of the sender in the top right-hand corner, and the Coupon pinned to the left-hand corner. In the August issue of BRITANNIA AND EVE *the last of the three Scenarios will be published. (The first was given last month.) It is hoped to announce the final result in the October issue.*

Dialogue :

ELSIE : "Hallo, Harry, how are things ?"

HARRY : "Rotten, I'm back on the streets for a living . . . theatre business is rotten."

ELSIE : "Can't you get an engagement ?"

HARRY : "Not unless I put on a production number . . . so the agent says . . . and that needs money."

ELSIE : "How much ?"

HARRY : "Oh, fifty pounds at least . . . do you think Albert 'ud give me a job to earn my supper ?"

ELSIE (pressing electric bell) : "I'll ask him."

In the parlour—wireless on—bell rings—Albert, sitting eating, picks up beer tankard, blows off froth, rises and goes towards shop, turns off wireless and exits.

As he enters shop—

Dialogue :

ELSIE : "Harry wants a bit of the ready ; can you give him a job, temporary ?"

ALBERT (picking his teeth) : "'E can clean out the shop, and put the sweepings in that there refuge bin."

ELSIE : "Oh, Bert, he can't do that."

HARRY (looking round at the slabs and blood-stained blocks somewhat grimly) : "Sure, I'll do it."

ALBERT : "Why not get a job regular and give up this stage playing . . . you're only wasting your time ?"

Harry does not ...wer, but starts ...craping one of ...he blocks.

Elsie goes on ...ling up.

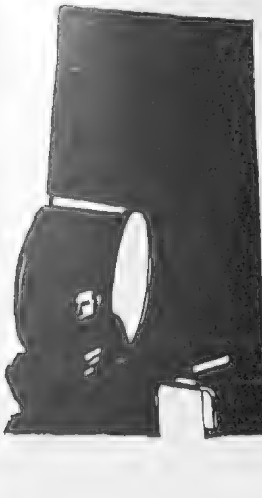
Albert goes ...ck into parlour, ...tches on the ...reless and—

Continues stok... up, drinking ... beer in one ...ng pull leaning ...ack until—

His face appears through the tankard's glass ...ase.

The wireless now consists of an impassioned appeal for compulsory vegetarian diets.

Mother turns it off.



Glossary
of Technical Terms used.

FADE IN (OUT)—Gradual transition from total darkness to fully-lighted scene, and vice-versa.

MIX—Scene composed by superimposing the first few feet of one shot on the last few feet of another : indicates transition (of time or place) usually by a creation of contrasts.

SUPERIMPOSE—Two subjects photographed on the same negative to amplify one another.

LONG SHOT—Scene taken at any distance other than one suitable for reproducing intimate detail.

GYRO SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a tripod in the head of which is a gyroscope, the object being to secure smooth movement when camera is traversed or tilted to an angle : for example, when the subject photographed moves from one plane to another.

OVERHEAD TROLLEY (or CRANE) SHOT—Scene taken by camera attached to mobile crane or trolley on rails suspended from studio roof : used for photographing in different planes without altering camera mounting ; camera flies, as it were, through the air.

TRACK SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a mobile trolley running on lines on the studio floor, used for following a character on the level.

Dialogue :

MOTHER : "I don't approve of Harry ; he's a regular waster."

ALBERT : "Oh, 'e's one of these artistic blokes."

MOTHER (insinuating) : "I don't like him hanging round here."

ALBERT : "Don't be silly, ma, wotcher mean ?"

In the shop, which is pretty well cleaned up, Harry is facing Elsie in the desk. He is trying to make love to her mildly. She tells him to behave, and lays on the desk a bulky envelope.

Dramatis Personæ

Albert, a butcher.

Elsie, his wife.

Mother, Albert's mother.

Harry, a music-hall violinist

The Blonde, a chorus girl.

Theatre manager.

Prompter.

Doctor.

Dialogue :

ELSIE : "Harry, if you promise not to tell a soul, and I *lend* you fifty pounds out of my own savings, will you make good?"

HARRY (in the seventh heaven) : "You bet I will . . . but, of course, only as a loan. . . . Elsie, you are a darling . . . give us a kiss."

ELSIE : "Certainly not" (but he kisses her small hand) . . . "now I'll call Albert."

HARRY : "Oh, Albert (with disgust) always Albert."

Elsie reproves him and gives him the money, enjoining silence. He picks up his violin and starts playing "I'm sitting on top of the world."

In the parlour, Albert and mother prick up their ears as they hear—

The violin playing.

Dialogue :

MOTHER : "I've heard them violin players have very dangerous natures . . . with girls and such like."

Albert pretends not to care ; however, he rises and goes towards the shop.

In the shop. Albert enters, picking his teeth, careless-like, tosses Harry a coin—the music stops.

Dialogue :

ALBERT : "Well, thriftless, 'ere's 'alf a dollar. 'As Mrs. H. kept an eye on you ?"

HARRY : "You bet, but she's got a kind eye . . . still, I cleaned up for you."

ALBERT : "That so ? Well, what next ?"

HARRY : "Going on the Halls." (He turns towards Elsie casually and winks deliberately).

ALBERT : "Reckon that means 'ard cash . . . who're you going to touch ?"

HARRY : "Oh, I guess I'll manage."

Albert spits—gets out fresh sawdust and begins sprinkling floor.

Harry at door blows kiss to Elsie, who waves him away nervously.

She resumes adding up figures, sighing wearily.

Albert, as boisterous as ever, whistles and bangs steel hooks, weights and measures about, and slams the door.

Elsie looks up occasionally hopelessly.

Dialogue :

ELSIE : "Must you make so much noise ? I'm tired."

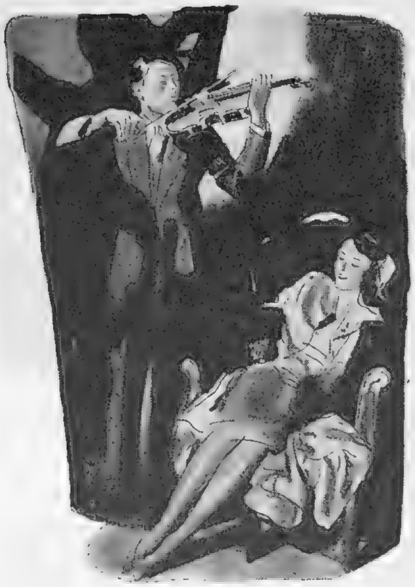
ALBERT : "Well, I'm sorry, I'm shore." (He goes to the desk, leans over and lays his dirty paw on hers.) "Give us a kiss, kid."

ELSIE : "Not now, Bert. I'm busy." (She shrinks away.)

Albert will not be denied and kisses her roughly.

Dialogue :

ELSIE (furious) : "Don't *do* that . . . I told yer I'm tired. . . . It's



more than flesh and blood can stand."

ALBERT: "Why, whatever's the matter?"

ELSIE (smoothing her hair): "I'm tired . . can't you see—adding up all your money . . . leave me alone."

ALBERT: "Look 'ere, Else, I'm about fed up with your tantrums. . . . Mother says . . ."

ELSIE (blazing): "And I'm about fed up, too, and what does it matter what your mother says? . . . Why should she interfere . . . can you ever think of anything but mother, meat and money . . . it's always this filthy meat. . . . I hate it."

ALBERT (taken back): "Well, I'm ——, aren't I making money for you . . . what more do you want?"

ELSIE: "You fool, I don't want meat. . . I want life and everything a woman wants. I want a home . . . not a room over a meat shop . . . not sitting here all night. . . . Before you married me you paid me a wage . . . then you thought you could save the wages, so you married me and I fell for you . . . fool that I was. . . . I'm a flesh and blood woman and you try to make me a machine."

ALBERT: "Else, what are you saying?"

ELSIE: "I haven't done . . . you've made plenty of money (showing balance sheets) . . . why can't I have a decent home away from this—and—and — children. . . . My God, why can't I have a child. . . . Just because you're so mean and stingy. . . . Why, that poor creature I gave the steak to is better off than me. . . . I've got nothing but meat and suet . . and you slave-driving me (seeing Albert is dumbfounded). . . . Oh, I'm sorry. . . I forgot myself. . . . I didn't mean it . . . I apologise . . what does it matter . . .?"

Longer Shot showing mother has emerged and has been listening.

Dialogue;

MOTHER: "I should think so, too . . . have you taken leave of your senses? . . . talking indecent about such things as are never mentioned by polite folks. . . . Better leave her, Albert, to calm down . . . take a little sal volatile (she pronounces volatile as if it were the English word) and you'll feel easier . . . and better."

Mother hands Elsie bottle and beckons Albert. He shrugs and follows her towards the parlour. He turns back, but Elsie waves him away, he shrugs again and exits.

Elsie, crying quietly, goes on adding up figures—

In her neat hand-writing. She stops—

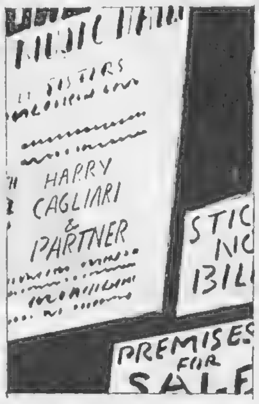
She takes from under the desk a little bunch of violets and smells them.

A wan smile crosses her face.

FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE 2

FADE IN.



Music-hall performance. Harry, in crazy clown costume, dancing and playing violin in various postures.

He really plays extremely well, and his turn consists of making his audience "emote," and then bringing them back to earth with a sudden piece of buffoonery.

Theatre programme held by hands—in centre of page—"Harry Cagliari—comedy violinist."

MIX TO.

Front row—Albert, Elsie and mother in their Sunday bests.

Albert pulls down his tie to relieve the pressure on his studless collar.

Mother is magnificent in satin and bonnet.

Elsie is quietly excited, enjoying the change of atmosphere.

The curtain comes down amid great applause. It is covered with advertisements.

It rises again and Harry bows, especially to Elsie, pulling off his wig and throwing a small bunch of violets, which falls between Elsie and mother.

The curtain falls, revealing a blatant advertisement of "Albert Higginbottom, Butcher," in the centre, complete with Albert in doorway.

Albert is delighted and calls everyone's attention to it, much to Elsie's embarrassment.

A note is handed to Elsie.

Insert:

"I'm taking you all down to the fair. Come on, quick! Harry."

Elsie shows the note to Albert.

Gyro Shot.—They all rise and go out, much to the annoyance of the rest of the row, as mother and Albert are both large, clumsy people—offensively audible tut-tuts from irascible tongues.

In a dressing-room Harry, flushed and excited, tosses off a drink, and runs out. He is wearing a poorly-cut dinner jacket suit, but is proud of it. He puts on a wide black Homberg hat, rather cock-eyed.

Near a taxi on a corner, Harry runs round the corner full tilt into mother and Albert. Greetings and laughter.

Harry shakes hands with Elsie and holds her hand a little.

All tumble into taxi and it moves off.

MIX TO.

The fair-ground, lights, hurdy-gurdies, noise, shouting—all the fun.

A series of mixes of witching-waves, helter-skelter, water-chute, scenic railway, shooting galleries, drinking bars and, finally:

Albert, mother, Harry and Elsie toasting each other amid much laughter from Harry and Albert. Mother *knows* Guinness is good for her. Albert makes Elsie drink a whisky and soda, though she does not want it. They slam their glasses down and move off.

Elsie passes her hand over her eyes.

At "The Caterpillar." (An elaborate circular motor-car switchback, with two added "attractions." For half the time, when the motor-cars have attained full speed, a hood rises from one side and completely covers in the passengers. Spectators stand outside the whirli-go-round and hope they will catch the passengers flirting, when the hood is suddenly let down again. The second "attraction" is that at uncertain intervals, when a hole is opened in the front of each car, a blast of air rushes through and blows the girls' skirts anywhere.)

Elsie and Harry reach the Caterpillar ahead of the others and he rushes her into it before they come up. (She is a bit uncertain, as she is a little dizzy.)

Albert and mother decide to watch.

Elsie and Harry get in one of the cars, and they start off swaying mightily. There are only two other people in the car, instead of the usual crowd.

When the hood comes over, Harry, flushed and excited, puts his arm round Elsie, and pretends to hold her in the swaying car. Then he kisses her; she resists, but finally for one tiny second she gives herself to him. Instantly she pulls away.

Dialogue;

ELSIE: "Harry—you mustn't."

But he is eager, and for one more second she succumbs (to-morrow she will be back in the meat shop).

At that second the hood goes down with a rush and dazzling lights illumine the car interior.

The hurdy-gurdy blares triumphantly.

Albert's face changes instantaneously from loud laughter to incredulous fury.

At the same second, the vulgar, intrusive air-blast carries Elsie's skirt above her knees.

The crowd howl with laughter except:

Albert and mother.

The cars stop, and Harry helps the abashed Elsie out.

Albert, with several drinks in him, is livid, and strides off to meet them.

Elsie is contrite and ashamed—Harry laughing as they join Albert.

In the very centre of a crowd Albert makes a scene.

Dialogue ;

ALBERT : " What you mean, mucking about with my wife ? "

MOTHER : " Disgusting . . indecent."

HARRY (sobered) : " It was only a joke."

ALBERT : " Get out, you dirty puppy, before I sock you . . . you did it on purpose . . . I'll kill you." (Rushing at Harry.)

Attendants come up and separate them ; furious mêlée, just a drunken fracas, with a difference.

The combatants are escorted out of the grounds—a crowd of curious and noisy people following.

Near gate—a barker bawls at Elsie and points to his notice board over a gaudy booth :—

" WOULDST READ THE FUTURE—
WOULDST KNOW THY LUCK ? " etc.

MIX TO.

A furious scene in the shop-parlour.

Elsie is roused—Albert raging.

Dialogue ;

ALBERT : " You've disgraced me . . . think I'll wear the 'orns. . . . I'll see you in 'ell first. . . . I'll never forgive you this. . . ."

ELSIE : " I tell you I meant nothing. . . . I've never kissed anyone else except you. It was just a mad moment. . . . I don't want Harry . . . at least I don't think so . . . that is if you treat me properly. . . ."

MOTHER and ALBERT (*crescendo*) : " Properly . . . you're a good one to talk of properly . . . "

ELSIE : " Well, you never have, making me work in that filthy shop, when you know I hate the meat and blood and choppers. I'm absolutely sick of it—yes, and sometimes I hate you and your interfering mother . . . why don't I have a proper home ? . . . why don't I have children instead of working in the meat ? . . . but you're too selfish . . . you've got more than you want . . . it's always meat with you and I hate it ! . . . hate it !! . . . hate it !!! . . ." (*Crescendo.*)

MOTHER : " The woman's mad. Here . . . give us a hand, Bert." (She takes hold of Elsie's arm.)

ELSIE (furious) : " Don't you dare touch me . . . it's all your fault, Bert thinks more of you than me. I'm going where I'm wanted, and where I'm not mauled about by you . . . or (pointing at Bert) by *him*—with his greasy hands."

Albert looks weakly at—

His hams of hands and their grimy nails.

At the same moment Elsie picks up her hand-bag and rushes out of the room—the door is slammed.

She crosses the shop.

Six grinning pigs' heads adorn a counter.

The shop door slams.

In the parlour. Albert recovers himself and starts after her, but his mother detains him.

Dialogue ;

MOTHER : " She won't go far."

ALBERT : " She *will* go far in that mood."

MOTHER : " She'll go to her mother's . . it'll blow over."

Nevertheless, Albert starts after her into the street.

The deserted street—he starts running

Elsie running along a dark street.

Albert, at a corner, runs into a couple of drunks—delay and altercation.

Elsie throwing gravel up at a first-floor lighted window.

The street door opens and reveals Harry. He draws Elsie into the hallway

MIX TO.

Harry and Elsie in his bed-sitting room. He takes her in his arms and she sobs bitterly :

Dialogue ;

ELSIE : " I've left Bert . . . he's horrible. I hate his meat and him and his mother '

HARRY (admiring her) : " Why, you mustn't do that ; just stay here to-night and make it up in the morning."

ELSIE : " Don't you want me. . . . I'll give myself to you, Harry . . . oh ! Harry, I want no conditions —only freedom from slavery . . . and . . . I think . . . I want you."

HARRY (alarmed at her vehemence) : " Darling, I know . . . but . . . I never thought . . . I haven't a bean."

ELSIE : " I'll—work for you. . . . I want nothing (a noise is heard at the street door) . . . what's that ? . . . I won't go back to him . . . don't send me, Harry." (He kisses her roughly.)

He goes to exit, pauses, and looks back at the weeping girl. He thinks and then takes a decision, smiles slowly and exits.

The street door—Albert is knocking, the door opens ; Harry appears.

Dialogue ;

ALBERT : " Is my wife 'ere ? "

HARRY : " *Your wife ?* No ! Not likely."

ALBERT : " Oh . . . "

HARRY : " I met her just now and she said she was going to her mother's . . . she seemed ill."

Albert is deceived, and mumbling an excuse, goes. Harry smiles and goes in.

In Harry's room—Elsie tense and frightened.

Harry comes in.

Dialogue ;

HARRY : " Only a drunk ; lost his way."

He holds out his arms and Elsie runs to him.

They kiss passionately and sit on Harry's chair-bed.

Her hand touches his violin.

She offers it to him, asking him to play.

He plays " Destiny."

She sinks back with closed eyes and arms thrown wide.

He stands, and moves across playing dreamily, now towering over her.

His eyes are fixed in a stare on—

The rapid motion, up and down, of her taut silk blouse.

He leans over and kisses—

Her lips.

MIX TO.

Her hand opens convulsively like a flower in a slow-motion film and a crushed bunch of dead violets falls to the ground.

SLOW FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE 3

FADE IN.

A ledger-page in Elsie's neat handwriting—the date is June 1929. The second half of the page is entered in coarse, uneducated writing, the page greasy and blotted.

A pair of black-nailed hands let the succeeding pages fly past until they stop at June 1930—another dirty, ill-kept page.

MIX TO.

Albert sitting at supper in shop-parlour studying the ledger. His mother is beside him—obese and sulky.

Albert is dirty and unshaven, his straw hat on the back of his head. He is fatter, less attractive, and has gone down the hill. He picks his teeth with his finger, withdraws his denture, removes a bit of stringy meat, wipes it off his finger on his coat and replaces his denture.

There is an empty place laid on the other side of the table.

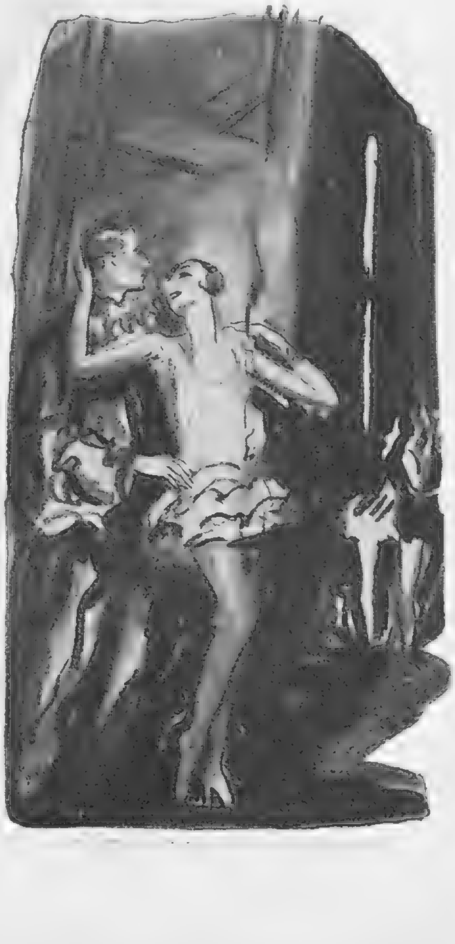
Dialogue ;

ALBERT : " Ever since Else went the business's been going down fast. . . . I wish she was back. . . . I've treated her awful badly. . . . I'm ashamed, I am."

MOTHER : " That's right. . . . Go on . . . when I've done all I can for a solid year . . . and you'd bring that . . . that . . . woman back, if you could."

ALBERT (roused) : " You shut up . . . it's us who drove 'er away and now we're like to be broke." (He raises his glass.)

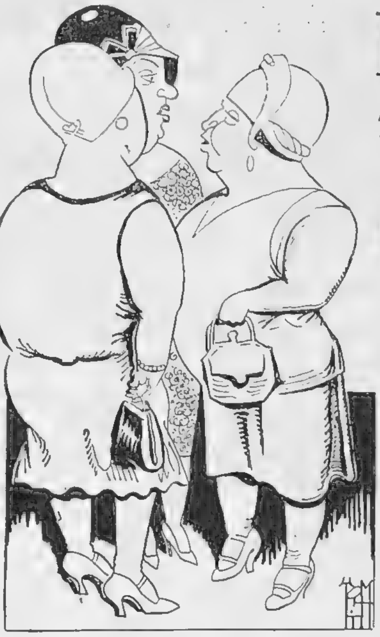
(*Continued on page 182*).



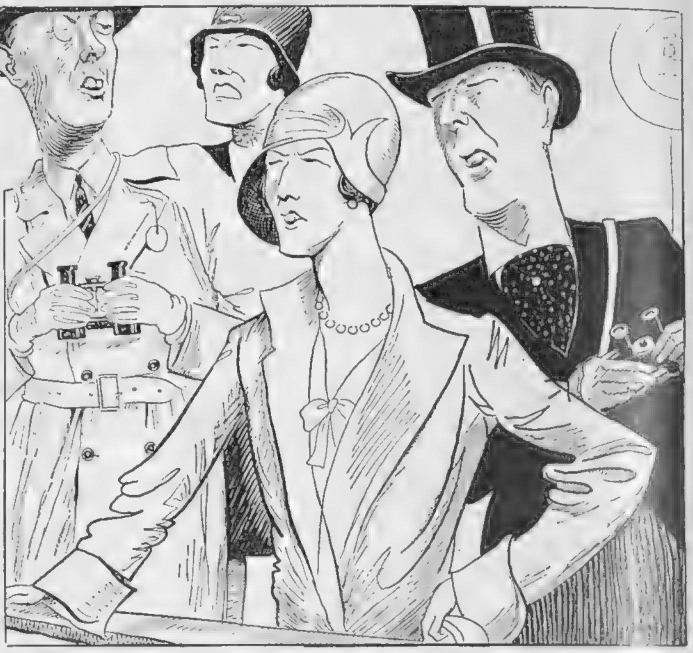
Isn't it lucky we

To look at our neighbours is to look at life: to look at

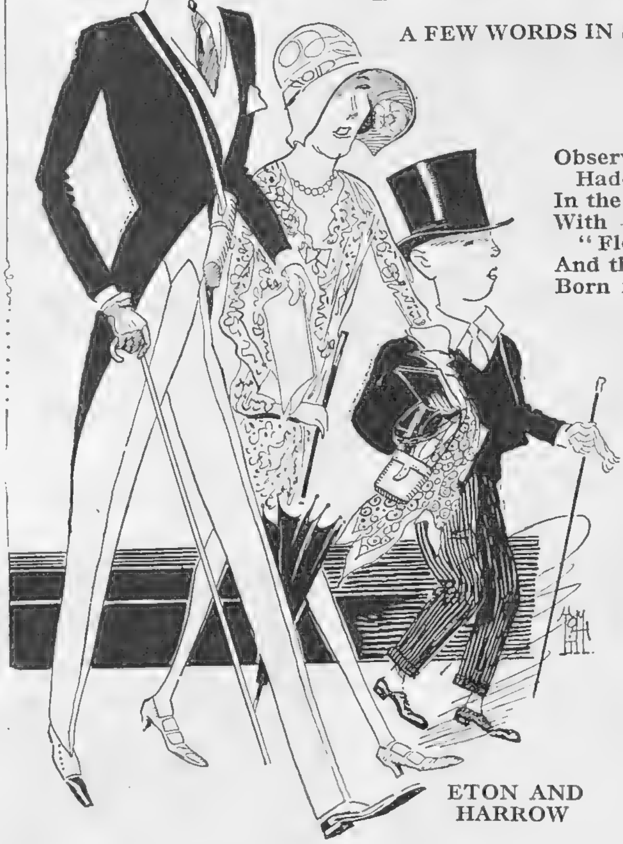
Soho—and yet so far
From Piccadilly's traffic,
The ladies of Soho are
(At least the ones I know are)
Particularly graphic.
If you can't understand
Their lively conversations,
Don't ask them if they're there to fight,
Or merely saying "Well, good night,"
Ring up the League of Nations.



A FEW WORDS IN SOHO



IN THE PADDOCK

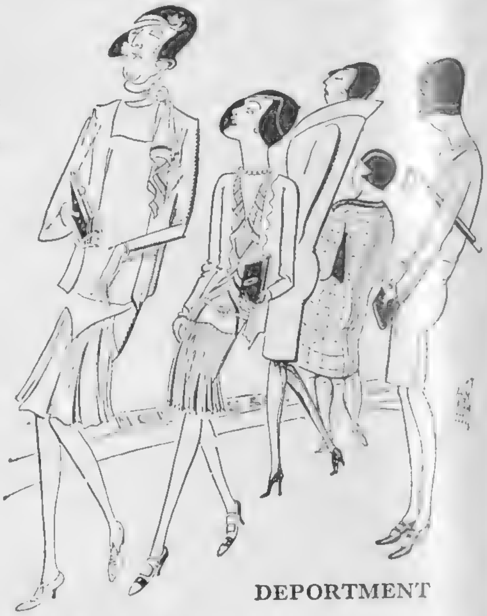


ETON AND HARROW

Observe Lady Haddock
In the paddock
With Captain "Flops" Flounder
And the right people round her;
Born in Halifax, née Miss Hake,
She left the stage for Society's sake:
Mothers, with this romance before us,
Push your daughters into the chorus.

(Right)

If you want to look like a lady,
Quite an ordinary one,
Don't stoop, or droop, or flop about,
Or stick your, well, your tummy out,
It simply isn't done.

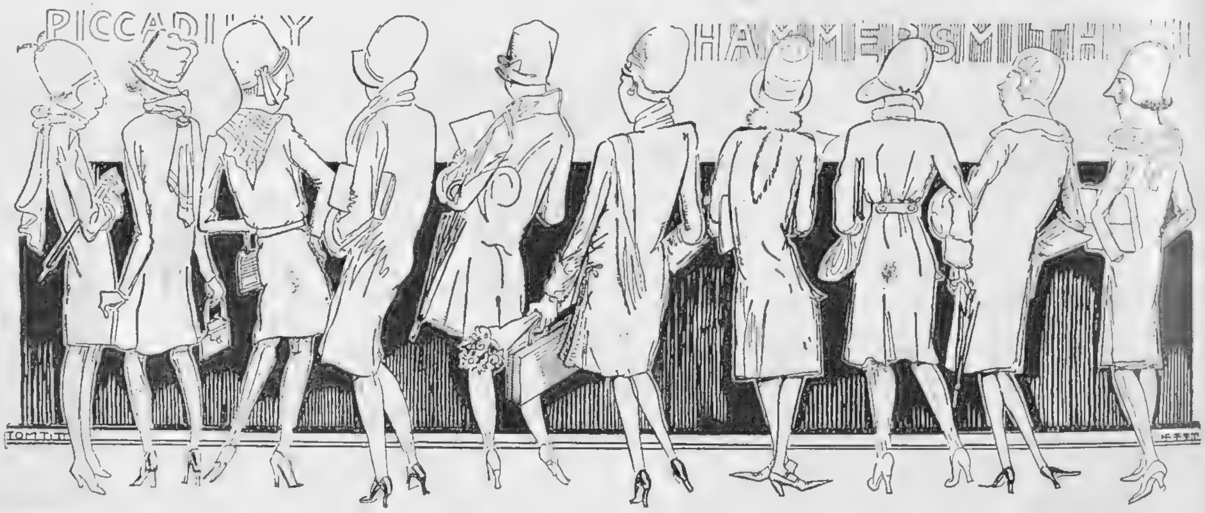


DEPORTMENT

(Below)

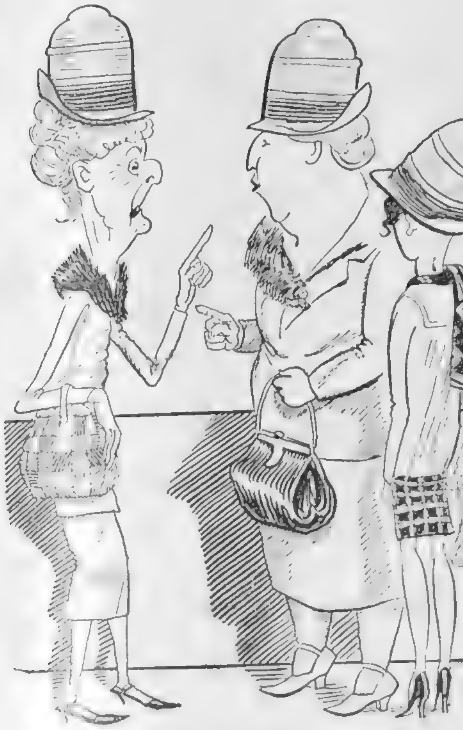
This study of legs at rush-hour time
Speaks for itself without more rhyme.

Round and round the asphalt,
Very meet and proper,
Mother in her Ascot best,
Father in a topper:
Isn't it thrilling
That people are willing,
Season after season,
For no particular reason,
To mingle in hordes
At Lord's,
And get stirred to the marrow,
Watching Eton and Harrow
Playing a game of cricket
On the same wicket ?



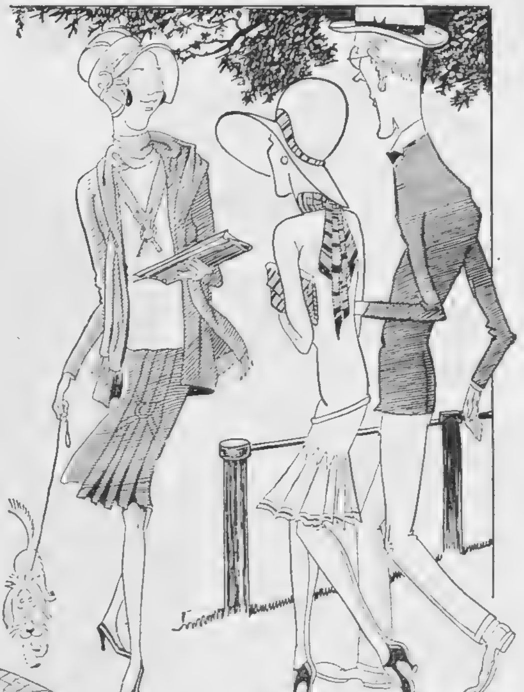
weren't all born alike?

both is to wonder why everybody is so peculiar except ourselves!



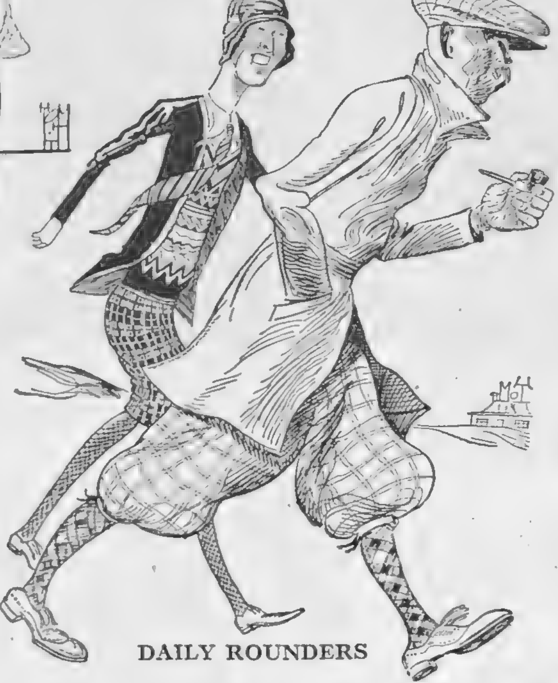
HATS IN PECKHAM

Hats in Peckham, says our artist,
Are adjudged to be the smartest
That adorn the crowning glory
With a dome-like upper story:
Balanced high on ancient nappers,
Pulled well down by winsome flappers,
Eton crop or bun-some tangle,
All depends upon the angle.
Peckham's one and only model
Seems to fit all types of noddle.



IN THE PARK

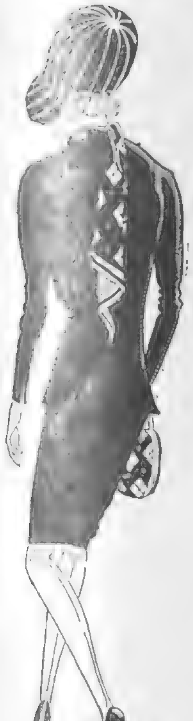
Here, I should like to remark,
Are just types that one sees in the Park;
The girl with the dog is the daughter
Of someone who lives in Bayswater;
As for the man and his madam
I simply don't know them from Adam.



DAILY ROUNDERS

(*Left*)

Golfers love to sally forth
For a fortnight to the North;
Scotland's bunkers are so bracing,
See them round the fairways racing;
Waste of energy, one thinks,
Why not have revolving links?

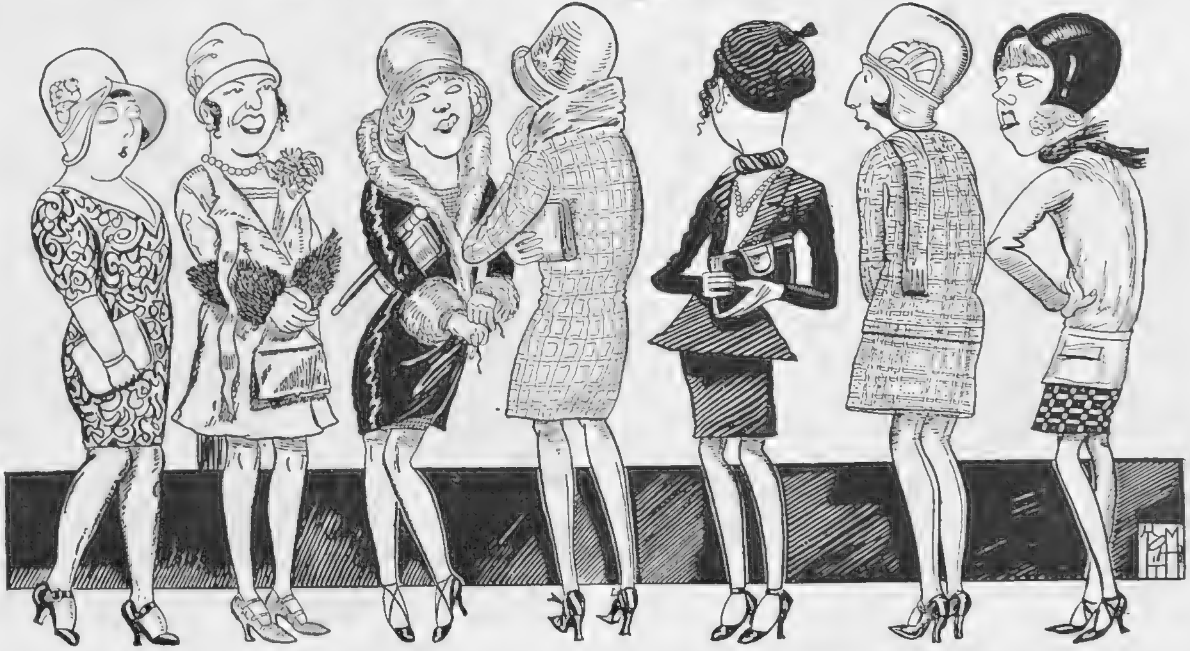


(*Left*)

Scarves and silk stockings
And ankles so pretty,
These are the back-views
You see in the City,
Listen, young fellows
Who quicken your paces,
Back-views are sometimes
Far better than faces.

(*Below*)

Seven little shop girls
Waiting in a row
For a boy to take them
To a picture show;
Powder puffs and lip-stick,
Whispers in the dark,
Oh, we do see life
In Finsbury Park!



Sketches by
TOM TITT

Verses by
SIMPLE SIMON

The QUEEN with a "HUMAN TOUCH"

Continuing
a Series of
Pen Pictures
by the Official
Biographer of
many Royal and
Gracious Ladies:

Evelyn
Graham

contributes

An intimate study
of *Her Majesty*
The

H.M. Queen Elena of Italy

QUEEN of ITALY

Daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, Queen Elena of Italy has many accomplishments, but there is little "thronishness" about her. Four years after her marriage she became Queen, and has filled her responsible position with admirable tact and sympathy. Especially during times of trouble has she shown that sympathy which has endeared her to all Italians

WHAT do you think of a ruling Prince sitting on the steps of his palace, hearing complaints and attending to petitions from all sorts and conditions of his people?

That was Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the father of the Queen of Italy.

We are all creatures of circumstance and the environment that hedges a princess has a considerable influence on her after life. Princess Helen, or Elena, was the fifth child. The country where she was born and bred was not highly civilised or well developed. What was developed was a certain capacity to shoot on sight. Blood feuds were common and genial murderers in chains gossiped to their friends after they had shot down their successful rivals.

THAT sort of life breeds a tough outlook and Princess Elena was familiar with it from childhood. Undoubtedly her father had a great influence on her upbringing. He was a remarkable man. His state was poor and small—a poor Naboth's vineyard. That was his trouble. He had escaped the scimitar of the Turk to see the muzzle of an Austrian's rifle pointed at him. And as he glanced to the right he saw Russia winking and bidding him be of good cheer.

For the matter of that he was always of good cheer. No other ruler in Europe was like him. The "don'ts" of princes didn't apply to the Prince of Montenegro. Imagine him spying the postman and beckoning him so that he can get the royal letters. And when his daughter Princess Elena was betrothed to the Prince of Naples, a dozen of his stout subjects caught him and carried him shoulder high down the main street.

A princess with a jovial father of that brand was not likely to be of the ordinary run of princess. Besides, Prince Nicholas was a poet. The sunrises and sunsets he had seen in his land of mountains had mingled their radiant threads into the history of his country and the deeds of past heroes. An unusual mixture. "Come and have a *potage* with my wife," he says, inviting you into the palace.

PRINCESS ELENA was subject to that influence, but there is another point of view. In Montenegro women were marked inferior. The man ruled. The men, most swaggerly dressed and diabolically armed, strutted about, and you could imagine them wondering whom they would shoot next—while the women worked. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that Princess Elena should grow up somewhat shy.

Oddly enough, that is the fate of many princesses. They are weighed down with their position, their destiny or their education. Some of them, as we know, find compensations. Princess Elena was taught at home by her grandfather, her father and her mother. She was thoroughly domesticated. Her mother taught her music, needlework, cooking, and general house management. Her grandfather told her the old tales of her people, while her father led her through the pages of history, geography and modern languages.

Then she went to Russia to the school of Maria Federowna in St. Petersburg. The Russian Court was friendly to Montenegro. In fact, Russian policy never left Montenegro out of its reckoning, and one is inclined to wonder if Princess Elena imbibed much of what moved those in high political circles.

THE fact is the political world was just a little shaken when the engagement of the Prince of Naples to Princess Elena was announced. What had happened was that the Prince of Naples had visited Montenegro and there seen the Princess Elena. A man must fall for the maid. Princess Elena, with her black hair, dark eyes and fine figure, made no uncertain appeal to the Crown Prince. It was no wonder, therefore, that the Crown Prince took a strong fancy to going on his yacht up and down the Adriatic, generally landing somewhere where he could persuade himself he breathed the same air as the beautiful Princess Elena.

Princess Yolanda of Italy, who married Count Calvi di Bergolo

The Heir Apparent to the throne of Italy is H.R.H. Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, who was born on September 14th, 1904. Our photograph shows him in uniform at an early age

The Prince of Piedmont, who is heir to the Italian throne, as he is to-day

Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, who ascended the throne in 1900 after the murder of his father

This Mountain Prince of Montenegro had already established himself as one to supply wives to courts. Someone said to him once that Montenegro had no exports. "Sir," he replied, "you forget my daughters." Princess Zorka married King Peter of Serbia, another married Duke Nicholas of Russia, another became Princess Romanowsky, a fourth married Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. Clearly the Montenegrin royal family were well connected. They were poor, of course, but it was said the Tsar of Russia gave Princess Elena a handsome *dot*.

It seems strange in the light of to-day to look at the speculations of the time when the Prince of Naples first became engaged to Princess Elena. The Triple Alliance was a big fact. The Franco-Russian alliance was just about to be sealed. It was in the very year that Princess Elena of Montenegro became the Princess of Naples that the Tsar visited Paris.

NOW the friendship of the Tsar for Prince Nicholas of Montenegro was

(*Continued on page* 97)

Princess Philip of Hesse, who was formerly Princess Mafalda of Italy

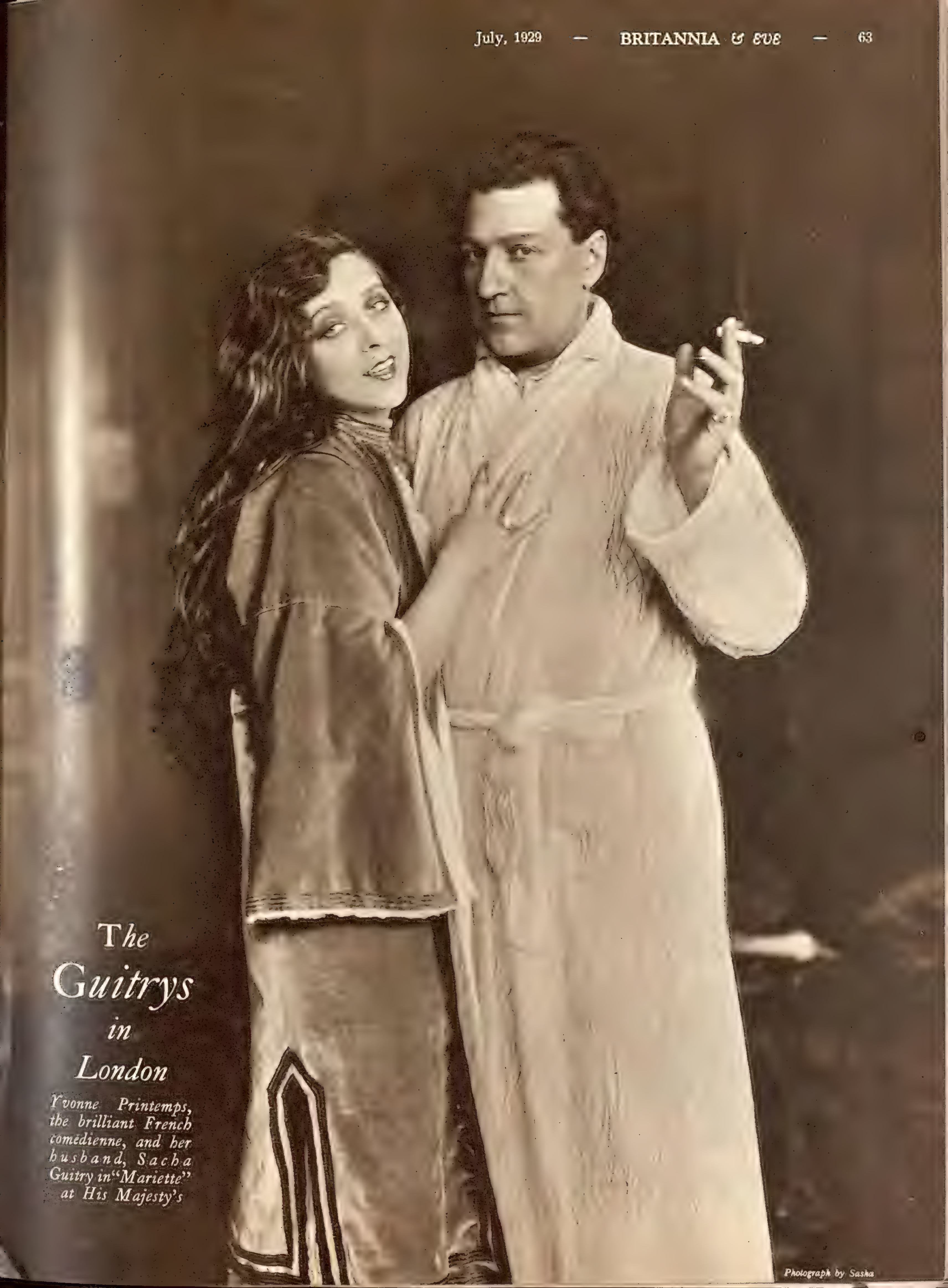
The Stage *depicts the* lighter side *of* War

Winged words between the Ramsbothams and the Tutts in "A Cup of Kindness." Left to right: Marie Wright, J. Robertson Hare, Tom Walls and Mary Brough.

War in Suburbia—the Tutts v. the Ramsbothams—is the theme of the latest Ben Travers farce, "A Cup of Kindness," at the Aldwych. Above: Betty Ramsbotham (Winifred Shotter) and Charlie Tutt (Ralph Lynn) get married, but Charlie is hauled off to Vine Street on his wedding day and the family feud breaks out afresh

"Journey's End" is not all tragedy. It is the comedy of the great war play—the laughter behind the tears—that gives it depth and vision. These two pictures show the lighter side of trench life on the Western Front. Above: Trotter, the ranker subaltern (Melville Cooper) and the elderly schoolmaster (George Zucco) joke together in the dug-out. Left: Private Mason, the company cook (Alexander Field) makes his nerve-shaken Captain (Colin Clive) smile for a moment at his facetious excuses for the shortcomings of the evening meal

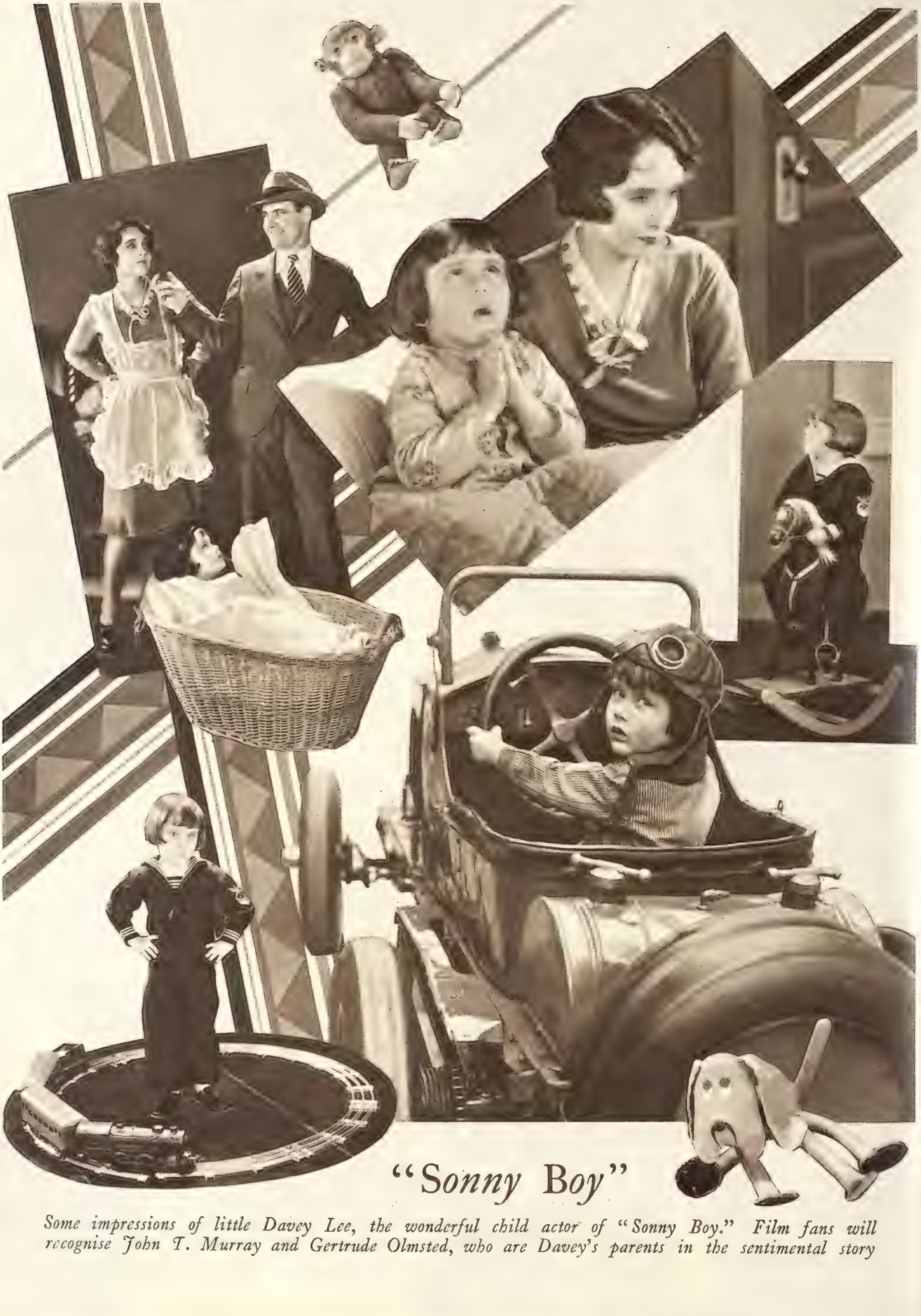
Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



The Guitrys in London

Yvonne Printemps, the brilliant French comédienne, and her husband, Sacha Guitry in "Mariette" at His Majesty's

Photograph by Sasha

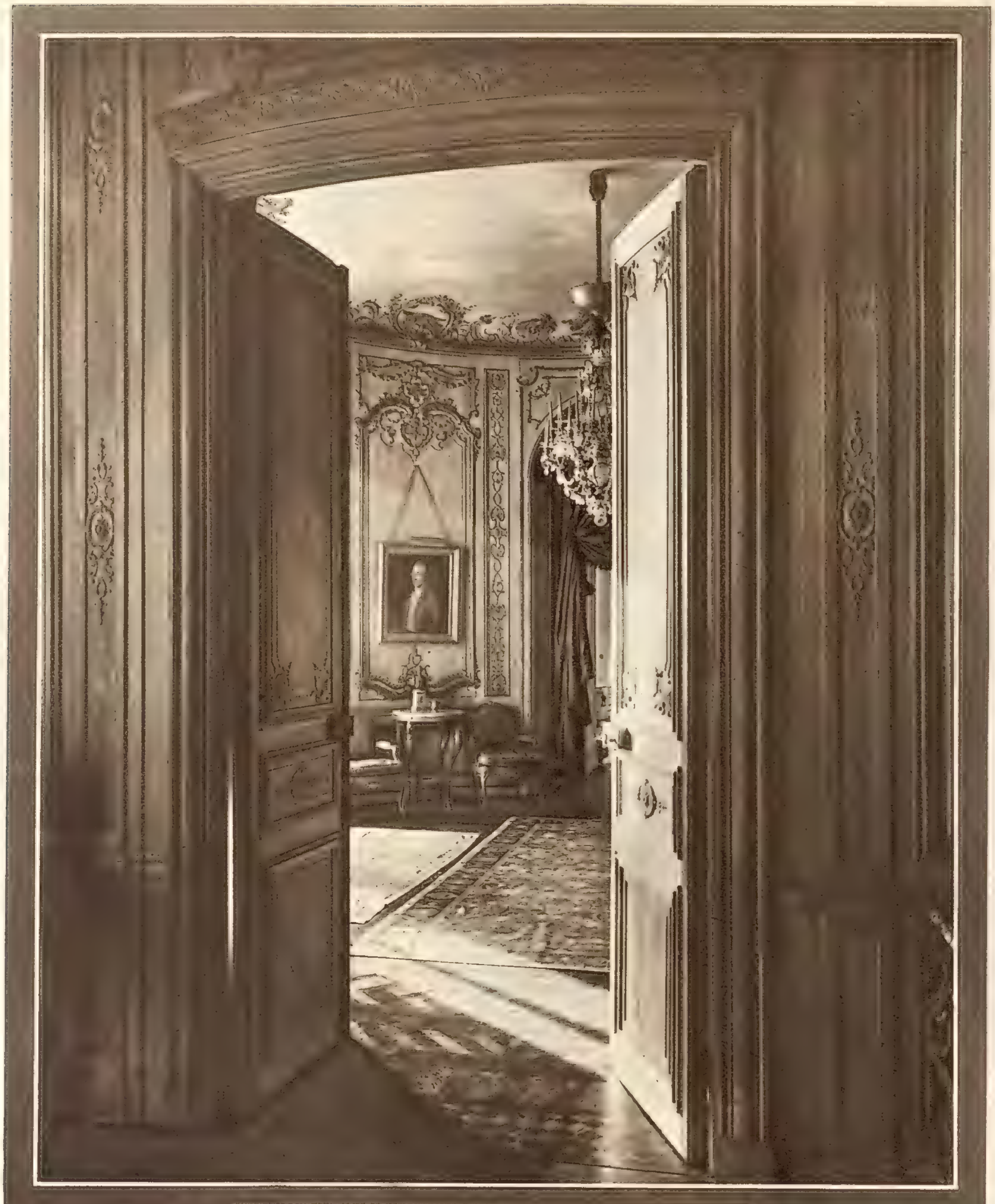


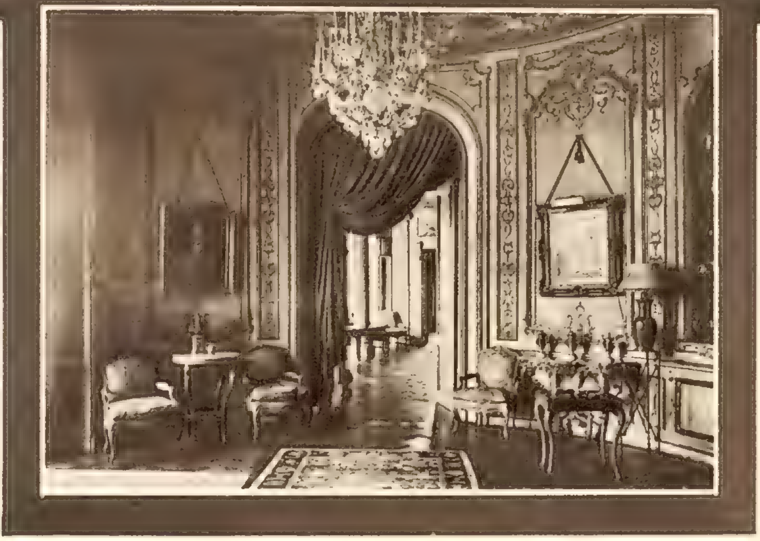
“Sonny Boy”

Some impressions of little Davey Lee, the wonderful child actor of “Sonny Boy.” Film fans will recognise John T. Murray and Gertrude Olmsted, who are Davey's parents in the sentimental story

There are all kinds of dolls, but the most beautiful of them all is Dolores Costello, in "THE GLAD RAG DOLL," a Warner Brothers Vitaphone all-talking picture. Dolores Costello was recently married to John Barrymore.

Dolores Costello *in* "The *Glad* Rag Doll"





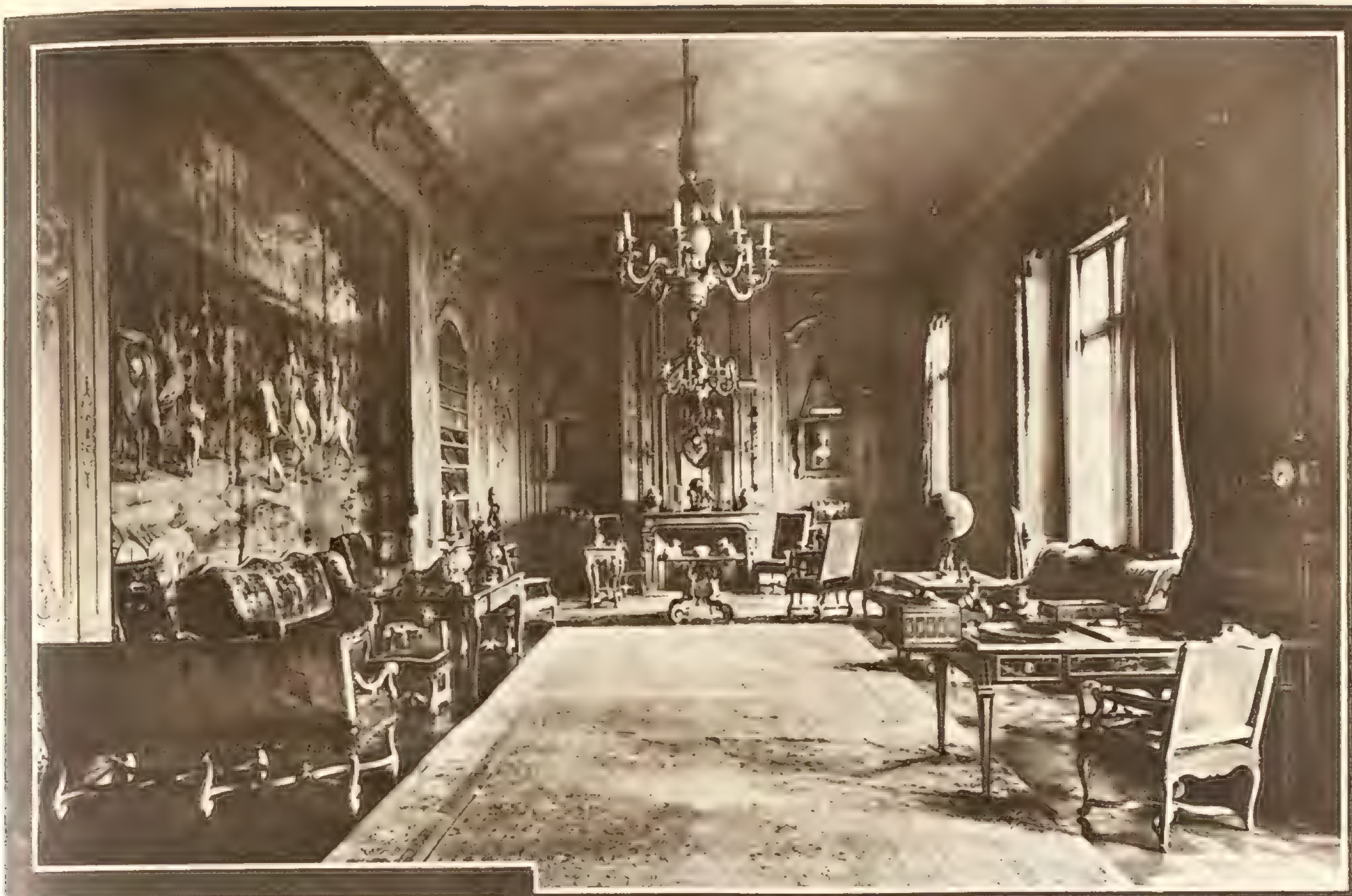
Other People's Houses

Two views of the small oval Drawing-room notable for its painted ceiling with gold enrichments and many priceless pieces of green Sèvres ormolu

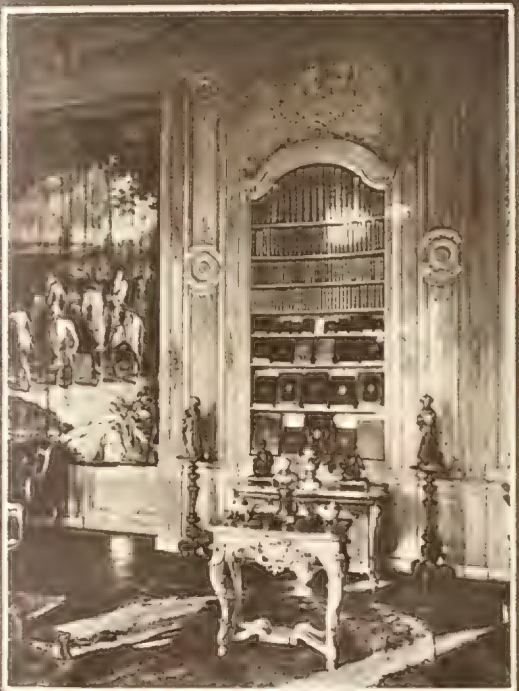
25, Park Lane:

Sir Philip Sassoon's London House

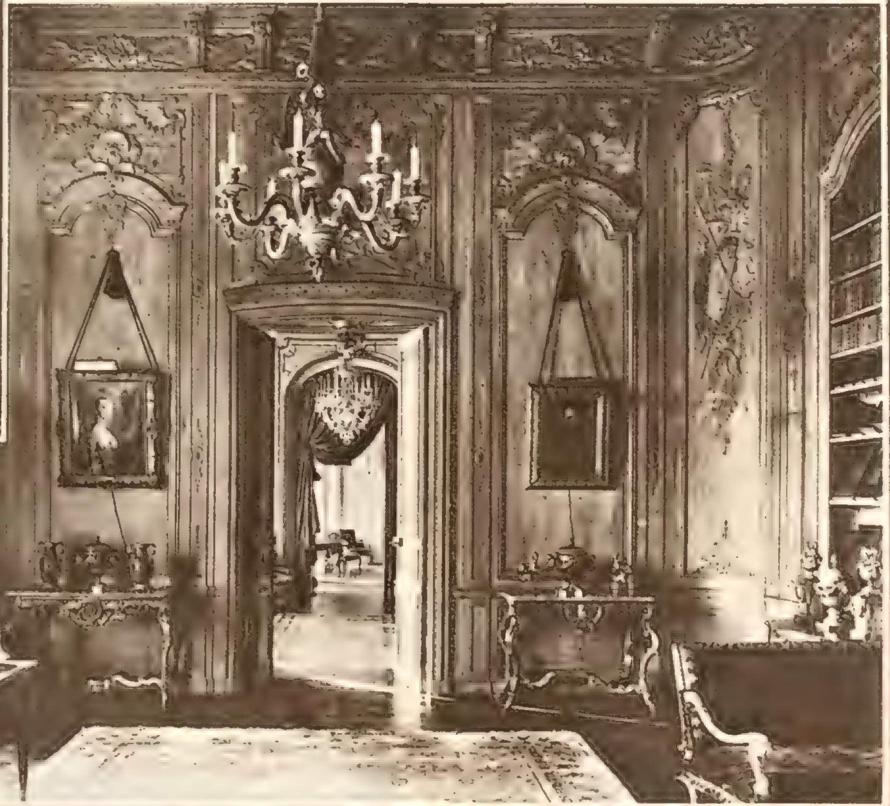
Photographed expressly for this issue by Humphrey and Vera Joel



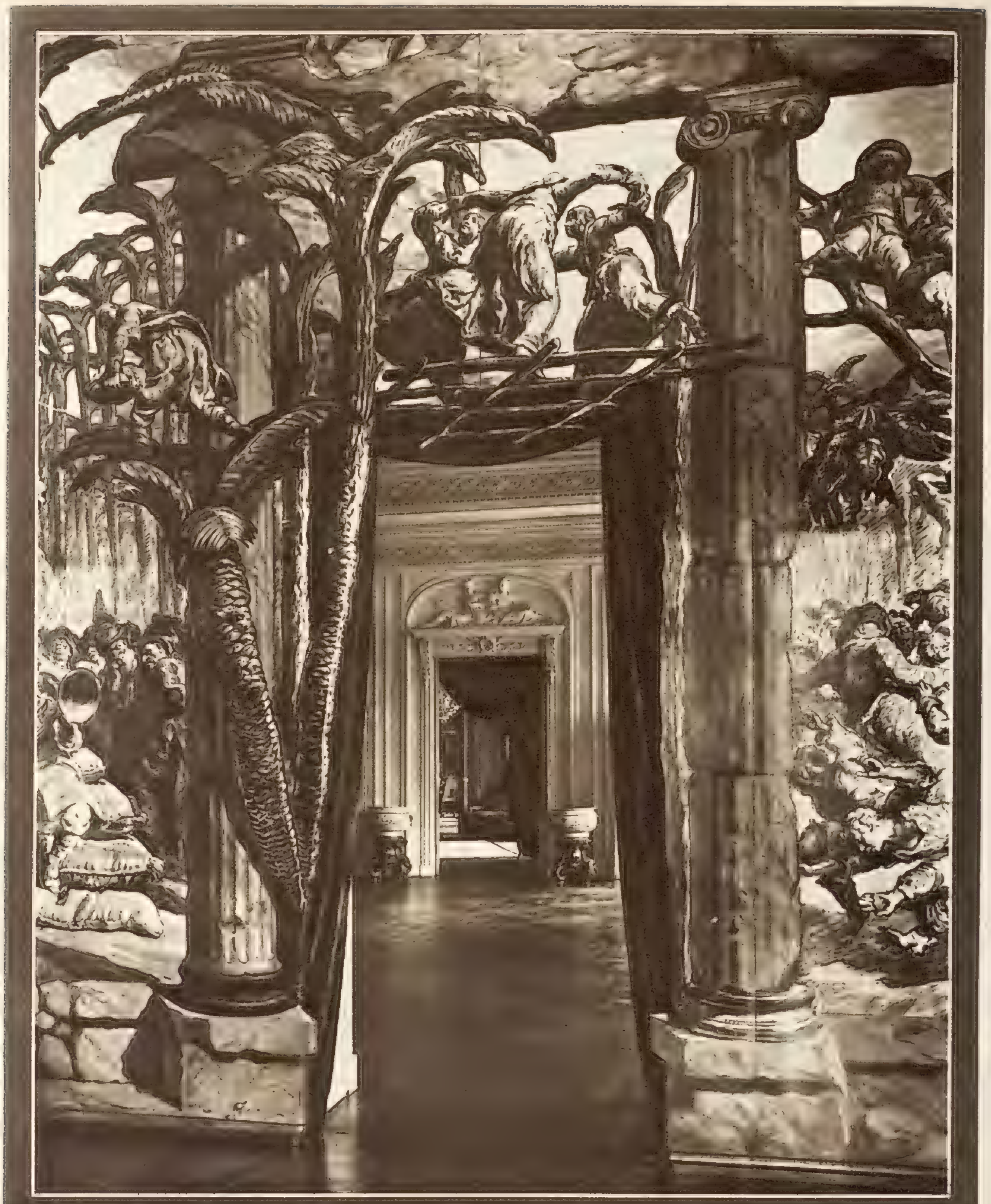
This general view of the large drawing-room with its richly carved oak panelling, its coved and cloud-painted ceiling, together with the many fine pieces of Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture, gives some idea of the artistry and dignity of this interior as a whole



Facing the windows in the large drawing-room is one of the Marlborough tapestries, part of which is shown here, and alongside, in the recessed bookshelves, are many volumes of unique interest—once the possessions of the Kings and Queens of France

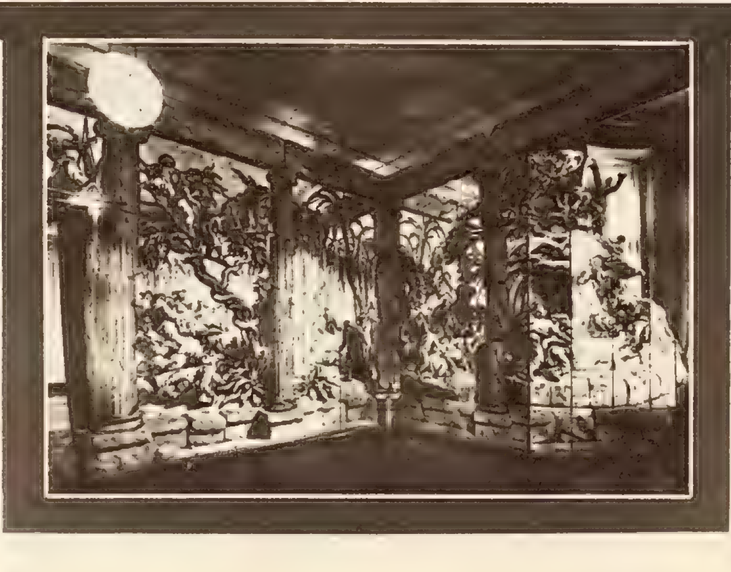


A delightful vista, this view through the smaller drawing-room to the staircase landing! The fine oak panelling in the large drawing-room seen in the foreground was bought as it stood in an old Château in France



In the Ballroom

The wall treatment of the Ballroom voices quite definitely the ultra-modern spirit of mural decoration, as conceived by Monsieur Sert. Strange blue and silver men swarm in and out between blue palm trees and pink columns; the floor is effectively stained in indigo, and a whirlpool is painted in silver on the blue ceiling



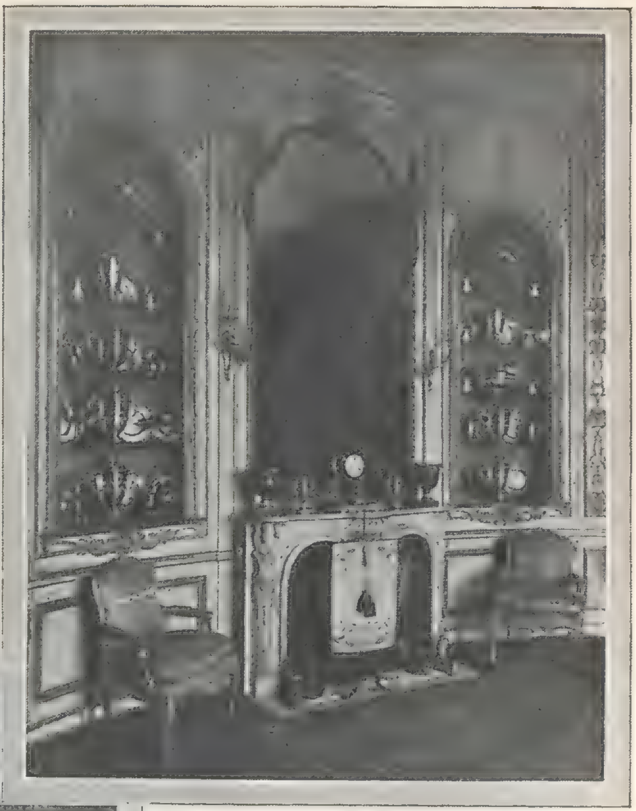
The Ballroom doorway is hung with ultramarine velvet, thus accentuating the dominating colour note of the scheme, which is mainly ultramarine and silver with a little subdued pink. Monsieur Sert's vigour of draftsmanship is admirably shown in this picture

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

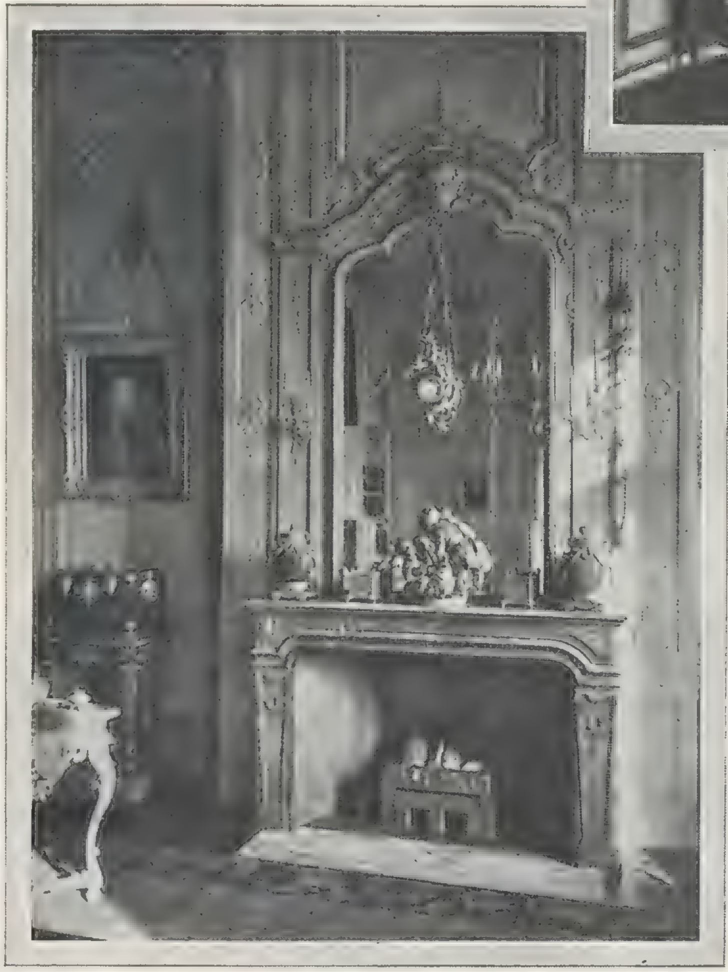
25, PARK LANE

The London House of Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart.

Pictured by HUMPHREY and VERA JOEL: Described by PEGGY FREMANTLE



An arresting feature in the small oval drawing-room are the recesses which, flanking the beautiful marble fireplace, are each lined with antique red velvet—and form an admirable setting for the fine collection of old English gold plate and silver gilt



Dignity and elegance characterise the old chimneypiece in the large drawing-room, where a magnificent mirror, inset into the old panelling, is super-imposed over a fine marble fireplace. Note the somewhat unusual placing of the Louis Quinze clock

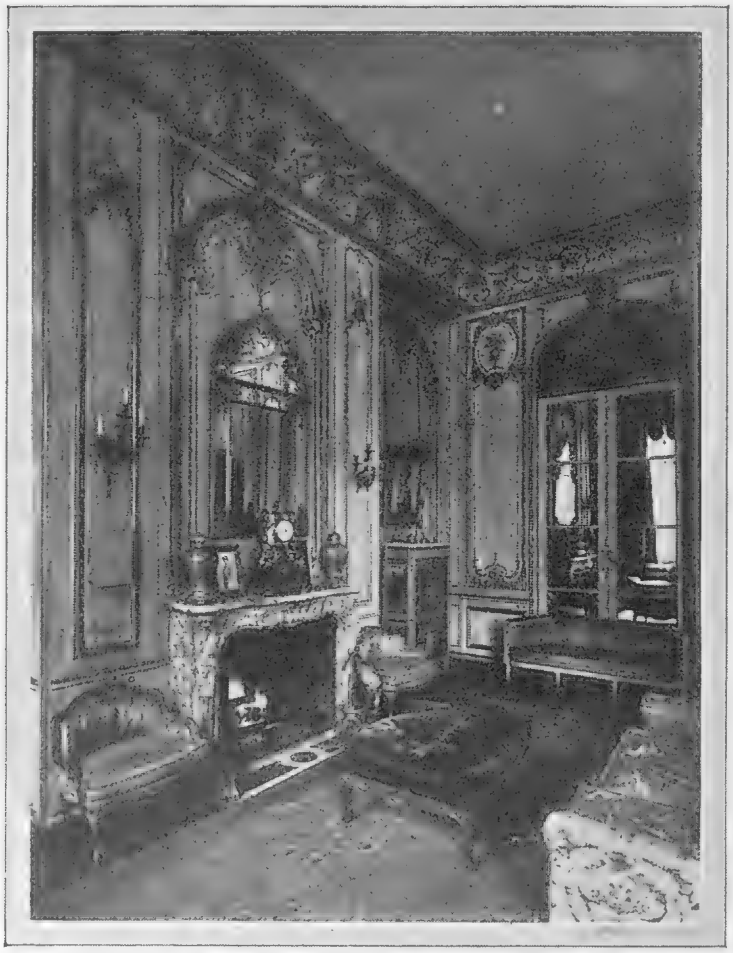
SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S house shows some curious contrasts in taste. In general he leans towards the French taste, no less than five of his more important rooms being decorated and furnished in varying eighteenth - century French styles. A collection of English gold plate and a room full of pictures by Sargent are practically the only definitely Anglo-Saxon features in this very Latin house, though there are many isolated pictures by English masters.

In startling contrast to these delightful and dignified rooms is Sir Philip's ballroom. In a spirit of adventure he put the decoration of this room into the hands of an ultra-modern and experimental French artist—Sert. I will leave the reader to judge for herself what she thinks of the result. Personally I am inclined to voice my opinions in the words of an old Scottish foreman painter whom I was instructing in some decoration. "Aye, miss," he said with a gloomy face, "it's damn queer," and then, suddenly brightening, "but it's nice!" I will describe this ballroom. Except for some dull pink the general colour scheme is ultramarine and silver. The walls were first of all lined with mirrors, and then the wood, cut out according to the design drawn on it, was fastened to these mirrors and covered all over with silver leaf. The artist painted his design on this silver in a monochrome of ultramarine with the exception of the architectural motifs, which are a dull pink. Curious tangled trees twine their branches among the dilapidated and blushing Corinthian columns, and strange excited human beings rush madly in and out of the blue palm trees and up mountain sides and fall exhausted at the foot of the fountain, near the grand piano. The drawing throughout of these strange blue creatures is excellent and they are full of movement and their seemingly purposeless energy gives a curiously restless feeling to this extraordinary allegorical room.

ABOVE their heads (and ours) a whirlpool is painted in silver on the blue ceiling, and even the familiar parquet under our feet has been stained to deepest indigo. There are curtains of ultramarine velvet round the door openings (there are no doors), for the ordinary rectangular lines of architecture would be out of place. The straight lines of the windows are hidden by curtains of streaky silver tissue. For Sir Philip's famous musical parties and for the philanthropic meetings for which the house is so often lent, rows of massive silver benches appear, classical in form but with cushions of dull pink satin. Monsieur Sert has certainly created a memorable room, and posterity alone will know whether this sort of thing is the forerunner of a new era in art or will be derided as fantastic nonsense.

In the rest of this house are rooms about which one can talk with a great deal more confidence. On the ground floor, for instance, is a delightful boudoir, decorated and furnished in the French taste of the late eighteenth century.

THE paintwork is white and very pale grey and the walls are hung from the frieze to the dado rail with velvet of a beautiful Mediterranean blue. These draperies are attached to the walls at the top by silver studs and hang loosely in folds, weighted by heavy silver fringes and braiding. The blue velvet is draped



The library is panelled in "pickled" oak, with mouldings and carved enrichments picked out in gold leaf. Among the treasures in this interior are included three Gainsboroughs, while on the left of the fireplace can be seen the small panel containing the late Lord Haig's famous "backs to the wall" order

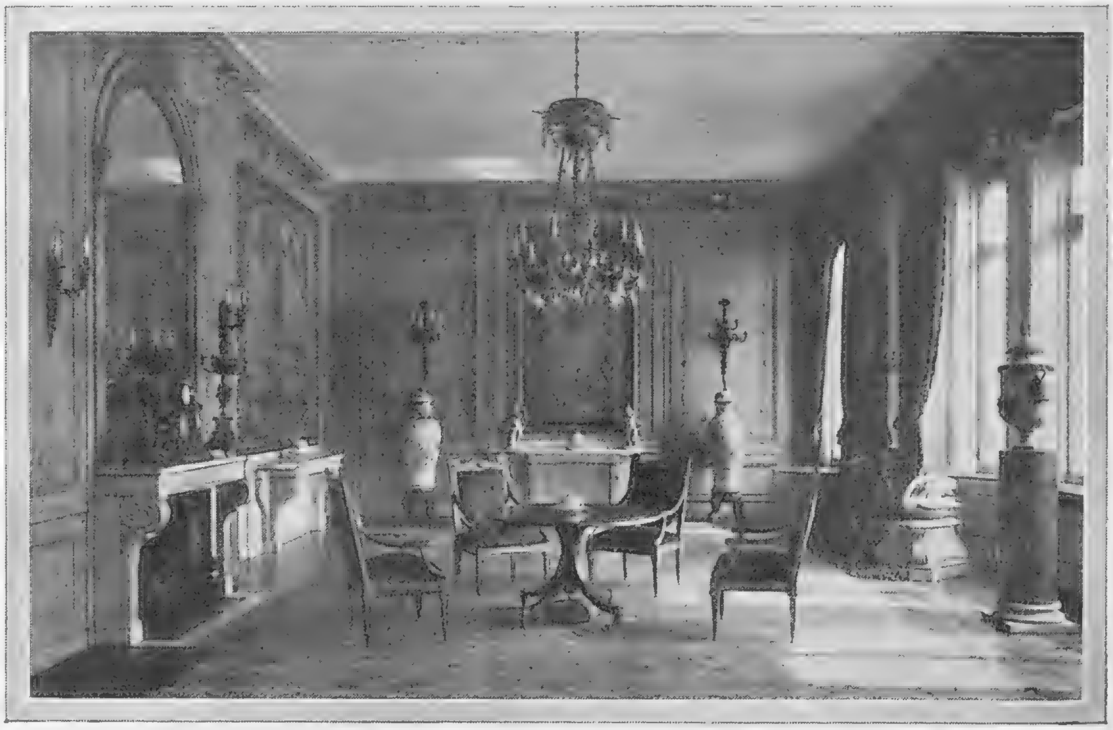
round the door leading to the dining-room and surrounded by a beautiful valance of Beauvais tapestry. This clever wall treatment makes an admirable background for the lovely clear colours of the Sargent pictures which are hung upon them. The magnificent carpet is of the Empire period. It is blue, sprinkled with pinkish stars, and has a large central motif and border in pinks and browns. There is a very fine set of furniture, sofa and chairs which was made for Marie Antoinette. These are gilt, and upholstered in pale grey satin, thickly embroidered with multi-coloured flowers. Some fine Sèvres *jardinières* and other pieces of china are displayed in cabinets on either side of the fireplace. The Empire chimneypiece is of grey marble and gilt.

LIKE the boudoir, the dining-room, which opens off it, is French late eighteenth century and Empire in feeling. The most striking features of the room are the large panels of Beauvais tapestry which hang on the walls. They show up well against the paintwork of white and palest green lightly picked out with gold. Under each of the teapestry panels a white marble side-table of excellent design is fixed against the wall. A pair of enormous *famille rose* Chinese vases stand at the far end of the room. In the centre window is an alabaster vase on a marble stand with an alabaster swan of the same period, Louis XV, on each side of it. When this room was photographed it was set with a small table for a party of four. When there are large parties a bigger table is brought in. This small round table has a pink porphyry marble top and the chairs are gilt, of the Empire period and covered in old green damask. The curtains are of dull blue velvet with tapestry valances. There is a very fine Chinese lacquer screen, green with the design in gold. A Louis XVI clock in gilt stands on the white marble chimneypiece.

THE library is on the north side of the house, overlooking Stanhope Street, and is immediately underneath the ballroom. It is panelled in oak, which is the now familiar "pickled" colour in the Louis XVI style, with the mouldings and carved enrichments picked out in gold leaf. There are some fine pictures in this room, including three Gainsboroughs, one being of himself with his wife and child. There is also a picture on the west wall by Detroy (1700), with remarkably beautiful detail, entitled "A Reading from Molière." Two eighteenth-century French cabinets with Japanese lacquer panels flank the fireplace. Other items of interest in this room are the large pair of Chinese *famille rose* vases on eighteenth-century French gilt pedestals and some painted leather screens. There are some fine oriental rugs in the library, as indeed there are in every other room in the house. The curtains are of red velvet and the chimneypiece speckled marble. On the ceiling a sky is painted, with light summer clouds, and there are painted panels let in over both the doors.

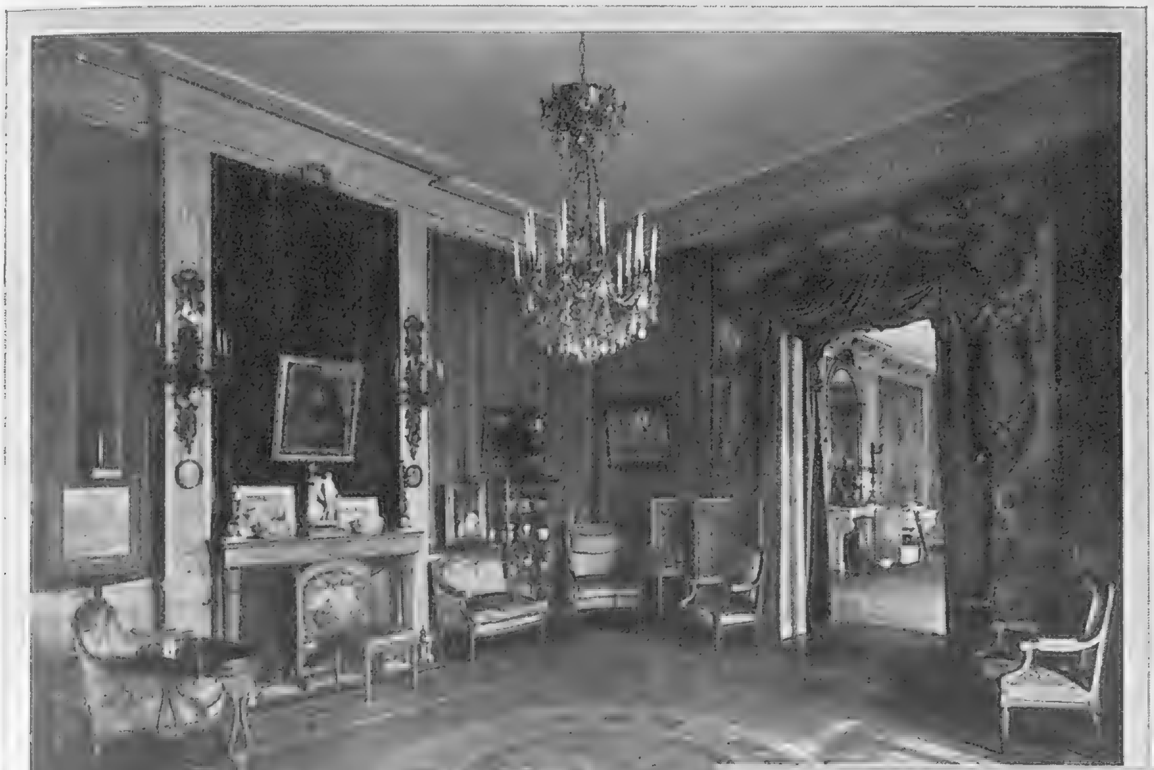
IN the photograph of the library a small panel can be seen on the left-hand side of the fireplace. On this, and under a little curtain to protect it from the light, is one of the most historic documents of modern history. It is the original of Lord Haig's famous order of April 11th, 1918, that memorable date. It ends with this famous passage: "With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end." Sir Philip was on the late Lord Haig's staff as Military Secretary for the greater part of the war, and this manuscript was given to him by the Commander-in-Chief while he was serving in this capacity.

The hall and staircase of No. 25 Park



A definite atmosphere of the late eighteenth century and the Empire period pervades the dining-room, where perhaps one of the most striking features are the exquisite panels of Beauvais tapestry, which harmonise so admirably in their setting of white and soft green paintwork highly picked out in gold

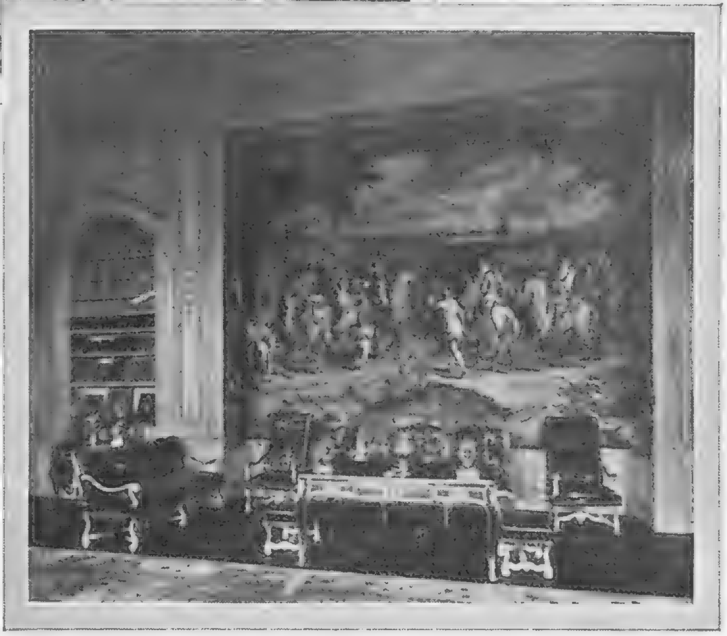
Lane are the only parts of the house which have remained untouched since it was built by the late Mr. Barnato. On his death it was acquired by Sir Philip Sassoon's father, the late Sir Edward Sassoon. There is a very fine white marble staircase with a heavy wrought iron balustrade enriched with gilding. On the stairs two full-length portraits by Sargent hang facing each other.



In the boudoir, paintwork of white and very pale grey forms a delightful harmony with velvet wall-hangings in a beautiful Mediterranean blue; these latter are attached to the top of the walls by silver studs and are weighted by heavy silver fringes and braiding. The Empire carpet mainly in blue, is happily at one with the general scheme

The fine white marble staircase has a strong balustrade of wrought iron

ON the first floor there are two drawing-rooms, the larger one, which is over the dining-room, leading out of the smaller, which is over the boudoir. These rooms have a splendid outlook over Park Lane and Hyde Park. The small drawing-room is oval in shape and is decorated with oak panelling enriched with gold similar to that which is in the library. On each side of the marble fireplace are recessed cupboards lined with old red velvet which house some fine specimens of old English gold plate and silver gilt, bought for the most part from the famous Cumberland collection. There is also in this room an immensely valuable collection of green Sèvres china decorated with ormolu. The French green and gilt painted furniture is upholstered with faded sea green damask, and the curtains are of a silk of the same colour and are caught up by gold cords with huge gold tassels. There is a pair of gilt console tables with rouge marble tops and an ormolu writing-table. This room and the large drawing-room contain pictures by Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hoppner.



This gives but a slight impression of the beauty and dignity of the large Marlborough tapestries hanging in the large drawing-room; here, too, many pieces of old French furniture of unique historical interest are to be found

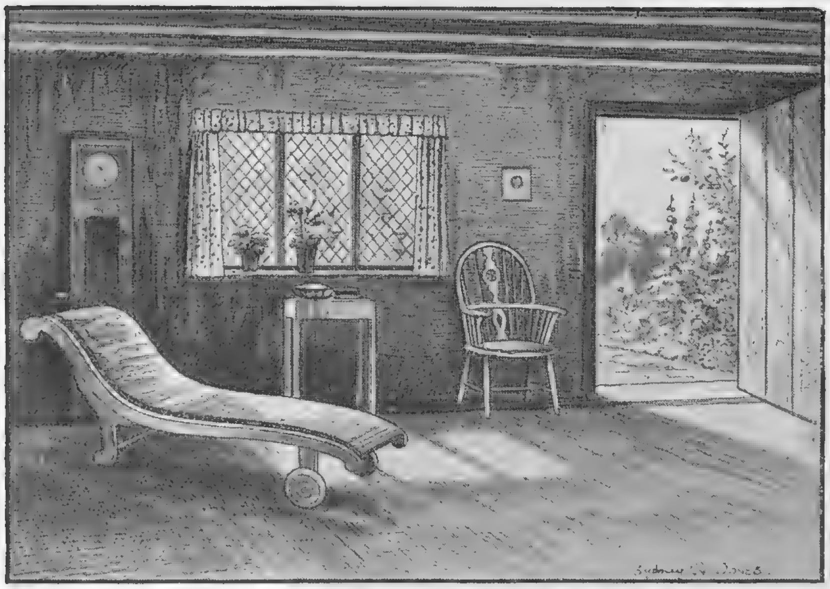
THE large drawing-room is panelled in oak, decorated and richly carved. This panelling was bought as it stood from an old French château. A recess opposite the windows is hung with a magnificent piece of tapestry, one of the Marlborough tapestries. There is much valuable old French furniture in this room, many of the pieces being of great historical interest. A *cartonnière* writing-table belonged to one of Louis XV's chancellors, and on one end of it stands a red leather box which was once the property of Madame de Pompadour. There is a gaming-table inlaid all over with mother-o'-pearl, and on the recessed bookshelves many books which once belonged to Kings and Queens of France. This room, like the smaller drawing-room, has a coved plaster ceiling painted to represent the sky and clouds, but in the large drawing-room five wild geese are sailing across the sky.

Sir Philip Sassoon is a man of very wide interests and of diverse activities, and the taste shown in his house is an index to the roving appreciations of his mind. It is seldom that one has the good fortune to see a house in which there is such catholicism of taste with such an appreciation of the minute details of the fine arts.

Furnishing

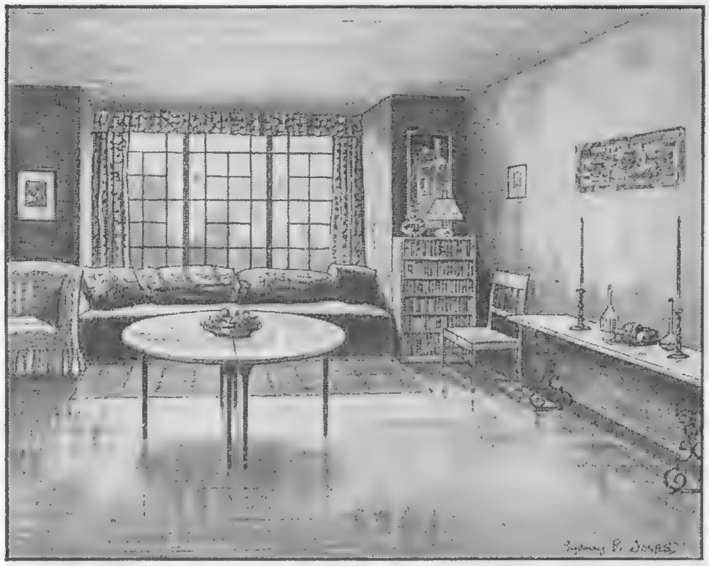
FURNITURE which can be used out of doors as well as in, and arrangements which give the maximum of space where it is most needed, are important considerations in the small country cottage.

By Elizabeth Ashley



A wheelbarrow couch installed in a cottage instead of a settee will also serve for a siesta in the garden on a languid afternoon

A "COTTAGE" may be held to mean anything from a two-roomed hut to a house with three or four sitting-rooms and several bedrooms; but for the present purpose we will confine ourselves to something which has not more than three ground floor rooms, including a kitchen, and about four bedrooms. There may be extras in the way of a scullery, which can be induced to serve as a kitchen, thus freeing the kitchen proper for other purposes: and an attic which may become a bedroom or study. If so, so much the better.



Instead of a dining-table one may use a sectional table. In some cottages a strip of marble on wrought iron supports makes a delightful sideboard

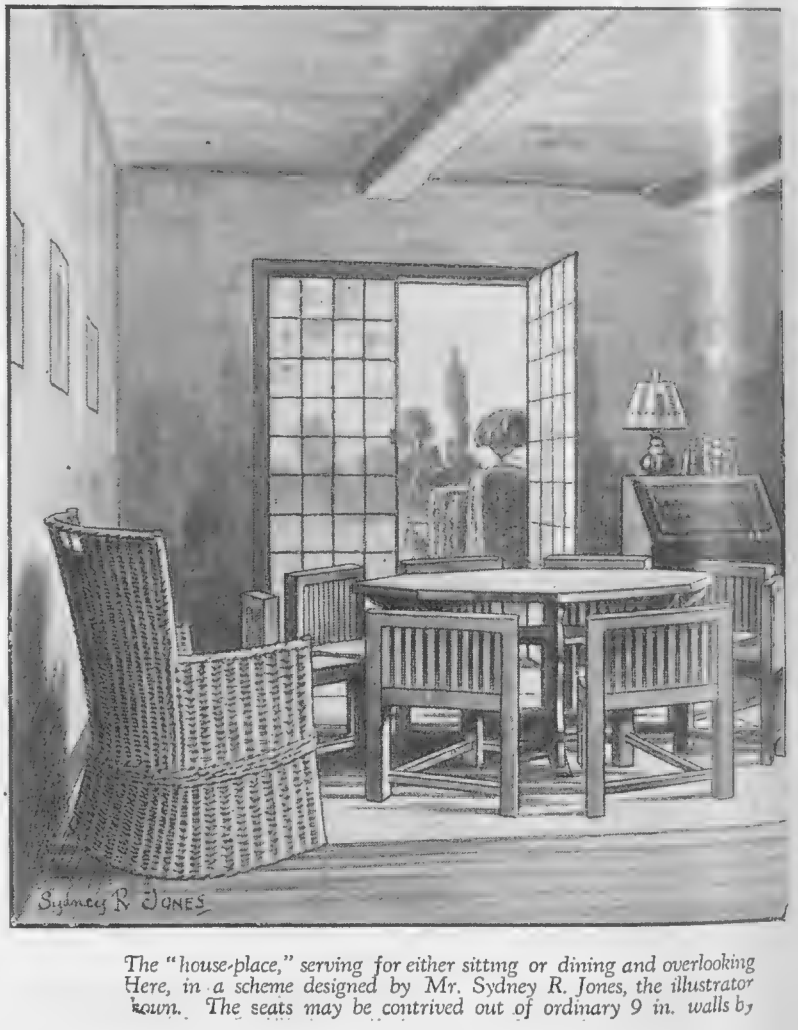
If one has recently acquired a country cottage and is about to embark upon its furnishing and decoration, the first thing to consider is what one most wants to do when one is out of doors. Is it gardening or golf? Is it sailing or sitting in the woods with a book? Does one prefer dedicating one's week-ends to flowers or animals in complete solitude; or to taking active exercise in company with numerous guests?

THE sailor needs a cottage that can be kept spick and span with the minimum of effort, because he or she will want to be away early and may be home very late. The gardener and the golfer share an equally strong desire for a place of entry which will not be too much upset by muddy boots, and chairs which will be comforting to weary limbs. The solitary bookworm craves a sense of peace and quiet, and usually exalts a plenitude of bookshelves and efficient lighting above a plethora of ornaments and oddments; and the enthusiastic host or hostess must concentrate on storage space for crockery, glassware and food, if the duties of entertaining are not to become too arduous.

Now for some of the details of decoration, furnishing and reconstruction.

Adjoining rooms in cottages and small houses tend to look larger and always look more closely related to each other if their walls are done in the same colour. This treatment also produces a more peaceful effect. Whether to choose white or a neutral or a definite colour must be decided partly by individual taste, and partly by the aspect of the principal rooms. Washable paints and distempers may be used on walls with a good surface, but wallpaper is better if the surface is not so good and one does not wish to incur much expense in putting it right: they often make an amusing and refreshing contrast to the plain backgrounds of one's urban home as well.

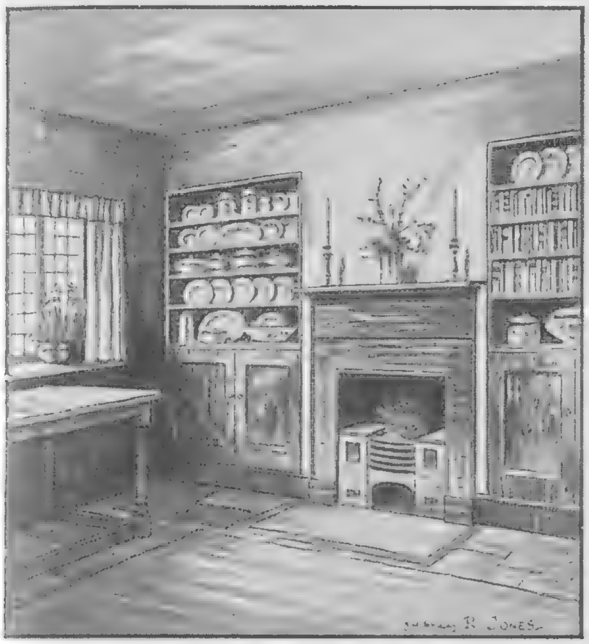
SOME of the furniture of the country cottage may very easily be chosen with the idea of double service.



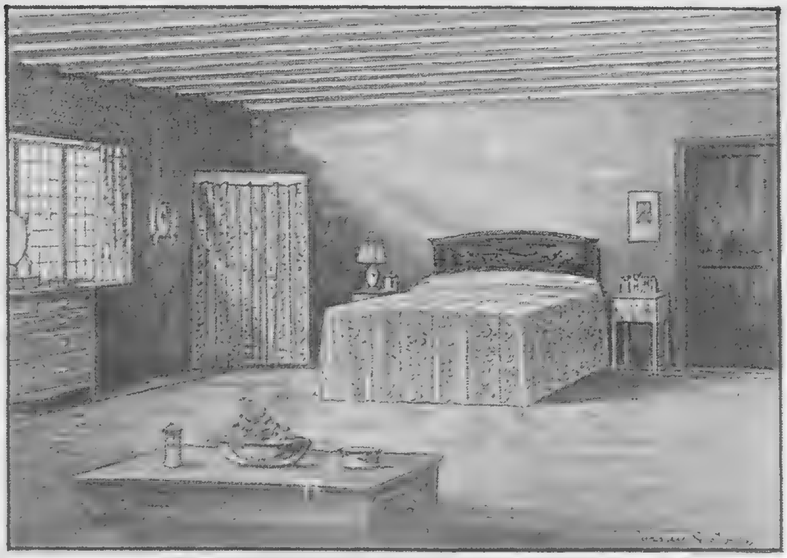
The "house-place," serving for either sitting or dining and overlooking
Here, in a scheme designed by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, the illustrator
kown. The seats may be contrived out of ordinary 9 in. walls by

the Country Cottage

Illustrations by
Sydney R. Jones



When there are cupboards beside the fireplace they look more gracious if the upper doors are removed and the shelves used for china or books



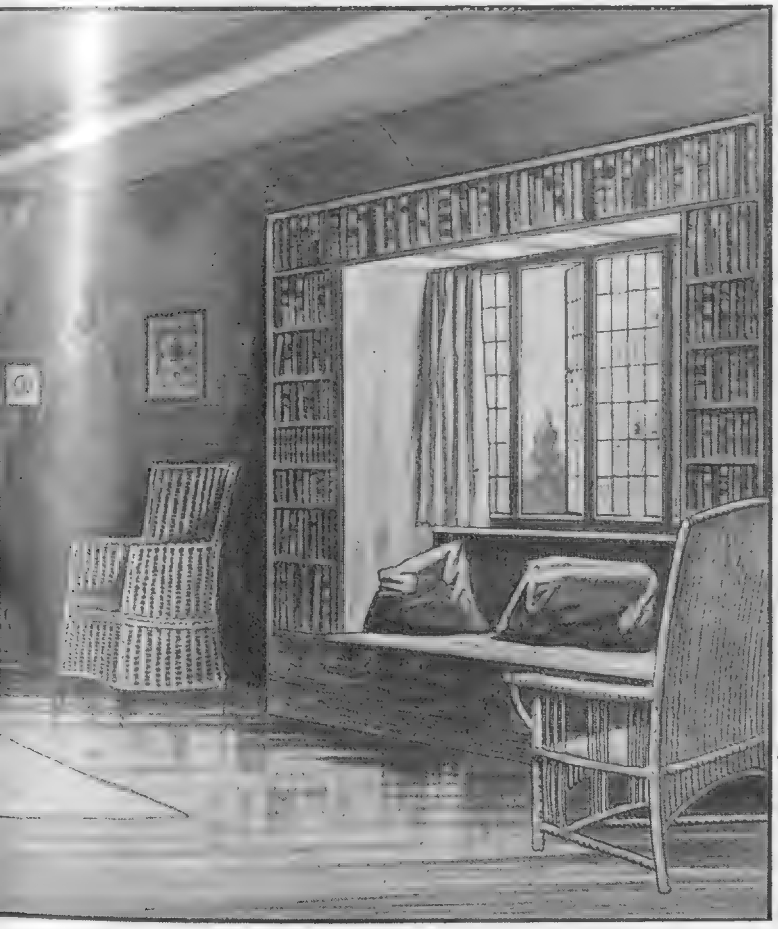
When the ordinary wardrobe is out of the question, a corner hanging cupboard made by the local carpenter may be fitted with curtains or doors

Instead of a settee, for example, one may instal one of those delightful wheelbarrow couches which also serve for a siesta in the garden on a languid afternoon.

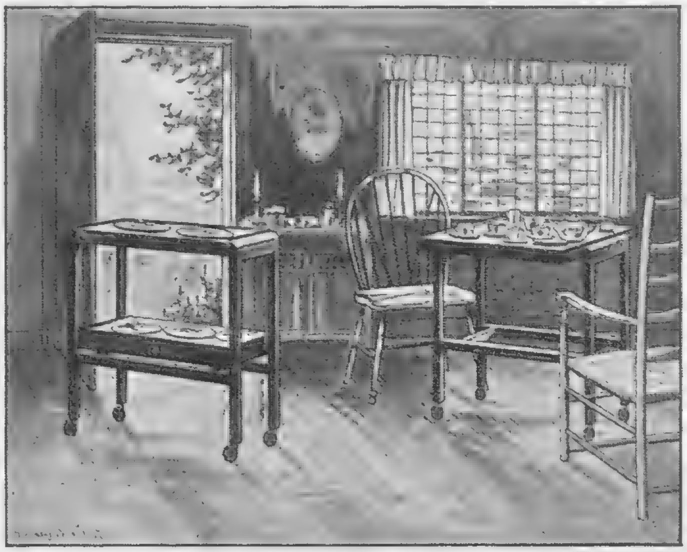
Instead of a dining-table proper, one could use one of those adaptable three-tiered trays or folding tables. One of these could also be used instead of a sideboard: a strip of marble fixed to the wall and provided with old wrought iron supports makes one of the most delightful sideboards imaginable.

The ordinary wardrobe is too bulky for most country cottage bedrooms; but it is nearly always possible to arrange a hanging cupboard across a corner.

The best way is to get a local carpenter to build it with a proper top and door, and paint it to match or make an interesting contrast with the walls and woodwork. The second best way is to let him make a bracket top, from which you hang a curtain.



the garden, can have furniture suitable for both indoors or outside.
of this article, a delightful and practical window treatment is
erecting projecting wooden jambs which also provide space for books

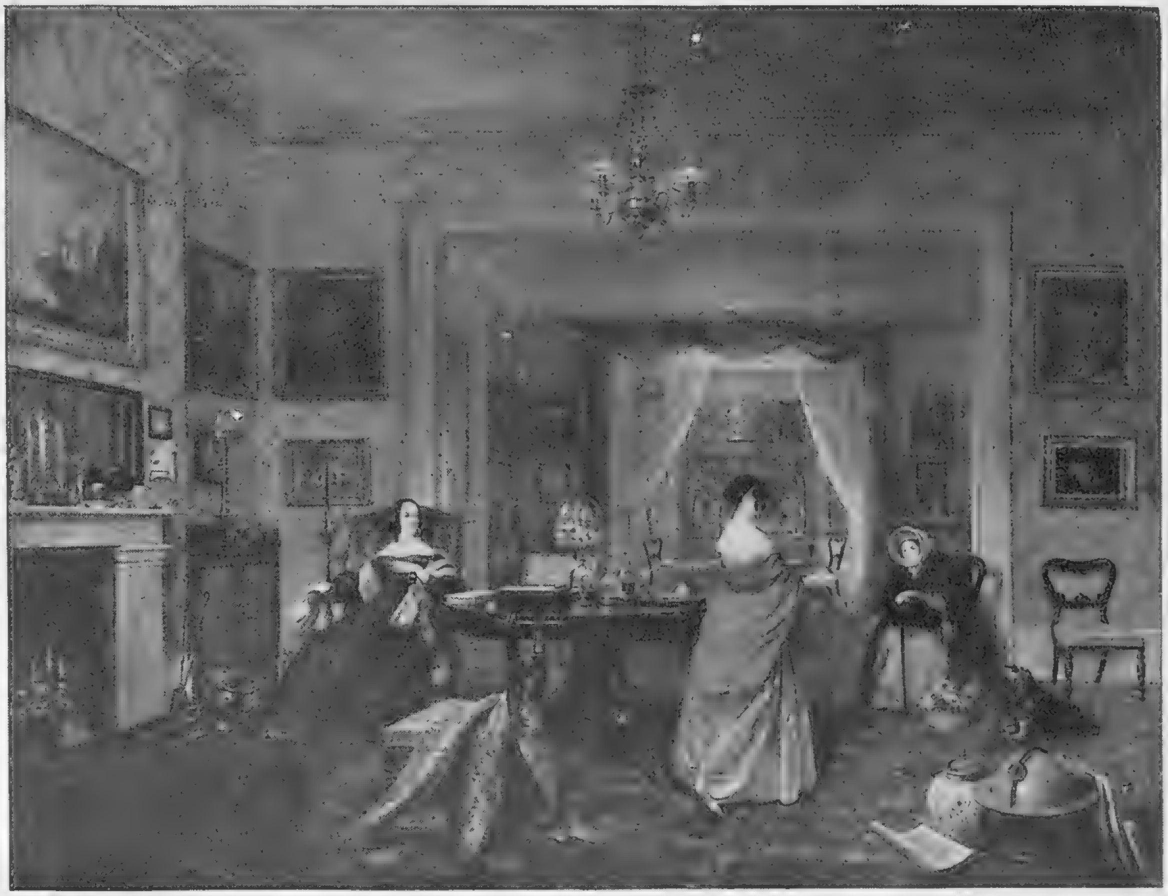


Adaptable tray tables make an excellent alternative to the ordinary dining-table both for indoor and outdoor use in the not too spacious cottage

If there is no bathroom, it may be necessary to sacrifice a bedroom to the gods of cleanliness. In this case one may acquire extra sleeping space by fitting the remaining bedrooms with bunks.

In many cottages it is much more convenient to turn the one-time scullery into a kitchen and use the former kitchen as a dining-room. Rooms of this order often have cupboards on each side of the chimney-breast, and these look more gracious and intimate if their upper doors are removed, the shelves painted a gay colour, and used for china or books.

Was the Victorian Age UGLY?



A Victorian Interior

"A VICTORIAN INTERIOR": From a painting by an unknown artist in the collection of Oliver Brown, Esq. All the bric-a-brac in this typical interior is now sought after by collectors, who regard it as attractive and quaint, whereas in the Edwardian era it was unwanted and described as hideous

WHEN I was young no one had a good word for the Victorian age. Edwardians in the first few years of the twentieth century looked back on the nineteenth century as a period of pomposity and paraphernalia, of paternal tyranny, hideous furniture, and sentimental pictures. Now the Edwardian age itself is behind us and the war, too, has made the nineteenth century more remote. To-day we look back on the Victorian age as a period of past history; we view its pomposity and its parental tyranny with charitable eyes from the vantage ground of our own flapper-ridden age; and even the Victorian bric-à-brac and the Victorian pictures now seem to us not hideous but comic or quaint.

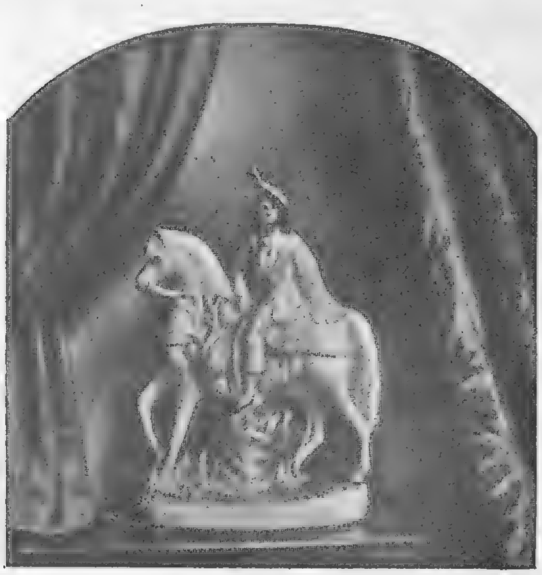
By R. H. Wilenski

the well-known Art Critic

In answering this question, our contributor compares modern tastes with those of half-a-century and more ago, and analyses some artistic products of the Victorian Era

I HAVE before me a letter written by a girl to her father in the days when Queen Victoria was young and wore her hair in ringlets on her sloping shoulders. Papa was evidently *en route* for Paris and the letter was sent to Folkestone or Dover.

Here it is:



"THE HUNTER": Oil painting by Mark Gertler. Here a young artist of the modern school has selected a piece of Victorian pottery and made it the subject of an attractive picture all by itself

My dear Father,

I flatter myself you are too well convinced of my unalterable affection to imagine I would omit the least opportunity that offered to pay you my humble duty. Though short to some, the interval of time since I received your parting blessing, to me it seems an age; and when I reflect how many such intervals I am doomed to support in the absence of the best of parents I am inconsolable. May the Divine Being protect you from the many dangers of that boisterous element you are obliged to traverse. May He command such winds as He shall know to be most favourable to direct your course and to crown the wishes of a weeping family.

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,
H. M

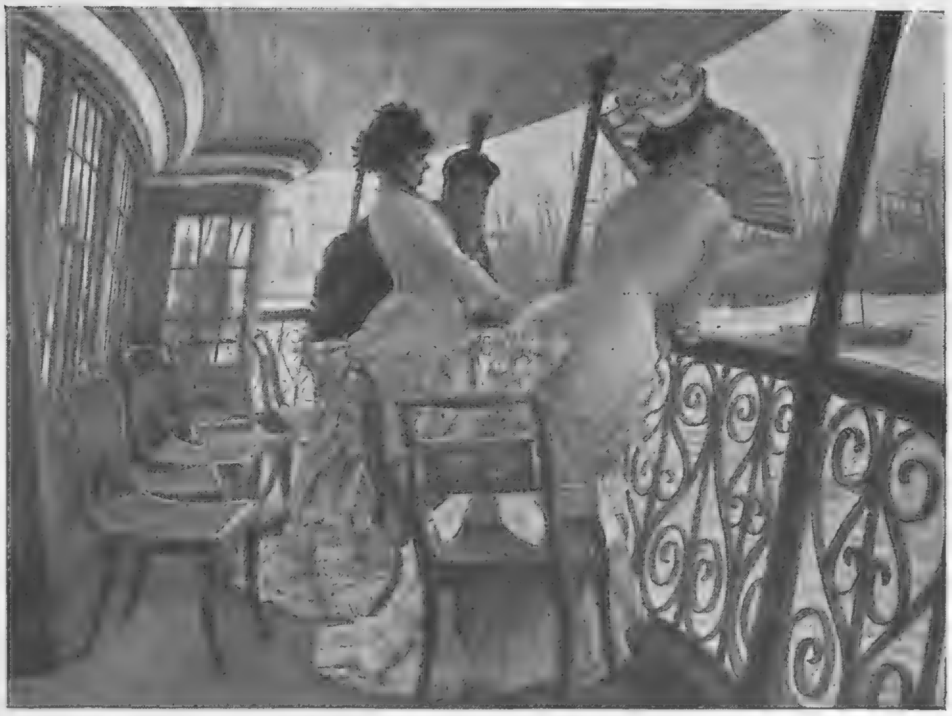
IN the Edwardian age no young lady engaged in the battle for the latchkey could have read this letter without tears of rage. But the flapper of to-day thinks it merely quaint and comic, for it speaks to her only of conditions that are past, and she can contrast it with the letter which she herself might write to her father at Dover, reading, perhaps:—

Dear Fattie,

Glad to see that a gale is blowing up, so that you will be really sick on the crossing. You have been over-eating lately and your waistcoat is a scandal. I may come across myself next week. If so I will let you know my address. I don't expect I shall be able to spare a whole evening to go out with you, but we might have a cocktail together one night before dinner.

All the best, H. M.

In the same way our modern flapper, released from the constraints of elaborate costumes, can look back on Victorian clothes with good-tempered amusement. It is not the ugliness of the fantastic dresses worn by the ladies in Tissot's picture of a Regatta, here reproduced, that strikes the young lady of to-day, but the contrast between their voluminous flounced and beribboned skirts and the



"*THE REGATTA*," *by James Tissot. This was how ladies dressed to attend "Aquatic Sports" in the Eighteen-Eighties. One dress is pale yellow, the other blue*

exiguous neatness and freedom of her own.

For my own part I find the ladies' costumes in Tissot's picture quite delightful; one is pale yellow and the other is blue, and I can hear as I look at them the rustle of the flounces on the decks.

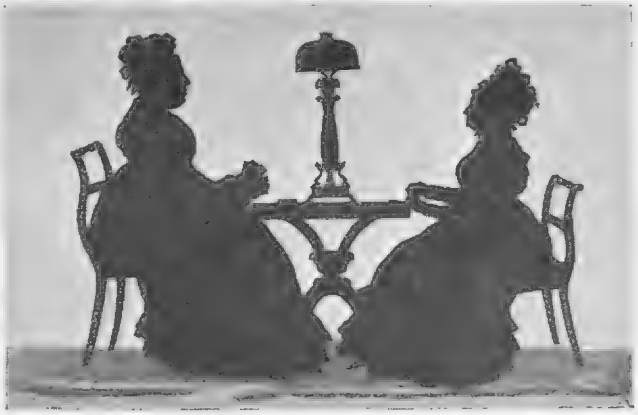
THE young wife of to-day who has eliminated bric-à-brac from her house furnishing is also free to see the charm of the Victorian interior with its wax fruit in glass cases, its crystal candlesticks, its silhouette portraits, its cross-stitch footstools, its bead-work screens, its turquoise blue glass ornaments, and so forth.

I reproduce herewith a silhouette group that a Victorian lady might have had on the wall. It represents two old ladies of the early part of the century playing cards beneath a lamp. The chairs, you will observe, are still Georgian and oddly enough the same chairs are in use on the boat where Tissot's ladies of the 'eighties are watching what I have no doubt were then advertised as "aquatic sports." You will note also that the lamp on the old ladies' table is of the same type as that in the "Victorian Interior" of about 1858 by an unknown artist, which I also reproduce.

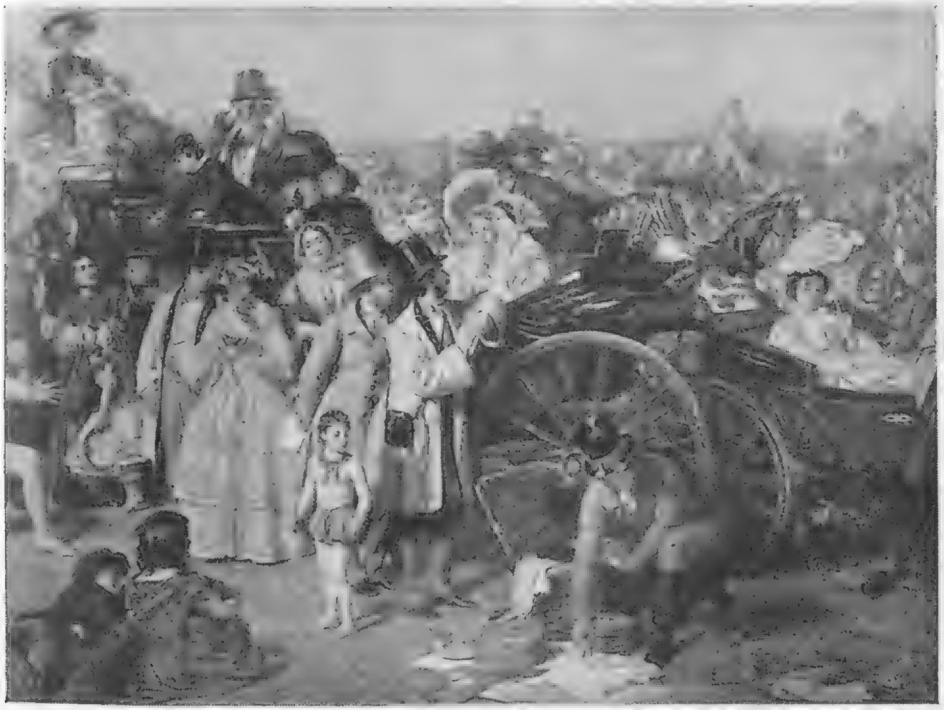
The silhouettes—which are obviously admirable portraits—are the work of Edouart, a famous French silhouettist, who established himself for some years in England. Edouart not only cut silhouettes but also did pictures in human and animal hair, one celebrated piece being "A Marine View with Man of War," for which he chose "several shades of hair according to their thickness to represent the lines, the cordage and the sky" and in which the waves of the sea were achieved "by the tip of the hair split in two."

THE "Victorian Interior" that I reproduce is typical of its period. It represents a room in a country house. An old woman in a poke bonnet, tenant of some picturesque, insanitary cottage (now doubtless modernised and used as a week-end playground by some bachelor girls), has come to pay the rent; she has brought a basket of flowers and the daughter of the house brings her a glass of port or sherry wine and a piece of cake.

On the table we see the decanters in their stands, a Victorian work-box with its ivory handles to the little compartments, and an elaborate flower piece in a glass case. The daughter wears a Paisley shawl and the mother sitting by the fire has a typical fire-screen at her right hand. On the walls, oddly enough, the pictures are not works by contemporary artists bought at the Royal Academy, as one would expect, but "Old Masters" (or copies) of the French, Dutch and Flemish schools.



"*THE CARD PLAYERS*" : *Silhouette group (1827), cut from black paper by the famous silhouettist, August Edouart*



Crown copyright reserved

The detail of the carriage group from Frith's famous canvas, "DERBY DAY," in the National Gallery. The feminine finery of the "quality" is a reminder that Victorian women spent fortunes on their clothes

Observe, too, the round table of the type that looks so solid but always, in fact, wobbles on its central support, and the chairs with turned legs—which are really ugly and exceedingly uncomfortable as well. The lady herself sits, however, on a chair that is obviously a family heirloom, as it dates back to the century before.

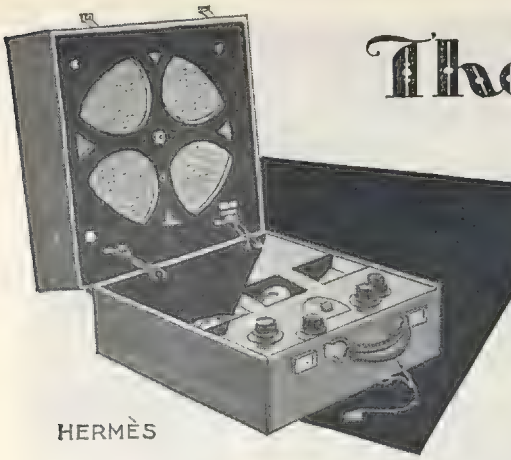
The mother and daughter in the "Victorian Interior" belong to the country gentry and are quietly dressed.

FOR the world of fashion at the same date we can turn to Frith's "Derby Day" with its faithful presentment of all ranks at Epsom. The rich women in their carriages in Frith's picture are extravagantly dressed in costumes that seem to us now as remote and enchanting as those of a Velasquez Infanta.

That "Nomad" Complex

To provide every travelling necessity in the most compact and convenient form is the object of modern designers

By MARY PANDOS

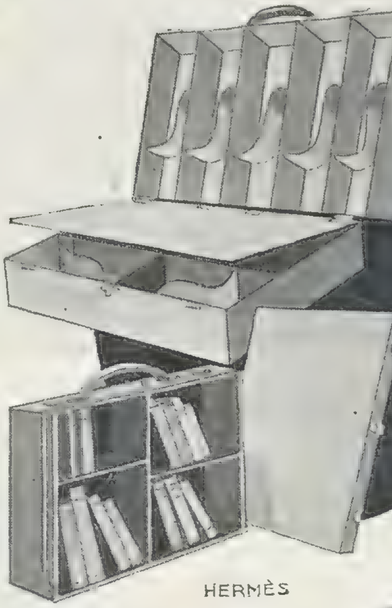


During long motoring tours, do not be sad because you cannot hear B.B.C. concerts. A perfect radio set can be fitted into a corner of the car

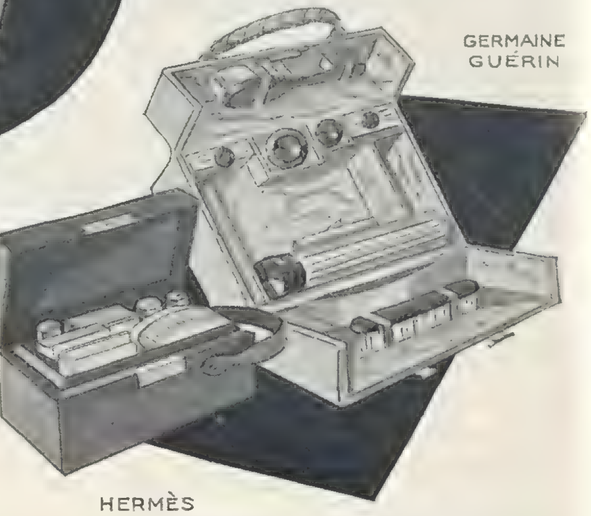
"TO travel is to behold the devil in many disguises," says Monsieur de Saci.

Mankind has always cherished the desire for travel. . . . It has felt the restless longing for new countries, new stars, new people.

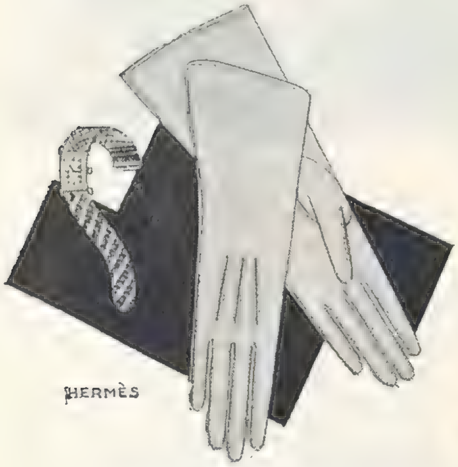
Nowadays we have admittedly become a restless crowd. We move about a lot and to abolish anything that might prove cumbersome has become a generally respected rule with the experienced modern traveller. Owing to the still existent formalities at the frontiers, many well-dressed women avoid heavy trunks and carry their clothes in suitcases of a size admitted in the carriage. For ocean-crossing, the cabin trunk is the general favourite. It has saved the life of many fragile Parisian gowns which, transported in other luggage, would have emerged from the boxes in a sadly crushed condition.



No more books slipping out of trunks. Here is a portable library with a detachable lid. Also a solution to the shoe problem! Each pair now remains in place



A shoe-cleaning box which will enable the fussy traveller to keep the radiance of his footwear, and a case of grey box calf with blue enamel and crystal flasks



Hand-stitched pigskin gloves are the latest decree of sports fashion, and a wrist watch fixed on a belt braided in plaid patterns is an attractive novelty

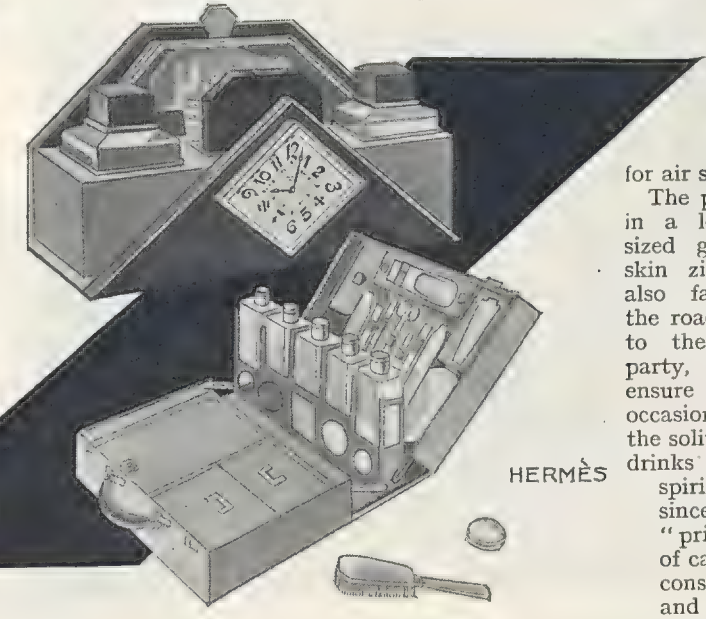
THAT hopeless problem of trying to introduce a dozen pairs of shoes in a crammed box has also been solved by a good-sized leather case, the interior of which is divided into shoe-shaped sections, allowing for a sensible packing of footwear. Special sections have been managed for cream and shoe polish accessories. Another travelling novelty allows the easy transport of books. It is built like a usual bookshelf with a detachable lid. Once at the hotel, it can be fixed on the wall and thus contrive a kind of ambulating bibliothèque.

A rug and cushion case, made of box calf with a zipper fastening, belongs to the indispensable features of a proper travelling trousseau, and to the vanity case for toilet accessories has been added a new feature: a dwarf umbrella with hardly a handle at all.

FOR week-ends the equipment of the eclectic few includes a canteen fitted with brushes, perfume flasks and a clock. It allows for an occasional shaking off of the dust and eventual refreshing touches to the toilet, while on the road.

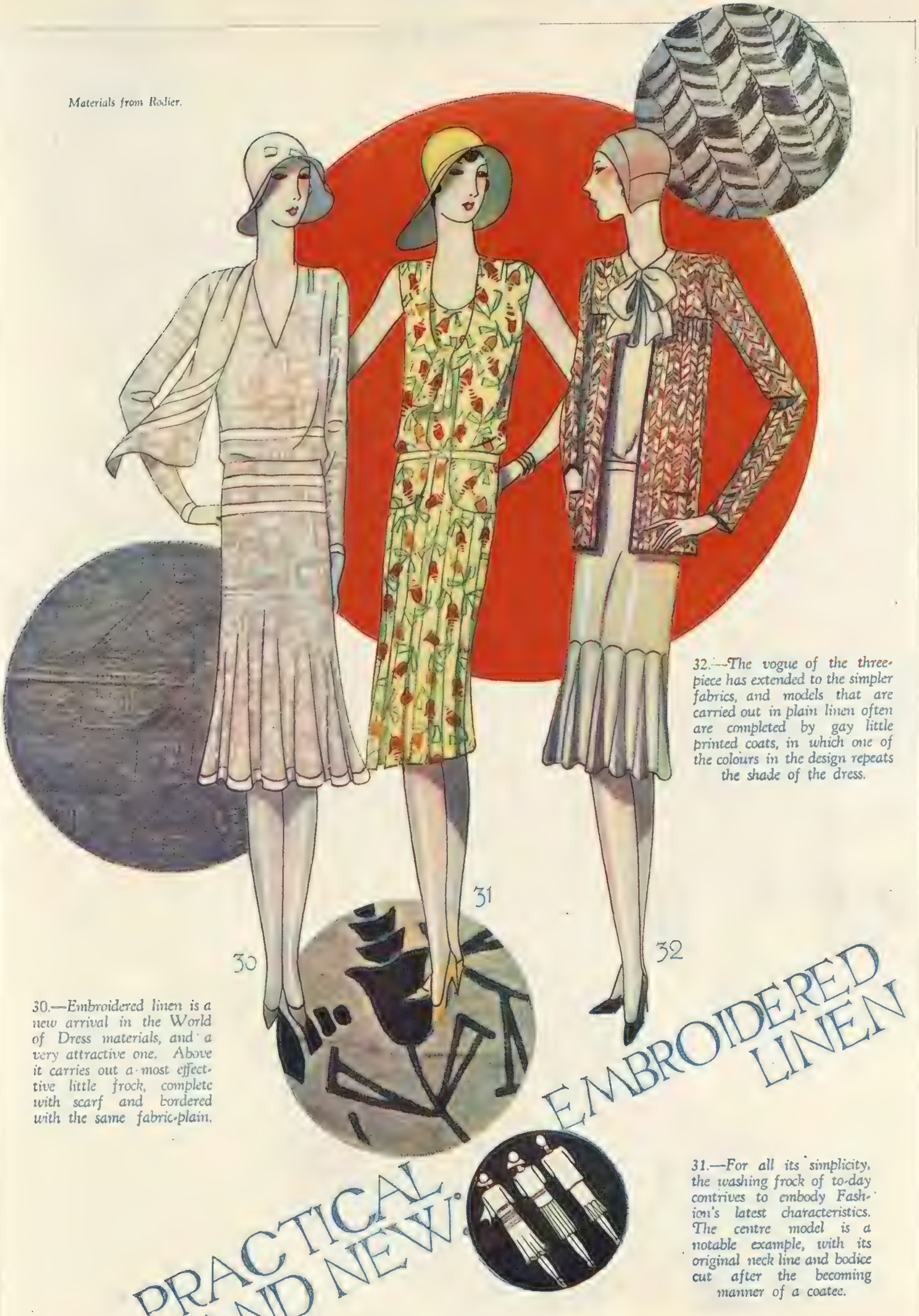
With the usual picnic basket and cocktail set the sagacious motorist carries a new system of windproof lighter. The flame is protected by glass screens, leaving only the top part free for air supply.

The portable radio apparatus in a leather case and small-sized gramophone in its pigskin zipper-fastened case are also faithful companions on the road. They will contribute to the entertainment of the party, and the latter will ensure the orchestra for an occasional "Yale" or foxtrot at the solitary mountain inn when drinks have gone down and spirits have gone up. Then, since we already speak of "private 'planes" as we do of cars, fashion has had to consider this new eventuality, and for the traveller in the air special suitcases of regulation size and toilet cases with unbreakable fittings have been created.



Eve will welcome a case containing all the accessories her beauty needs, and a smart automobile canteen fitted with brushes, flasks and a clock is a useful travelling companion

Materials from Rodier.



PRACTICAL AND NEW. EMBROIDERED LINEN

30.—Embroidered linen is a new arrival in the World of Dress materials, and a very attractive one. Above it carries out a most effective little frock, complete with scarf and bordered with the same fabric-plain.

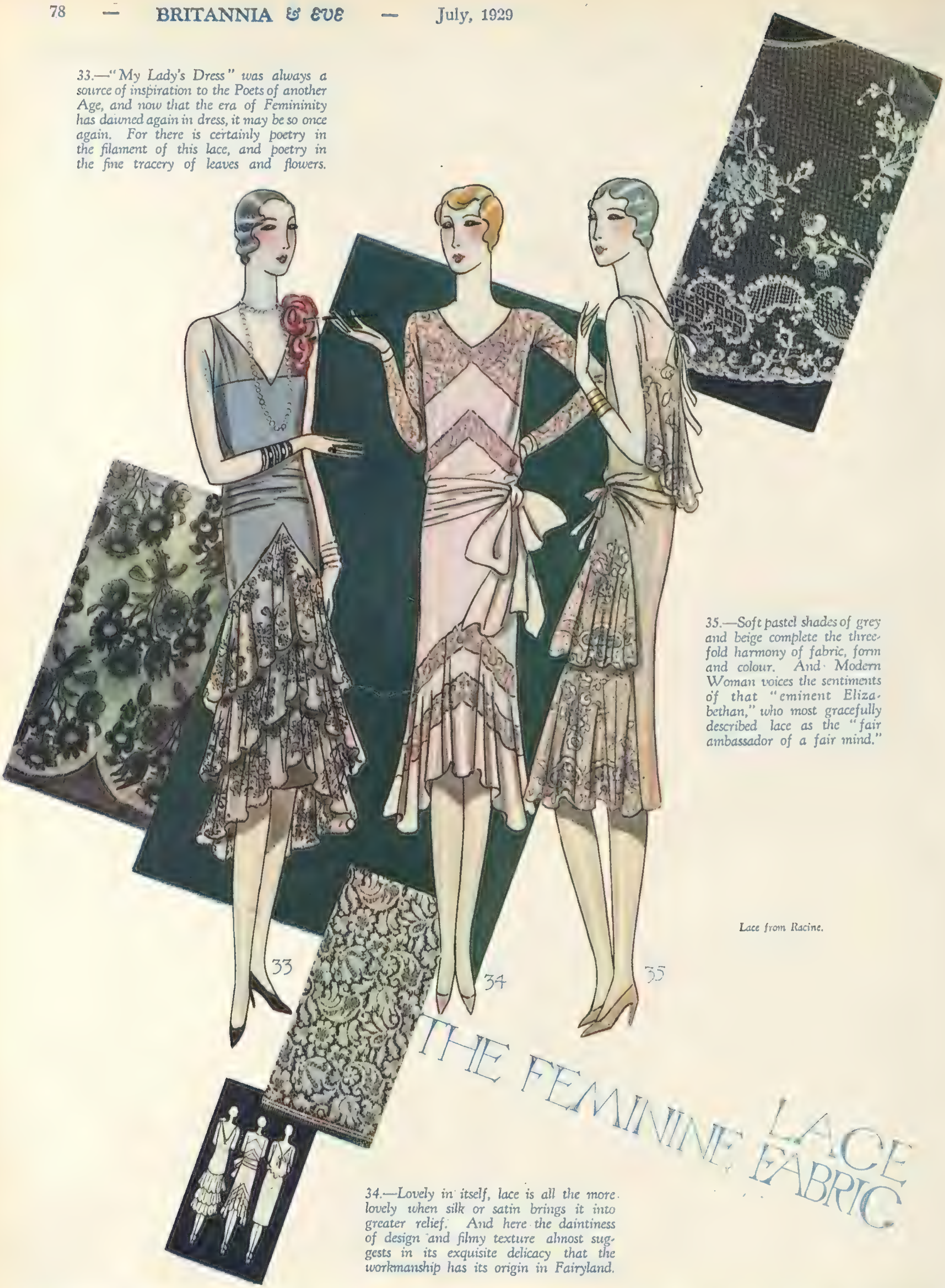
31.—For all its simplicity, the washing frock of to-day contrives to embody Fashion's latest characteristics. The centre model is a notable example, with its original neck line and bodice cut after the becoming manner of a coatee.

32.—The vogue of the three-piece has extended to the simpler fabrics, and models that are carried out in plain linen often are completed by gay little printed coats, in which one of the colours in the design repeats the shade of the dress.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 158.

THE FEMININE LACE FABRIC

33.—"My Lady's Dress" was always a source of inspiration to the Poets of another Age, and now that the era of Femininity has dawned again in dress, it may be so once again. For there is certainly poetry in the filament of this lace, and poetry in the fine tracery of leaves and flowers.



35.—Soft pastel shades of grey and beige complete the threefold harmony of fabric, form and colour. And Modern Woman voices the sentiments of that "eminent Elizabethan," who most gracefully described lace as the "fair ambassador of a fair mind."

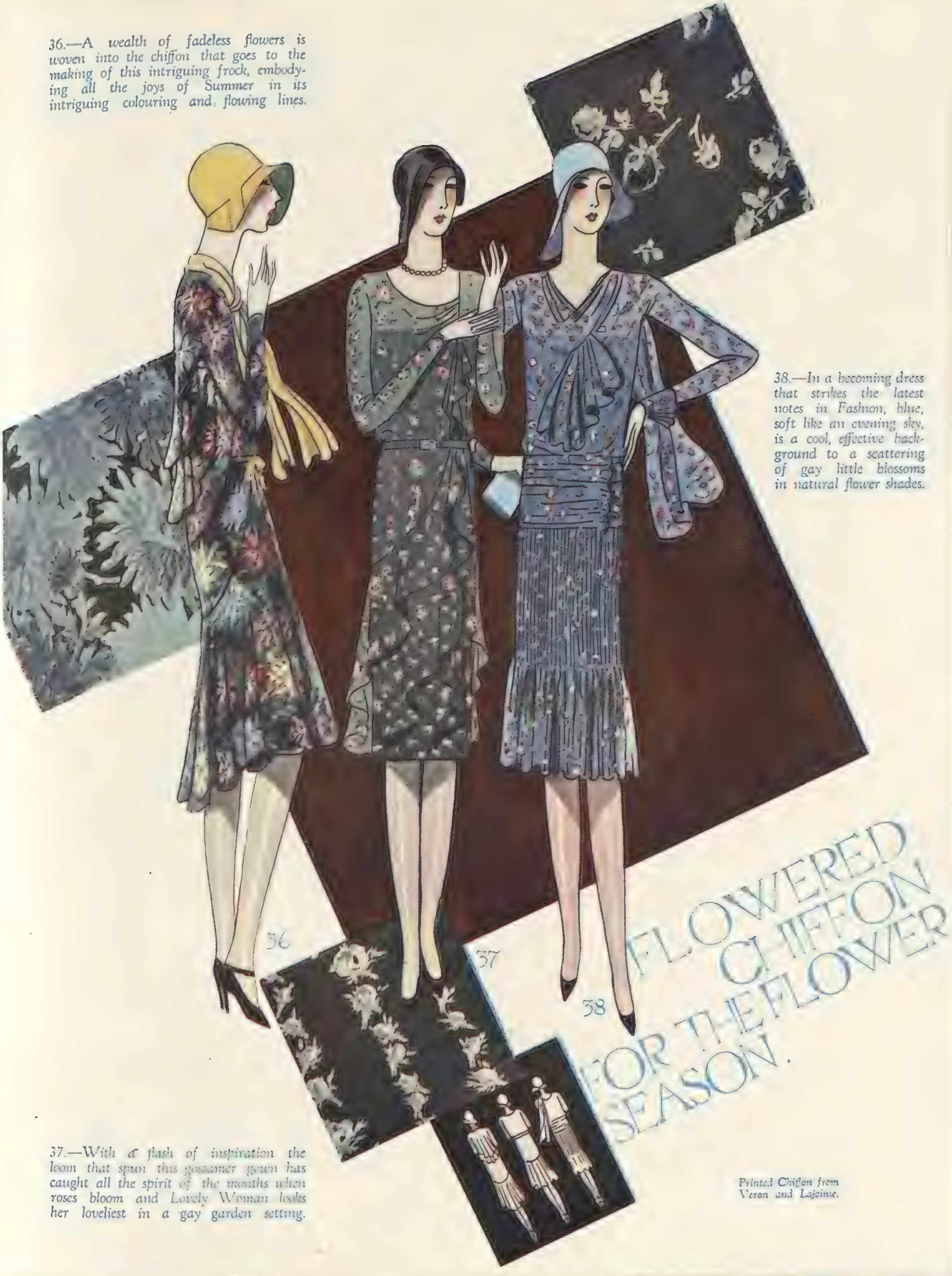
Lace from Racine.

34.—Lovely in itself, lace is all the more lovely when silk or satin brings it into greater relief. And here the daintiness of design and filmy texture almost suggests in its exquisite delicacy that the workmanship has its origin in Fairyland.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, IN *SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 158.

FLOWERED CHIFFON FOR THE FLOWER SEASON.

36.—A wealth of fadeless flowers is woven into the chiffon that goes to the making of this intriguing frock, embodying all the joys of Summer in its intriguing colouring and flowing lines.



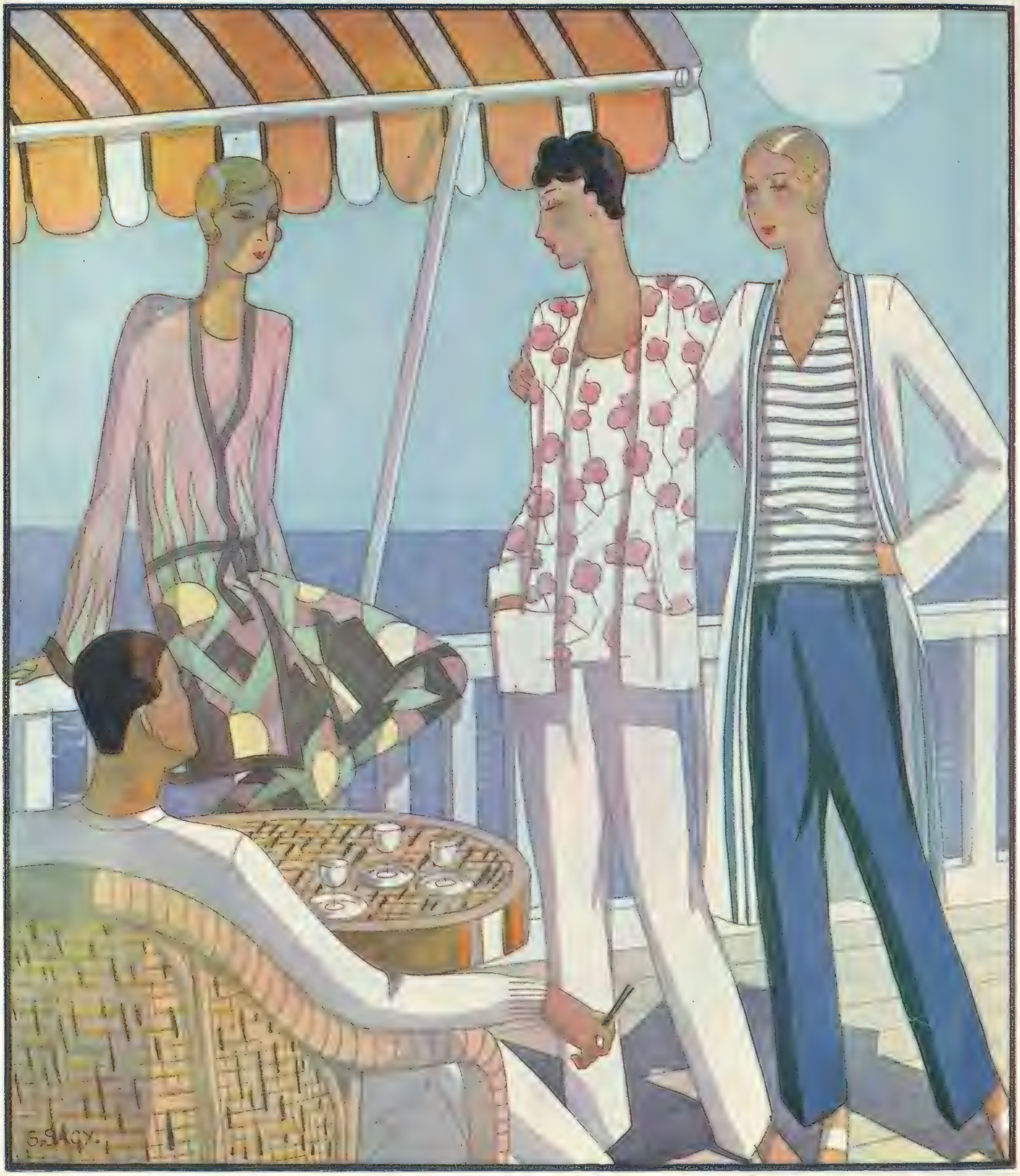
38.—In a becoming dress that strikes the latest notes in Fashion, blue, soft like an evening sky, is a cool, effective background to a scattering of gay little blossoms in natural flower shades.

37.—With a flash of inspiration the loom that spun this gossamer gown has caught all the spirit of the months when roses bloom and Lovely Woman looks her loveliest in a gay garden setting.

Printed Chiffon from Veron and Lajoinie.

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN SIX SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 158.

BLUE SEAS AND SUNNY SKIES

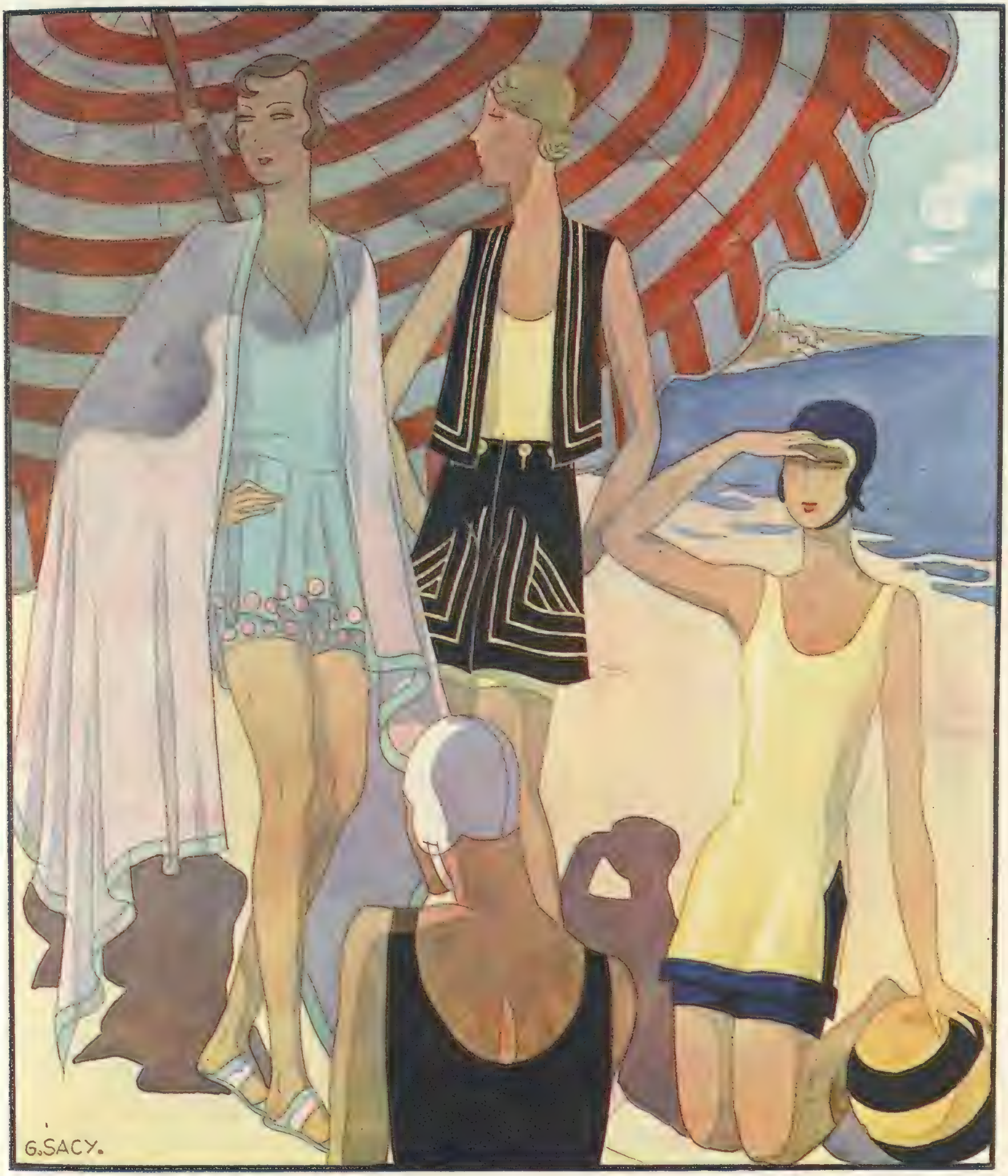


A sunshine suit that manages to look both cool and gay at the same time is carried out in rose tussore, trimmed with an amusing very modern appliqué design in pastel shades of grey, yellow and green. (REDFERN.)

A debonair affair, in which plain and printed satin are combined, cut on loose, becoming lines, its dainty rose and white colourings making it particularly suitable for the heat and glare of Summer. (MARY NOTWITZKY.)

A background of blue sky and sparkling sea must have inspired this effective ensemble, which is more than a little reminiscent in its style and colouring of Jack Tar's own particular costume. (MARCEL ROCHAS.)

THE TALE OF A MODERN MERMAID

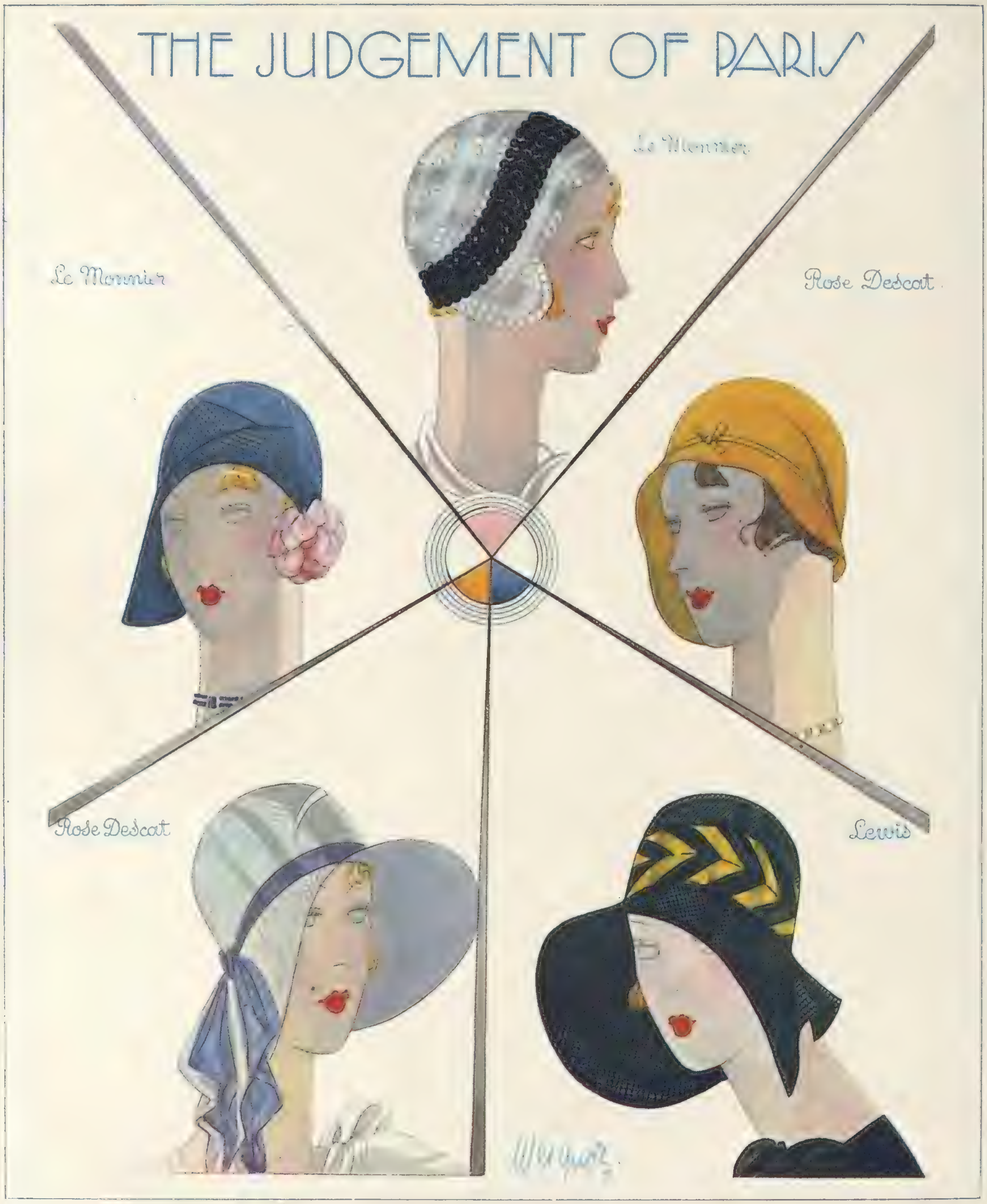


A taffetas ensemble in soft tones of blue and rose in which even the sandals are en suite, presents a marked contrast to the usually vivid colouring of beach attire. Blondes, please take note! you should always prefer the pastel shades.
(JENNY.)

A bathing three-piece, designed on the most novel lines. The "swimmer" is made of yellow wool-tricot and the bolero and skirt, both of course quite easily detachable, are of black gabardine, attractively trimmed with narrow yellow braid.
(MARY NOTWITZKY.)

Royal-blue and yellow are two fashionable beach colours that tone delightfully with the sunlit blue of the sea on a joyous Summer day. And in stockinette, they carry out effectively on tunic lines a becoming sea suit of the two-piece variety.
(LUCIEN LELONG.)

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS



Who but a Parisian modiste could have created anything so chic and intriguing as a cap-like model, made most surprisingly entirely of black and white wooden beads?

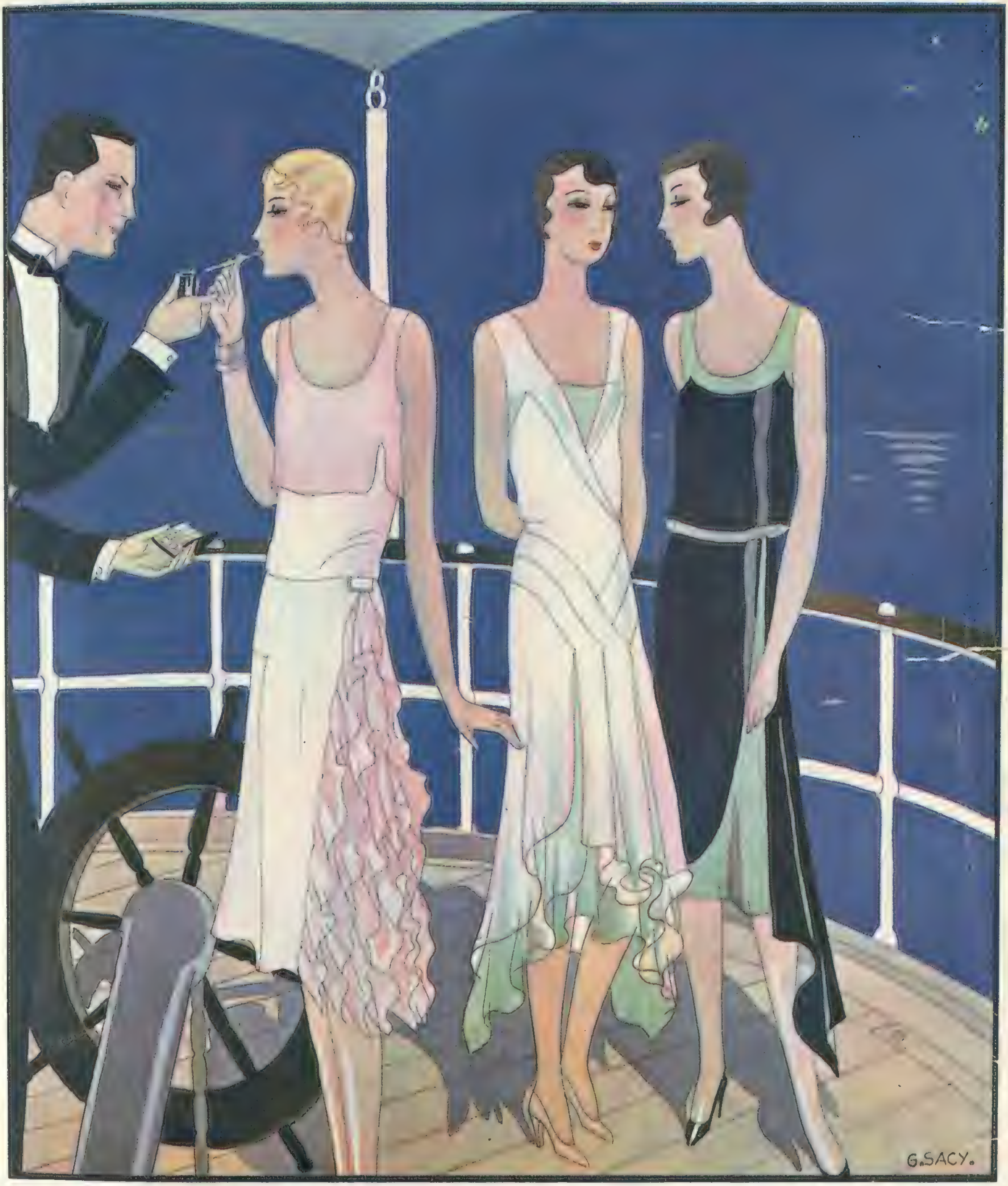
Flexible Bengal straw in the softest of blues lends itself admirably to the latest arrangement of the brim, sweeping upwards in front and drooping at one side.

The felt cloche has a place in the sun, too. Note the soft crown, designed on Beret lines, the amusing little bow in front, and the irregular brim.

A picture hat in grey Bengal that will compose charmingly with the Season's flowered chiffons. Mauve grosgrain ribbon encircles the crown, and the knot at the side is of parma crepe-georgette.

A capeline in black straw following the same trend as frocks has its wide curved brim godet-draped on one side! And strikes another new note in its black and yellow chevron trimming.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF FASHION

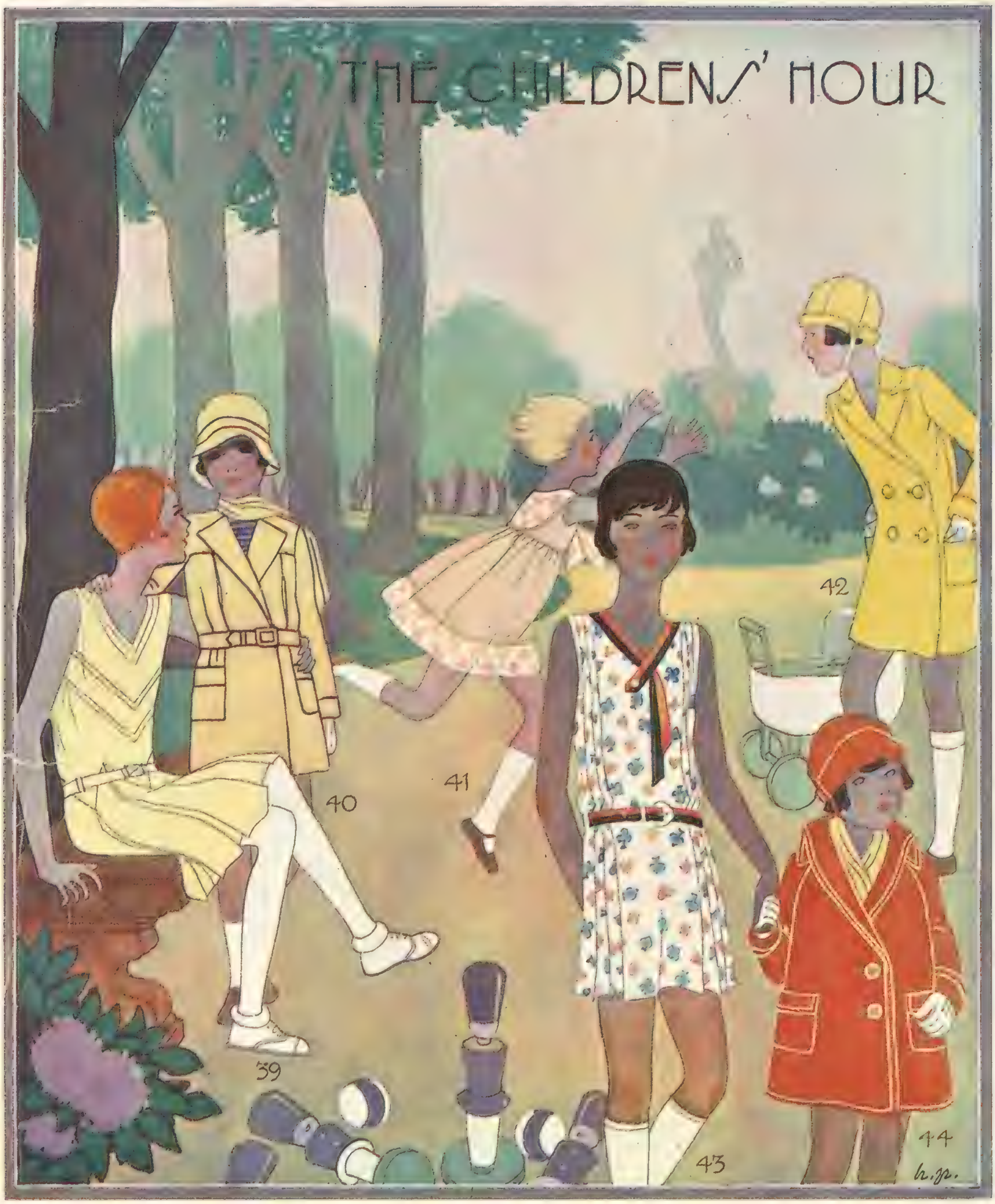


Two tones of rose-coloured chiffon go to the making of something very new in dance frocks, the deeper shade being used for the bolero that lends distinction to the bodice and for the tiers of frills on the skirt. (CHANTAL.)

Semi-transparent rose chiffon over green gives a charming iridescent effect to this becoming gown, which will particularly appeal to the woman seeking a model designed on long, slenderizing lines. (REDFERN.)

A most effective frock in black and jade satin, in which the bolero, taking on a new guise, reaches almost to the waist, whilst the overdress, apron-shaped on the one side, is draped godet-fashion on the other. (JENNY.)

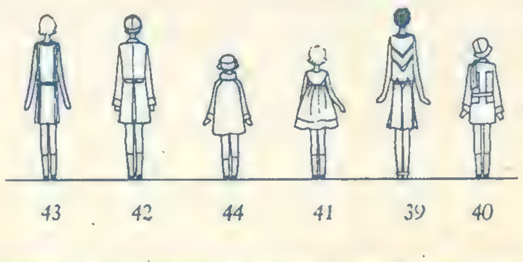
THE CHILDRENS' HOUR



39.—*Miss Thirteen-Year-Old will approve a tennis frock of yellow washing silk, designed on grown-up lines.*

40.—*A chic little travelling coat for a lady of seven summers, made of sand-yellow Kasha and finished with a scarf.*

41.—*Another charming, simple frock for the seven-year-old that looks equally well in rose and white organdi, voile or linen.*



42.—*A smart double-breasted redingote of golden-yellow cheviot that has been designed for the lucky little twelve-year-old.*

43.—*Either printed voile or washing silk is suggested for a chic model for the twelve-year-old, with practical side pleats.*

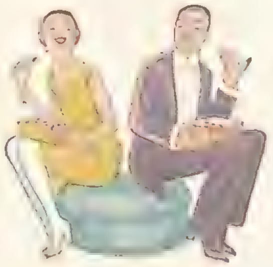
44.—*The small person of five will welcome a cosy brick-red woollen, smartly stitched coat as part of her travelling trousseau.*

PAPER PATTERNS OF ALL THESE DRESSES, *IN THREE SIZES*, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM "BRITANNIA AND EVE'S" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 158.

YORK ASSORTMENT

Tom gave Ethel a box of Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

YORK ASSORTMENT
ROWNTREE'S CHOCOLATES
YORK ASSORTMENT

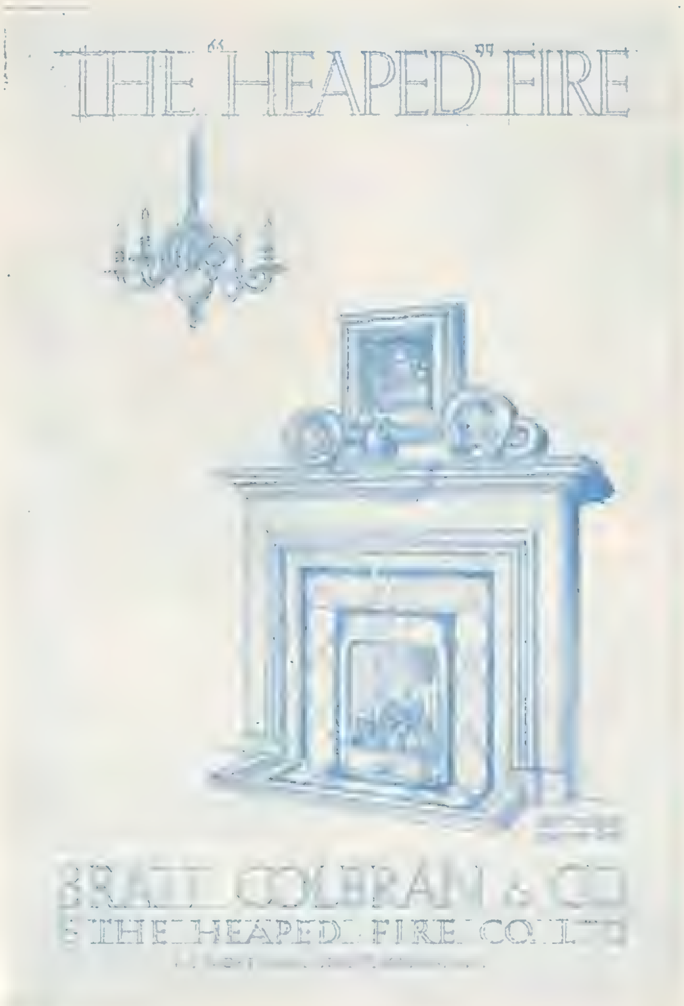


Now she makes him buy *TWO* boxes

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, ½-lb., 2/-, ¼-lb., 1/-

"A disposition for cheapness and not for excellence of workmanship is the most frequent and certain cause of the decay and destruction of arts and manufactures."

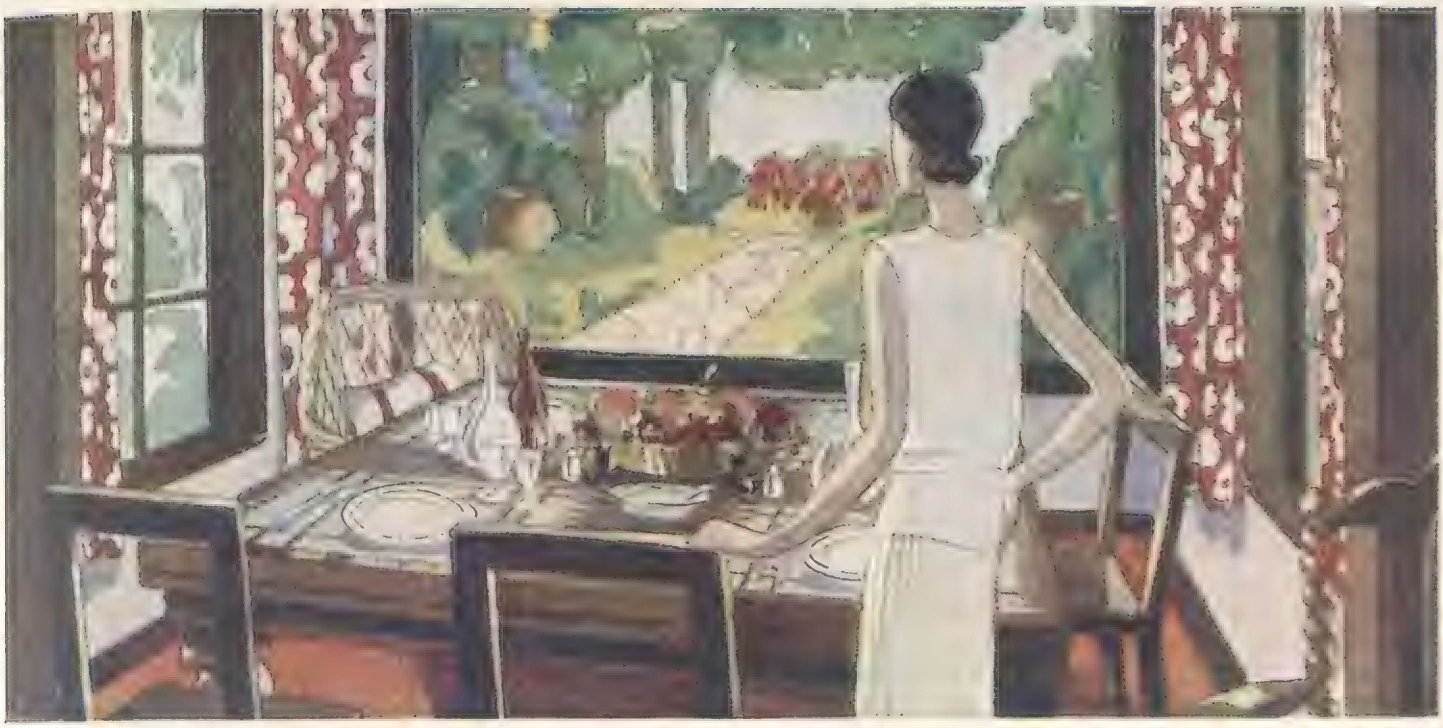
Ruskin.



Apart from its distinctive beauty of design, the "Heaped" Fire is a better fireplace structurally, both as regards craftsmanship and material, than any other modern open fireplace. Its dominant note is a quality tone that is assertive and unmistakable.

Application for the latest fully Illustrated Catalogue (B) should be made to the sole manufacturers, BRATT COLBRAN & CO., and The Heaped Fire Company, at 10, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

Telephone: Museum 6701.



"To be SERVED COLD"

GERMAINE BEAUMONT

has some amusing things to say about certain culinary conventions

THERE is an old habit of thinking that in summer one wants to eat cold dishes. The truth is that cold dishes should only be served in winter, when they afford a pleasant contrast to overheated rooms; whereas in summers such as we have now, when heat lies among the forget-me-nots and one is economising on coals, the flesh is always grateful for hot soups, broiling stews, steaming puddings and anything that can thaw you first, and then cheer you up in the way of warmth and calories.

Of course, there is no reason not to hope for better days; for real summers such as one reads of in books by well-known authors; for example, [illegible] pleasures such as romping with the cows in the fields, trespassing over hedges, gathering the buttercups and a new supply of fresh rural oats from the enraged farmer. If they ever come, such summers will lead by enchantment to that blessing for the housewife which we call a cold meal.

With three French dishes specially created for this issue of "BRITANNIA & EVE" by Madame RAMILLON

A cold meal gives little trouble to prepare, as a cold meal is always a remnant. It is either a fresh one, or one of a more antique and far-fetched origin. All cold meals have begun by being warm. They may then have had charming qualities which we will never know; qualities that have vanished, flavours that have soured, such as happens with people neglected in their youth and whose maturity has still an air of promise if somewhat mildewed.

COLD meals are a fine illustration of the might-have-been. And like all might-have-beens, we like to hide them under optimistic, if belated, tributes. We hang flowers on old memories, and for the same reason we scatter tomatoes on cold meat: we deck veal with beetroot; we throw parsley and cucumber on cold chicken much in the same way as Orpheus tied garlands of foliage on the tomb of Eurydice.

In fact, though we show little tenderness sometimes for our own past, we always handle very gently the past of a joint. Nothing is really too good, too clever, too bright for day-before-yesterday beef or mutton. We even go so far as to strew it with nasturtiums, that is to say, we do in France, where "bœuf en gelée" is adorned in a way that would make the living "bœuf" cry with envy.

The dressing of cold meats is of great importance. For the same reason that people in their prime seem to have not much importance but begin to live just after their death, thanks to the splendour of their epitaphs, let us say that a leg of mutton that seems very dull when hot owes much to the epitaph of a bright kind of sauce. Epitaphs, after all, are things in themselves. We care very little for what lies underneath. "Sauce helps the fish through. say the French. Sauce is also an epitaph, and the thicker the sauce the less important the fish. Sauce is the wall behind which anything or nothing might happen. It covers a multitude of sins, or no sin at all, which is the greatest sin.

ALAS, cold meats go the way of all flesh, they decay. The best way to give everlasting qualities to cold meals is to paint them. Without cold meats, where would young painters be? Young painters seem to derive a good deal of sensual satisfaction from still-life of veal or ham, before they start drawing their inspiration from the nude and the nude from inspiration. The reason why a young painter likes to paint cold mutton is that when he paints it he has a good excuse for not eating it. When the picture is finished, so is the mutton. Occasionally the plate of mutton is flanked by a lemon and that peculiar kind of knife one sees only in pictures. As an ornament, they are superfluous, but as a means of getting rid of the painter they are good enough.

Cold meals in real life are served on ordinary tables. Not so in pictures. The more advanced the painter the more slanting the table. With super-modern painters the table slants to such an extent that it is a miracle that the cold beef fails to slide and the lemon to roll off—a miracle and perhaps a pity.

Three FRENCH Dishes

By Madame RAMILLON

Supreme de Laitue

SWEDISH FILLET OF SOLE

1 small cooked lobster. 8 fillets of sole. 2 oz. butter or lard.
5 oz. mushrooms. 2 tablespoons of flour. 3 tablespoons fresh cream.
5 oz. shrimps.
Savoury fish balls to taste.
½ glass white wine.
Salt and pepper.

1. Shell shrimps and put them aside. Place shells in saucepan containing about 1 pint of water and stand over fire.

2. Peel and wash mushrooms and cut into quarters.

3. Cook the soles for five minutes in about 1 oz. of butter, white wine, salt and pepper over slow fire.

4. Shell lobster. Cut the tail flesh in thick slices.

5. In another saucepan mix a hot paste of the butter and flour. Make a thick sauce by gradually adding the water from shrimp shells. Season and add mushrooms. Cook slowly in covered saucepan for 10 minutes.

6. Heat shrimps, pieces of lobster, and fish balls in the sauce for 10 minutes. Then add mushrooms, fillets of sole, and then sauce.

Mix the whole with fresh cream.

Colour with a few drops of cochineal and pour into hot dish. Serve immediately.

Swedish Fillet of Sole

SUPREME DE LAITUE

(For 5 or 6 people)

3 good fresh lettuces. About 4 oz. bread crumbs. 3 eggs (2 yolks and 3 whites). 1½ oz. butter or lard. 1 glass milk
Salt and pepper to taste.

1. Strip leaves, peel and wash lettuces. Boil in salt water for 10 or 12 minutes, using saucepan without lid. Strain and soak them in cold water. Again strain and press until well dry.

2. Chop finely.

3. Soak breadcrumbs in milk over slow fire to make a paste.

While hot, add butter, salt and pepper.

4. Mix paste with chopped lettuce. Add a whole egg then a yolk and mix well.

5. Lastly add the two whipped whites of egg.

6. Butter baking tin well. Place buttered paper in bottom and then pour in the mixture. Cook for 30 or 35 minutes in hot oven.

7. When cooked, serve on hot dish with white or tomato sauce.

The dish may be decorated with sliced or chopped hard boiled eggs.

Gateau Praline à la Noisette

GATEAU PRALINE A LA NOISETTE

(Tea Cake. For 5 or 6 people)

2 whole eggs.
1 white of egg.
1½ oz. butter or lard.
3 large tablets of chocolate.
1½ oz. flour.
4 oz. sugar.
2 oz. shelled nuts (preferably hazel nuts).
½ coffee-spoon of baking powder.

1. Grill the nuts and rub them between the hands to remove dry skin. Crush finely.

2. Melt the chocolate in 3 tablespoons of water over slow fire. Stir well.

3. Pour into dish while hot and add butter and sugar. Mix well.

4. Gradually add baking powder and then the nuts and flour.

5. Into the mixture beat a whole egg, then a yolk and, finally, the two whipped whites.

Butter a flat baking pan, pour in the mixture and cook over moderate fire for 35 or 40 minutes.

Turn out immediately and leave till cold, then ice with chocolate dressing.

SATURDAY and SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

Interesting suppers are neither difficult nor costly to arrange, and enable the hostess to provide excellent dishes which would not fit into an ordinary dinner happily

By CATHERINE IVES

SUPPER, which suggests a more movable and less formal meal than dinner, is therefore far more convenient for the small household during summer week-ends.

Interesting suppers are neither difficult nor costly to arrange. They need forethought, like everything else connected with catering (except to the instinctive genius in these matters), but they enable one to provide excellent dishes which would not fit in with an ordinary dinner very happily.

Fireproof glass and china dishes with covers make it possible to leave cold dishes ready in the larder or the refrigerator, or, if the dining-room is cool, on the sideboard. Previously-made soup takes only a few minutes to heat; and a great many very good hot supper dishes can be prepared hours beforehand, again in fireproof dishes, and finished in a short time in the oven or under the grill.

The great difficulty of the household where the domestic staff is either out or non-existent is not so much the preparation of meals, which can be both interesting and amusing, but the clearing away and washing up.

Hors d'œuvre and many other cold supper delightfulnesses may be served in paper cases; this will preserve a certain number of plates from needing drastic attention.

The silver can be put straight into a jug full of hot soapy water; stainless steel knives into a jug with enough soapy water to cover their blades but not their handles; and soup plates, or plates used for hot dishes, can be left to soak in a bowl of hot water, soda and soap. All these varieties of supper utensils can be left until the morning if necessary, and will then need very little attention.

Spanish olives make happy companions to horseradish and cheese, and a mayonnaise of eggs may include finely chopped onion or green herbs

Another pleasant feature in favour of discarding the set dinner hour on Saturday and Sunday and substituting "supper when you want it"— is that the chafing dish may appear at table with such eminently satisfactory results.

The chafing dish may be of the electric or methylated spirit variety, and you may use it for such widely divergent dishes as eggs and bacon or peaches in brandy.

Even with unimaginative guests who are unskilled in the culinary arts, the chafing dish is a valuable ally for cool evenings, because it allows you to produce succulent hot dishes without running in and out of the kitchen.

Lobster, salmon, and other fish can be cooked and flaked earlier in the day, and then "creamed" in the chafing dish when needed.

The cold fish soufflé can be made with white fish, lobster or salmon. Blue linen tablecloth and table napkins from Marshall and Snelgrove

Cold cooked chicken may be treated in the same manner, though in this case it is better to add mushrooms. The sauce for the creaming process may be made in the chafing dish if necessary, or prepared earlier in the day and heated in the chafing dish just before the fish or meat is added.

Mutton cutlets or kidneys take about ten minutes to cook in this useful utensil, and various egg and cheese savouries take about the same time.

Among the cold dishes which are not too often met with yet quite easy to make, there are Horseradish Creams, Eggs with Sweet Corn and Mayonnaise sauce, Jellied Chicken and Ham, Cold Curry of Veal or Lamb, and cold Soufflé of Fish.

HORSERADISH CREAMS

INGREDIENTS

Short pastry or
Cheese pastry
2 tablespoonfuls
grated horseradish
1 [illegible] cream
1 teaspoonful vinegar
Salt, pepper, and a
pinch of sugar

INSTRUCTIONS.—Make the short or cheese pastry. Roll it out thinly and make it into tartlets or little round biscuits. Bake. Grate the horseradish. Mix it with all the other ingredients in a basin and fill the tartlets or pile it up on the biscuits.

UTENSILS.—Pastry board, rolling pin, tartlet cases, basin, spoon, grater.

COLD FISH SOUFFLÉ

INGREDIENTS.

½ lb. cooked white fish or
salmon or lobster
½ pint good white sauce
1 gill aspic
1 gill cream
Salt, pepper, cayenne
[illegible]

INSTRUCTIONS.—Separate the fish from the skin and bones and flake it finely. Mix it thoroughly with the white sauce and add the seasoning. Mix in the liquid aspic. Whip the cream and stir it in. Put the mixture in a prepared soufflé dish and let it get very cold. Decorate with aspic, or tomato, or beetroot, or hardboiled egg.

UTENSILS.—Fish knife and fork, 2 basins, wooden spoon, whisk

SWEETS which need little or no Cooking

By CATHERINE IVES

The Royal Junket and the Pineapple Sweet are both happily served in attractive bowls. These and the green-bordered plates from Soane and Smith. The Candlesticks from the Venetian Glass Galleries

THE simplest way of avoiding unnecessary cooking during hot weather so far as sweets are concerned is to cut out made dishes altogether and concentrate on fresh fruit.

In some cases it is possible to combine the sweet course and dessert into one. You may cut the ripe part of a melon into dice, sprinkle it lightly with white sugar and powdered spice, mix it with preserved ginger, also cut into dice, arrange it in champagne glasses, and pile whipped cream on top.

A pineapple makes a more elaborate and most luscious sweet when combined with strawberries or raspberries and a little liqueur syrup.

In both cases (i.e., with both strawberries and raspberries) it will be better still if you include half a pint of vanilla ice; but if you have no means of making or procuring this you can use thick and very cold custard instead.

Tinned and bottled fruits are very good served in attractive bowls or glasses with cream, or turned into that almost universal favourite, Summer Pudding, with stale bread or sponge cakes . . . or made into fruit fools and salads.

Royal junket is little more trouble to make than ordinary junket, and much more interesting to meet.

Banana salad induces a few strawberries, loganberries or raspberries to go a very long way . . . and strawberries in the Chinese manner are delicious.

PINEAPPLE SWEET

INGREDIENTS.

1 medium-sized pineapple.
1½ to 2 lb. fruit.
½ lb. vanilla ice or thick cold custard.
1 dessertspoonful maraschino syrup.

UTENSILS.

1 silver knife and spoon.
1 bowl.
1 sieve.
1 wooden spoon.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Cut the top neatly off the pineapple.

Scoop out all the inside with a sharp silver knife or spoon (not steel) and cut into small pieces.

Wash, dry, stalk and sieve the fruit.

Mix the fruit with the pineapple pulp and ice-cream or custard.

Fill the pineapple case with the mixture. Pour in the liqueur syrup, replace the top and leave in a very cold place till needed.

If you want to use raspberries instead of strawberries you should use Curaçoa or Benedictine instead of maraschino; and it will be an improvement if you add half a bottle of strawberry syrup to the raspberries and the pineapple pulp.

For Royal junket you first make a junket in the ordinary way and let it set, remembering that if you overheat the milk it never will.

You then rub half a pound of apricot jam through a sieve and spread this lightly over the junket. The correct finish consists of clotted cream; but ordinary whipped cream can be used instead if necessary, and in both cases the cream is scattered over with desiccated cocoanut and pine kernels.

BANANA SALAD

INGREDIENTS.

6 to 8 bananas.
½ lb. strawberries, raspberries or loganberries.
1 gill red currant juice.
2 macaroons.
Sugar, lemon juice.
1 gill cream.

UTENSILS.

Silver knife.
Basin.
Glass or silver dish.
Whisk.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Peel the bananas, slice them and arrange them in a glass or silver dish. Sprinkle them with the lemon juice.

Add the fruit. Sprinkle the crushed macaroons over this.

Pour the red currant juice over all and leave in a very cold place for at least two hours.

Whip the cream and pile it on top just before serving.

The Italian Zabaione demands the freshest of eggs (one to each person) and some good Marsala or sherry. It is one of the lightest and most quickly made of hot sweets.

ZABAIONE

INGREDIENTS.

Yolks of eggs.
1 tablespoonful of Marsala or sherry to six eggs.
8 lumps of sugar to six eggs.

UTENSILS.

Double saucepan or bain-marie.
Small saucepan.
Whisk.
Warmed glasses.

A salad made with bananas, strawberries and cream is easily and quickly prepared. Coloured glasses are delightful receptacles for Zabaione

INSTRUCTIONS.

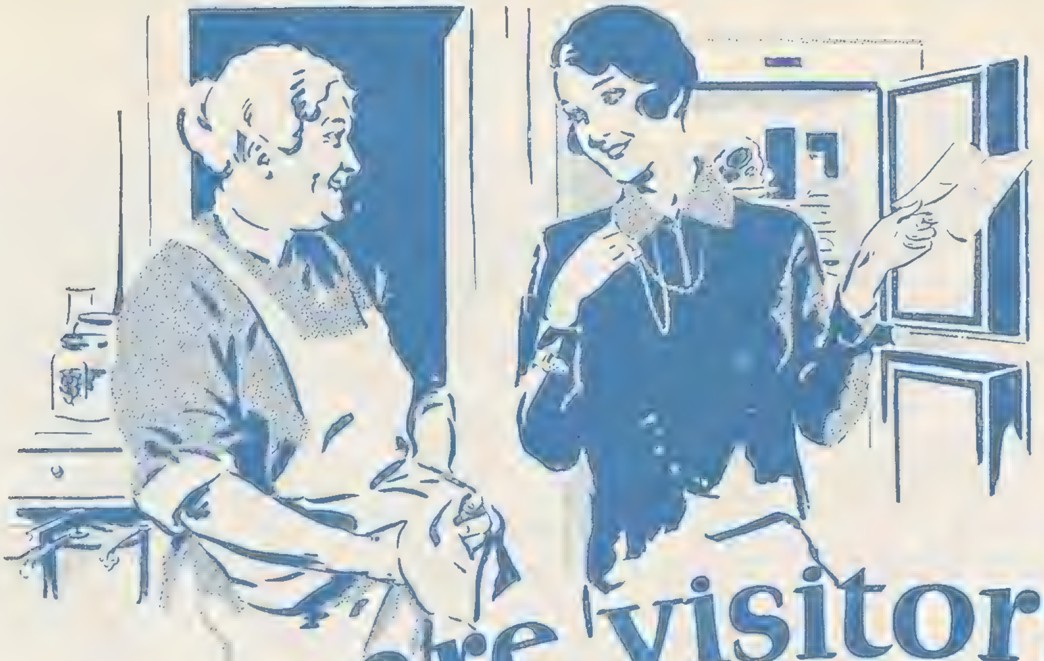
Put the yolks of eggs into the double boiler or bain-marie.

Put the sugar and wine in the small saucepan and boil quickly to make a thin syrup. Pour this very slowly on to the yolks, whisking all the time over boiling water until it thickens and rises. Serve at once in the warmed glasses, and hand langues-de-chat or fresh sponge fingers with it.

Pancakes also take very little time to cook if the batter has been made and allowed to stand for at least an hour beforehand.

The thinner the pancake the more attractive it may be made, unless, of course, it comes at the end of a meal which has been rather spare; but delicately thin pancakes spread with cherry jam or bramble jelly and a restrained sprinkling of lemon juice are really delicious.

"HEALTHY HOMES AND
LENGTHENED LEISURE"



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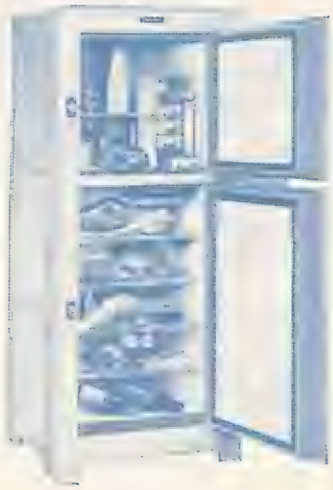

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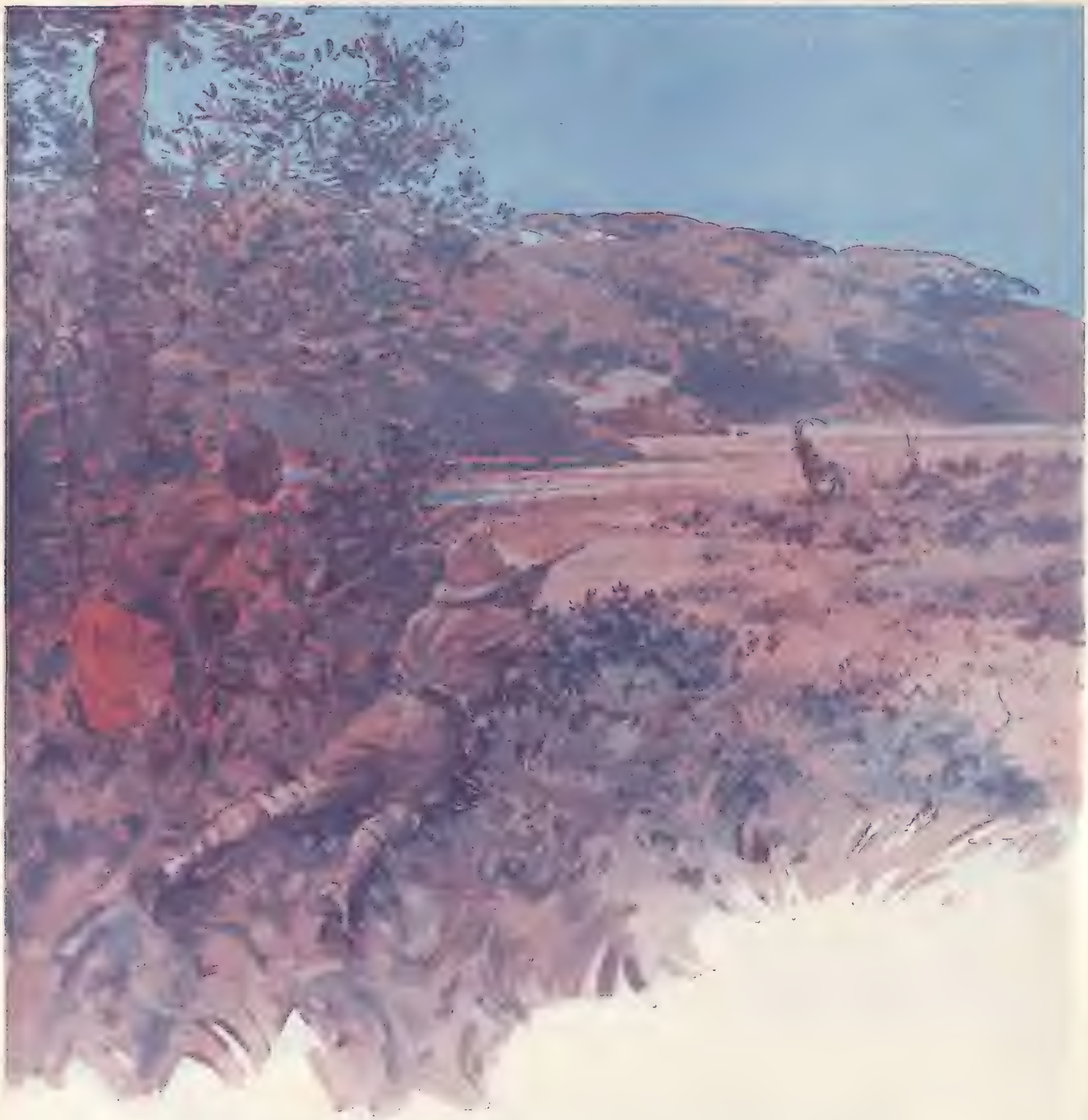
C.F.H.25

ANGOLA: The Home of the Giant Sable.

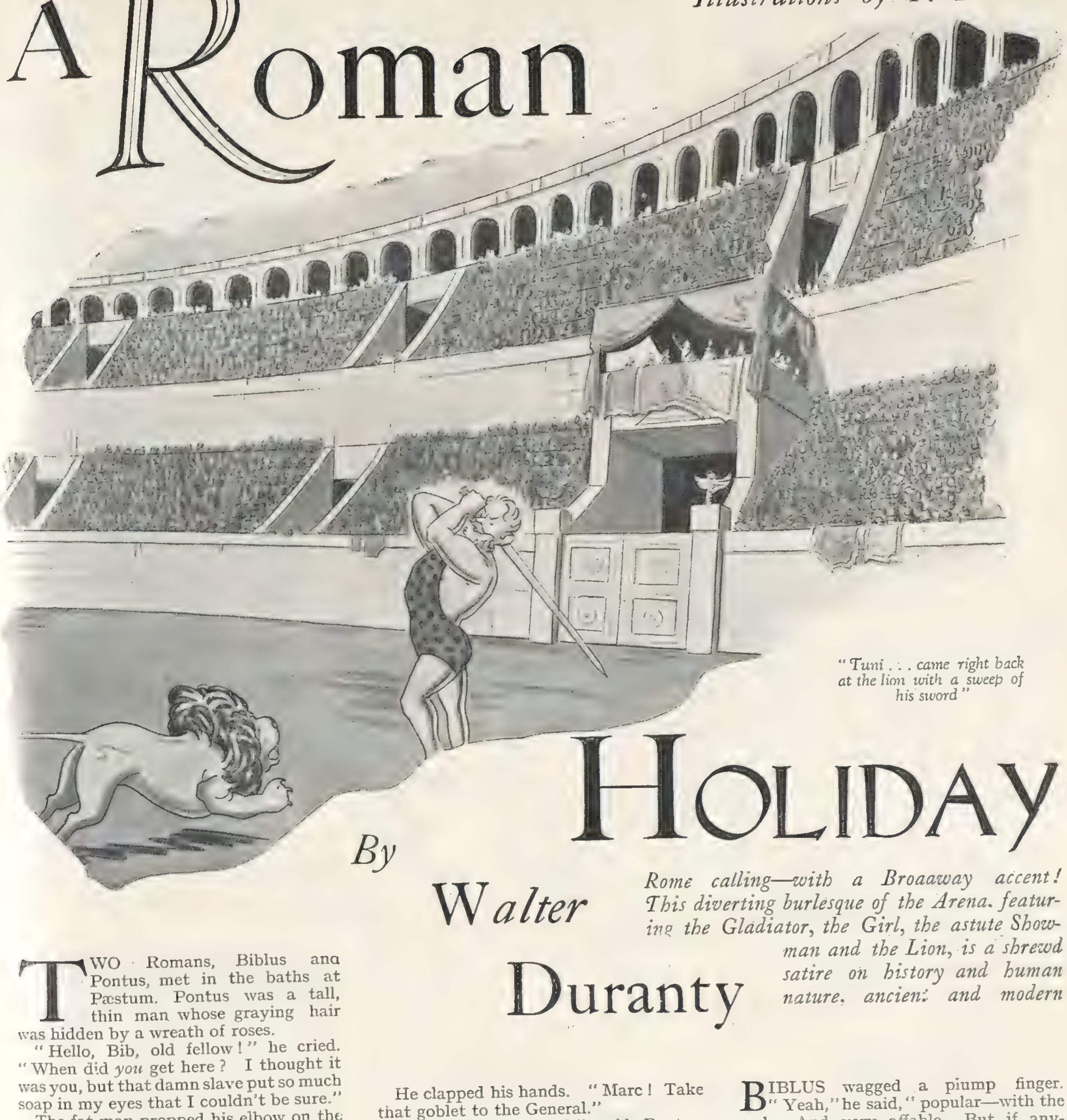
BIG GAME SHOOTING IN PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA.



The Portuguese Colony of Angola, on the West Coast of Africa, has, up to now, been little frequented by the big game hunter. This may seem remarkable when it is known that elephant, hippo, rhino, eland, bushbuck, roan, reedbuck, klipspringer, oribi, water buck, lion and leopard are to be found in vast numbers in the country which is also the home of that coveted trophy, the Giant Sable. It is, however, accounted for by the fact that until recent years transport facilities have been badly needed, but, by the construction of the Benguela Railway, which was officially opened last month, the hunter can now travel right across Angola from Lobito Bay to the Angola-Belgian Congo Border in the most modern rolling stock that British workshops can turn out. The Benguela Railway is the latest addition to the great highways of Africa, and Lobito Bay is the finest natural harbour on the Atlantic Coast of that great continent. The extension of the line from the border through the Belgian Congo, to link up with the Katanga railways, is now under construction and will be completed in 1930, thus affording through connection to all parts of Africa by the quickest route from Europe. The big game hunter can now travel over the Benguela Railway to any point on the line that offers the most suitable advanced base for his field of operations, and can afterwards continue his journey into the heart of Africa by means of a motor transport service which runs between railhead and the Katanga railways, while the extension of the Benguela Railway is under construction

Illustrations by P. Bellew

A Roman Holiday



"Tuni . . . came right back at the lion with a sweep of his sword"

By

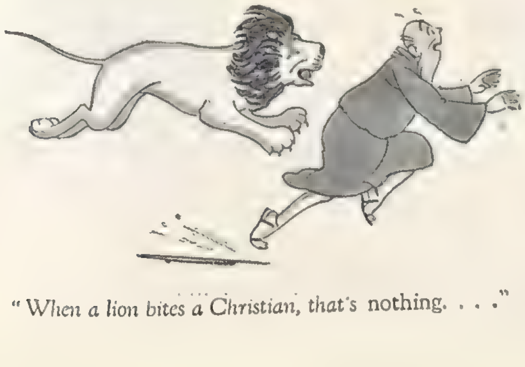
Walter Duranty

Rome calling—with a Broaaway accent! This diverting burlesque of the Arena, featuring the Gladiator, the Girl, the astute Showman and the Lion, is a shrewd satire on history and human nature, ancient and modern

TWO Romans, Biblus and Pontus, met in the baths at Pæstum. Pontus was a tall, thin man whose graying hair was hidden by a wreath of roses.

"Hello, Bib, old fellow!" he cried. "When did *you* get here? I thought it was you, but that damn slave put so much soap in my eyes that I couldn't be sure."

The fat man propped his elbow on the marble couch. "Why, Ponty," he replied, "I've not seen you for years; I thought you were killing Britons and Germans and what not. Fine healthy life, chasing barbarians and winning glory."



"When a lion bites a Christian, that's nothing. . . ."

He clapped his hands. "Marc! Take that goblet to the General."

"Ah! That's good," said Pontus. "You don't get stuff like *that* on the Rhine. You lucky dog, no wonder you've got fat these last six years, while I've been out making the world safe for plutocracy."

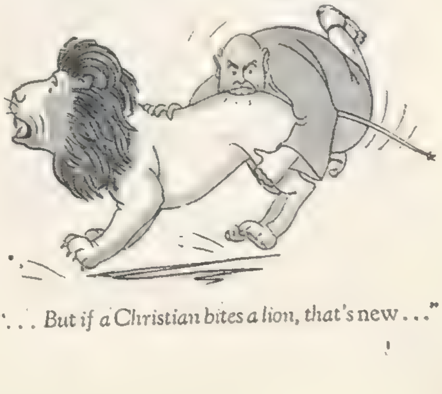
The fat man sat bolt upright: "Lucky? Lucky to have a head on my shoulders, if that's what you mean. His Augustness—Jove bless him!" and he flicked a ceremonial drop of wine upon the pavement—" is quick in the offtake when it comes to heads."

'What? Nero?" said his friend. "I thought he was the most popular Emperor we've ever had. With this prosperity, and the bull market on the Forum, and all."

BIBLUS wagged a plump finger. "Yeah," he said, "popular—with the mob. And very affable. But if anything goes wrong—well, he just takes and fires somebody."

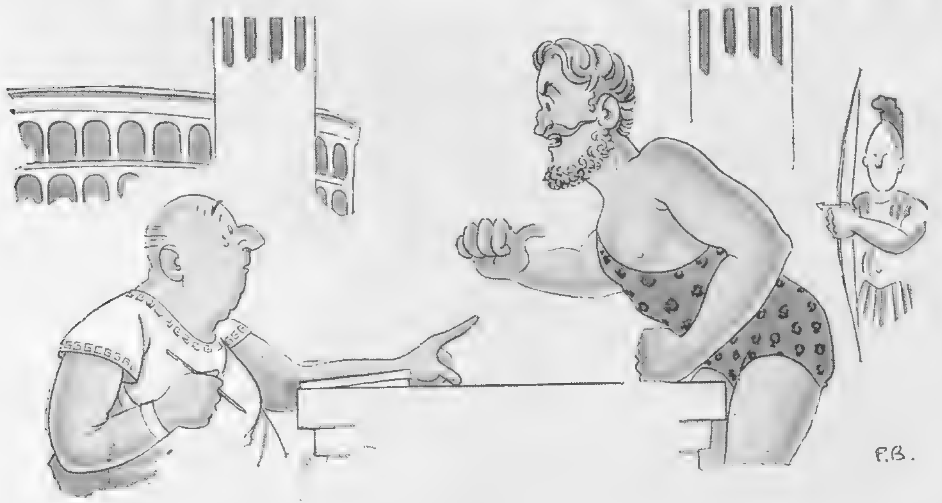
Pontus looked puzzled. "Fires! I don't get your modern slang."

"Simple enough, my dear fellow. You



". . . But if a Christian bites a lion, that's new . . ."

see, we've been having night performances in the Circus, and lighting's always a problem. So if Nero isn't pleased with you, they wrap you in a coat of pitch and set fire to you. That's what being *fired* means in this city. I know, because it almost happened to me.



"*Christian? Me? Why, what do you think? I'm a gladiator. . . .*"

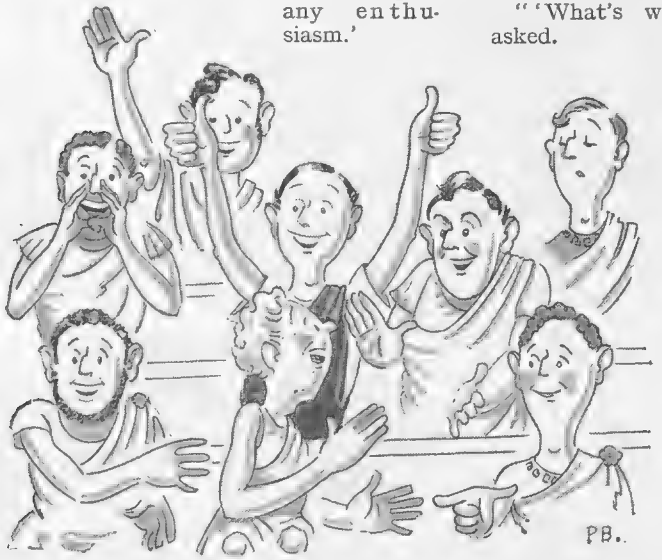
"You see, it was like this. I bought the Circus concession from a fellow named Gestus for a couple of million. But we'd only been open two weeks when I found the place was half empty. Even the free seats in the "Sun-bath" weren't taken. And one gala day, when the Emperor was there in the Imperial box, there weren't more than twenty-seven patricians in all the Golden Circle.

"Well, of course, the State subsidy covered expenses more or less, but I hadn't spent two million just for that. I wanted to make a profit, you understand.

"Until the day the Emperor came I thought business was bad because people hadn't got back from the seaside. But Nero didn't take it that way. Ten minutes after we'd swept up the last Christian from the Arena he sent for me.

"'We were not amused by the performance,' he began. 'In fact, the show's terrible. And something's got to be done about it, or you'll get fired.'

"'Your Augustness,' I said, 'it's too early in the season. With such small houses you can't expect any enthusiasm.'



"*The Patrician boys were boosting their pet girls. . . .*"

"'Don't talk back at me,' said Nero. 'I'll see that the house is full next Saturday. And if the show isn't better you'll have a farewell performance for yourself on Sunday night, with *you* all fizzing and blazing like a comet. I mean, Biblus Bogatus, you will be fired!'

"And that was that.

"So the next morning I went into conference with the chief publicity man, Issachar Ben Ezra, one of those smart young Asiatics.

"'Izzy,' I said to him, '*how* much are you getting here?'

"He looked surprised 'Fifty a week,' he said.

"'I'll make it a hundred,' I told him, 'if you'd tell me what's wrong with the show. If you can't—well, the Emperor's going to fire me to-day week, and as a special favour he's promised to include you too.'

"'Well,' said Izzy, 'some of the minor turns aren't bad, and the Indian rope act's a wow. But the leading feature is rotten.'

"'What do you mean?' I said.

"'Why, Boss, you know; the Christian finale.'

"'What's wrong with that?' I asked.

"IZZY rubbed his nose again. 'It's all wrong. There ain't no life in it. The public wants action. But you can't have action with reaction, and these Christians won't react. They just wait to get et.'

"'I don't get it,' I said. 'When a great big black-maned lion takes the arena in three jumps and lands in a flock of Christians, isn't that action?'

"Izzy sneered. 'Oh, Jove, yes, Boss—ten years ago. But that's old stuff. What the public wants is novelty. When a lion bites a Christian, that's nothing. But if a Christian bites a lion, that's *new*.'

"'Christians won't bite lions,' I said. 'That's the trouble. You said it yourself.'

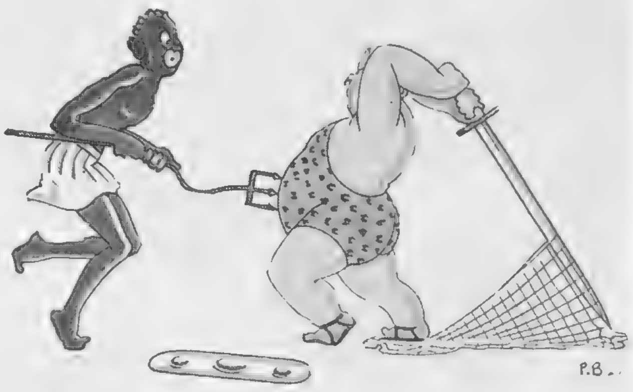
"Izzy looked thoughtful. 'Well,' he said, 'I'd hate to see you get fired, and I could use that extra fifty a week. So the sooner we can find us a real savage Christian that *will* bite, the better it'll be for all parties concerned.'

"'You can't do it,' I said. 'The trouble with these Christians is that the good ones are proud *not* to fight, and the bad ones don't ever *get* to the Arena.'

"So Izzy went away no more cheerful than I was.

BUT don't you imagine for one minute, Ponty, old boy, that a theatrical manager gets much time to worry over his own troubles. Right away there bursts in a noisy barbarian, a blue-eyed blonde as tall as a house. He was the best gladiator we'd got on the books, and came from somewhere across the north-west sea. A fight promoter had picked him up as a kid off a slave ship at Tunis, and as no one knew his name, and as he hadn't Latin enough to tell it, they called him Tuni for short.

"He had a reach about six inches more than the average, and used to fight with a long two-handed sword which no ordinary man could swing. Some of the other battlers tried to get him disqualified on account of it. But he made a big hit down at Naples by cutting Fritzud, the German axeman, clean in half. After this Tuni got so popular that people would bet whether he'd win a match by a clean cut or not.



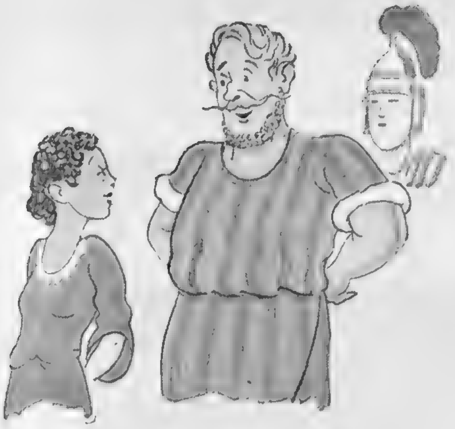
"*A couple of ham gladiators doing a burlesque of a fight between you and the Nubian. Just comic stuff, you know . . .*"

"Unluckily, just when he'd been matched to meet the Nubian champion, who fought with a net and a twelve-foot trident, Tuni's promoter went and died. And the Nubian, who was pretty slick, picked an easy fight with the champion of Gaul, and stuck him as full of holes as a sieve.

"THAT was what Tuni came to me about. He'd been fighting for the Circus for nearly a year, and he was tired of cutting second-raters in half and wanted to meet the champion. 'I want a crack at that Nubian,' he said, 'Why, the way he stalls this fight, you'd think he was one of these Christians!'

"'Look here,' I said to him, 'you don't like Nubians?'

"'Like 'em!' he snapped. 'Let me tell you; when I meet a Nubian my one idea is to dissever him.'



"*A little dark girl from Lutetia on the Seine; one of those black-haired babies with snappy eyes . . .*"

'Tuni,' I said, *are you* by any chance a Christian?'

"'Christian? Me? Why, what do you think? I'm a gladiator!

"I kicked the peg under the desk that rings an alarm bell outside. When the bell rang it meant that two of the Circus guards trained arrows on the visitor.

"'What was that bell?' asked Tuni.

"'Cast your eyes right and left,' I answered, 'and maybe you'll see something shiny.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I do. Looks like pointed steel. Pointed at *me*.'

"'Precisely,' I said. 'Now, keep cool, because the men behind those points have slippery fingers. Listen here: I've got the finest proposition that was ever offered to a gladiator. It's this way. The public's tired of this Christian finale business. As our publicity man says, when a lion eats a Christian it's old stuff, but if a Christian eats a lion, it's new.'

'Tuni looked confused. 'But I tell you I'm not a Christian,' he said. 'I'm a gladiator.'

"'For Jove's sake, what does that matter? Of *course* you're a gladiator. All *you've* got to do is just go and kill the lion.'

"HIS jaw dropped, and he said, 'See here! I didn't sign no contract to fight lions. I want to kill that Nubian.'

"'The lion *is* a Nubian,' I told him, 'a Nubian lion. Ask anybody in the animal department. So what are you grumbling about? Here I give you a Nubian to carve at, and you start alibiing. You fighters make me tired.'

"Tuni gave me a nasty look, and then I saw his eyes flicker over to the arrow-point on the right, and from there to the arrow-point on the left. He didn't say anything for a minute. He clenched and unclenched his fists in a way I mightn't have liked if we'd been alone on a deserted viaduct. Then he said, sort of feebly, 'But I thought those Christians didn't have any *swords*.'

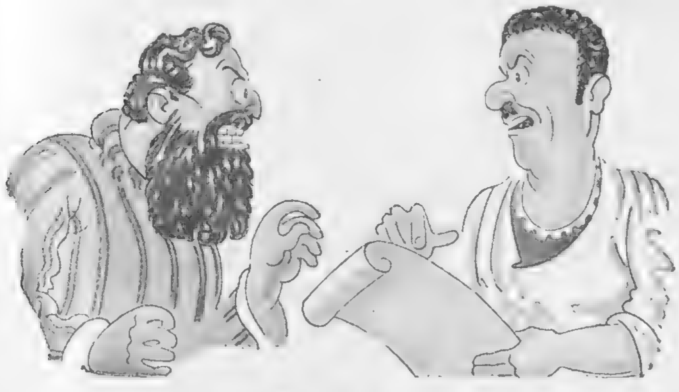
"'No more they do," said I, 'but . . . Let me explain. Haven't I told you that the public wants to see a Christian bite a lion? So here's the programme. You'll go into the arena in the Christian finale. Before *your* turn comes on we'll have a little preliminary, with a couple of ham gladiators doing a burlesque of a fight between you and the Nubian. Just comic stuff, you know. The one that isn't the Nubian will be carrying your best sword, and when the Nubian chases him he'll drop it and run. That will be their exit. *But the sword will lie there in the sand,* right under the Emperor's box.'

"You'd a thought, Ponty, that would have satisfied him. But all he said was, 'One of these hams is imitating me, and the other one's the Nubian?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'you got it right.'

"'Now say, Boss, I don't like that. I've got to think of my professional reputation. Why not put it the other way? Let the fake Nubian run away, and my man run so hot after him that he doesn't need his sword, and drops it?'

"'Have it your own way,' I said. 'What do I care who runs first? But I'll tell you this, my lad; champion or no champion, and contract or no contract, if you get this lion, I'll see that you have a fight with the real Nubian and his net and trident complete before this year's over.'

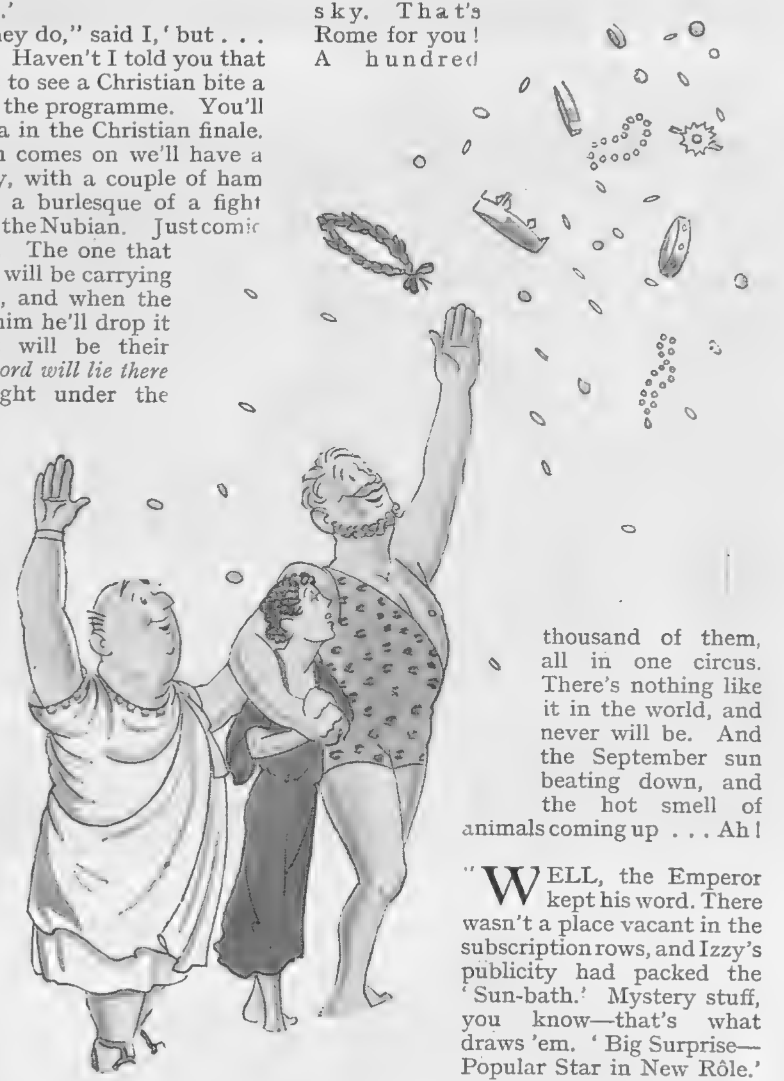


"*It's a strange thing that a lot of these alien people don't like each other . . .*"

"That seemed to please him. But he still managed to find objections. 'And supposing I don't *get* the lion,' he asked, 'what about my match with the Nubian *then*?'

"'Hades below!' I said. 'You make me sick. If you don't get that lion *you* won't be worrying about matches with Nubians . . .'

"D'you know, Pontus, whenever I smell saffron, or roasted nuts, or cheap Syrian perfume, I shut my eyes and see the Arena. The tiers of seats rising up like the side of a cliff, and the purple curtain over the Imperial box, and every seat in the house packed, right up to the sky. That's Rome for you! A hundred thousand of them, all in one circus. There's nothing like it in the world, and never will be. And the September sun beating down, and the hot smell of animals coming up . . . Ah!



Here was the Emperor throwing his own crown down on top of us . . . it was a riot!"

"WELL, the Emperor kept his word. There wasn't a place vacant in the subscription rows, and Izzy's publicity had packed the 'Sun-bath.' Mystery stuff, you know—that's what draws 'em. 'Big Surprise—Popular Star in New Rôle.' Nothing definite, you understand, to give the show away, but enough to tell them that they mustn't miss it.

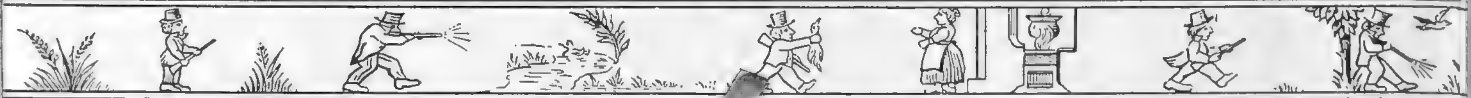
"I'd done my best for the whole programme, and even the ballet went pretty well. Oh, I'd worked up an *absolutely new* idea—a beauty contest for the prettiest slave in Rome, to be decided by popular vote, with a golden wreath for the winner. The patrician boys were boosting their pet girls, and buying up tickets all through the Sun-bath.

"So everything went with a bang. They gave the Indian rope trick three calls. And a troop of Caucasian fire-swallowers brought down the house.

"The burlesque of the Tuni-Nubian match went big too. When the fake Tuni dodged the trident and *dropped his sword* according to plan and started for the Nubian with bare hands and the black began to run; you could have heard the applause down here at Pæstum! My little Izzy was right. What the crowd wants is *action*.

"And so we came to the Christian finale. I don't mind telling you I'd been having a pretty bad time. Tuni got *nervous* at the last minute, and was afraid he wasn't going to be able to

(*Continued on page* 186)



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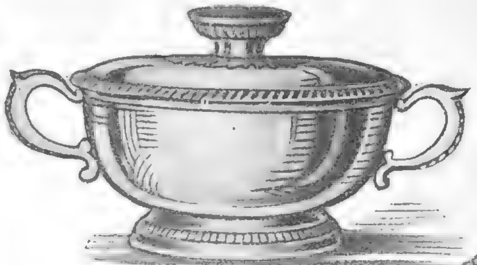

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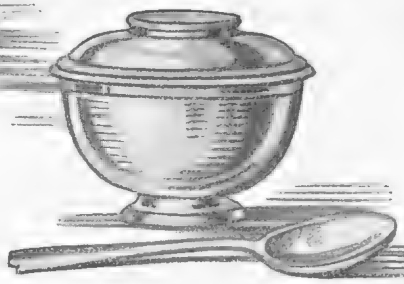

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NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

Her Majesty the Queen of Italy : *by* Evelyn Graham

(*Continued from page* 61)

patent. The Tsar's present on one occasion to Prince Nicholas was a few hundred thousand rifles. Would Princess Elena—it almost came to that—so work on her Italian husband that Italy would leave the Triple Alliance and come over to the side of Russia and *ergo* France?

Princess Elena had never any idea of doing other than her duty to her husband and her new people. Some princesses have played pranks with politics, but Princess Elena was not of the brand. She has, with her husband, gone through such a momentous time in the history of Italy that it has probably been worth while suggesting the political background.

Even amongst the Italians there was not much enthusiasm for the marriage at the time. It was a love match, but at that time the Italian people were suffering from a bad dose of the "inferiority complex." Their army had been shattered in Abyssinia. And Montenegro suggested no accession of national strength. Had Princess Elena been English or Russian or German, the Italians, I have not the slightest doubt, would have felt a far greater pride in the match than they did.

Princess Giovanna, one of the charming daughters of the King and Queen of Italy

PRINCESS ELENA had to conquer by her beauty and character. She belonged to the Orthodox Church, and had to be received into the Roman Catholic Church before the marriage could take place.

The marriage has been thoroughly happy. Queen Elena has identified herself with her husband and his people. She has been able fortunately to fill the position to which she has been called, not merely with grace and distinction, but also with sincerity.

She is an accomplished musician, a clever artist, a linguist, and an expert photographer. She is, one sees, well fitted to be the Queen in a country that is redolent of art and abounds with artistic treasures.

Her early training in her mountainous home was an excellent preliminary. She could climb mountains with her husband, and never had he to cry a halt because of her. She could endure to the end. It was a capital equipment.

She rides well, and at Racconigi—as at other places—she and the Prince would go riding together. She is also an admirable shot. One learnt to be that in Montenegro. She was mountain-bred for sport, and that has stood her in good stead. She does not shoot much now, but in the early days of her married life she regularly accompanied the King on his shoots, and her bag was invariably excellent.

IT is this mixture of court and field, of the domestic and the regal, that stamps Queen Elena. Some rulers carry about the stamp of royalty. There is about them an air of pride, of something "thronish." Not so with Queen Elena. She does not keep you at arm's length with haughtiness. You would never be frozen in her presence on account of a regal bearing. You always feel the gracious lady. And the more one comes in contact with her, the more one senses the real woman.

For Queen Elena is shy. That trait crops up, as we know, with royalty. It is probably due to the fact that their position, their duties demand so much, they are almost afraid of slipping. They must get nervous. After all, they are human.

At a reception given by Queen Margherita, Princess Elena hesitated at the door. It was almost a comic situation. But rules and tags of etiquette are terrible things at courts. Queen Margherita had to go to her daughter-in-law and lead her in.

It is really a charming picture, and gives us an insight into the character of the gracious lady who now stands so faithfully by her husband in these interesting days for Italy.

QUEEN Elena treasures most happy memories of Monte Cristo. The Prince bought this island soon after they were married, and there the two would go for peace and quiet and sport. It was stocked with game, and there was splendid fishing, walking, hunting.

They also indulged in yachting, for the Prince had a Clyde-built boat of about 350 tons, and he and the Princess went to Spitzbergen in it. This was then something of a voyage, for it was the farthest point reached by an Italian ship (80°).

(Eva Barrett, Rome)

Princess Maria of Savoia, the Italian Princess who was brought up under an English nurse

It was when they were on the *Yela* a second time that they were driven into the Firth of Forth by bad weather, and took the opportunity of paying a visit to Edinburgh. It was when the Prince and Princess were yachting in the Mediterranean that they received the news of the attack that had been made on the King. The message merely said "The King seriously ill." The next thing they saw was a torpedo-boat coming to them with the flag half-mast.

King Humbert had distributed some prizes after a gymnastic display at Monza, and had entered his carriage when four shots rang out. "Drive on," said the King. But the next moment he said, "I think I am wounded." And when the carriage entered the park the King was dead.

IN 1896 Princess Elena was married. In 1900 she became Queen of Italy. At the time of the coronation, Italy was in a state of unrest. Fortunately, the King and Queen were of exceptional characters. They had courage in the highest degree, and both have an intense feeling for duty. There may be kings as constitutional as Victor Emmanuel III, there are none to surpass him in what might be called citizenship. The Queen has been a very present help to him. She has known her place and filled it with admirable tact.

She has not only shown herself to be Queen on those occasions when sovereignty demands it, but she has played the woman with a most touching effect. There was an accident on the railway at Castel Ginbilco. The Queen did not stay away and send her sympathy; she went at once to the scene of the disaster and worked among the injured, putting on bandages with the rest. She did the same thing when the earthquakes had exacted their tragic tribute. Queen Elena went fearlessly amongst the ruins, when there was the chance that at any moment walls might fall and overwhelm her.

SOME of that old mountaineering spirit must be in her blood, as well as superb qualities of heart, for on this occasion she was one of the most daring and one of the most aiding. She picked up children from the masses of tumbled masonry and carried them to the boats. She worked incessantly. Amongst her other accomplishments is that of nursing, which she has taken seriously. She was invaluable in these terrible days in Calabria and Sicily. She could help the doctors, wash and dress wounds, and give just that practical aid that was essential at the moment.

Her behaviour during these terrible earthquakes almost deserves the epithet sublime. Shock followed shock. Only people of fine nerve or a stern sense of duty could hold out. Queen Elena never flinched. She worked unceasingly. There was always the danger of hysteria at the

(*Continued on page* 170)

The Cowes *of* Yesterday:

By HECTOR BOLITHO: *Continued from page* 27.

children are playing. He eats curds and sugar with Princess Beatrice in the summer-house, and she beats him at a game of croquet. Afterwards, when she has made her cakes in the kitchen she says, "As Dr. Stanley is not here, I shall give them to the donkey."

IT is to Osborne that the Queen retires when the Prince Consort dies in 1861. It is at Osborne that she herself dies in 1901 when she has reigned so long that there is hardly anybody alive who cannot remember the day when she was not on the throne. When she was a child she had known three kings who reigned before her, and now, as an old, old lady, she can see three generations of Princes who will reign after her.

The Victorian curtain is lowered, very slowly, and Osborne's doors are closed, very slowly. When the next summer comes nobody looks out from under the cedar tree to see the footmen crossing the lawn or the white yachts moving out across the Solent.

There is very little movement in the picture—it belongs to an age of quiet. But if we walk back to the sea again, and forget this dream of eighty years ago, we shall find that the Isle of Wight is now a place of speed—the roads by the sea are long ribbons of whirling dust and screaming girls in berets, laughing hysterically when the car reaches a speed of fifty miles an hour. I raise my hands and offer up a prayer, although it has been offered before. It is, "Oh Lord, turn back the universe and give us yesterday."

H.R.H. Princess Beatrice at the age of six

H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught in 1864

H.M. Queen Victoria in 1860

IT was to Osborne that the Prince of Wales went as a Naval Cadet when he was eleven years old. He steamed down Southampton Water with his tutor to enter upon a new chapter of his rigorous education. There was no great-grandmother beneath the cedar tree then—Osborne was empty, and the Victorian ghosts had been forced to sit back and see a terrible vandalism.

King Edward loved Cowes, but he chose to see it from his yacht rather than from the Italian balconies of Osborne. So he handed the house and park over to the State, and in the gardens a naval college was built, with endless one-storeyed dormitories and rooms. It might have been a military camp desecrating the Victorian quiet.

The ghosts lifted their flowered dresses about an inch from the ground and scurried off to whatever retreat they could find. Hundreds of noisy boys ran about the lawns, and the State apartments were closed, except on certain days when tourists were lined up and shown from room to room.

AND the rooms *within* Osborne were full of surprises. Queen Victoria hoarded all the sentimental *objets d'art* which have become the symbol of her taste and which are so dear to tourists. Never were corridors so crowded nor tables so heavy with ornaments. There were vases taller than the Queen herself, and on the walls of the dining-room, in the state apartments, Winterhalter had painted the famous group in which the Queen and her Consort were surrounded by the Princes and Princesses.

In the billiard-room and in the drawing-room there were pillars like columns of brawn, and uncomfortable chairs, with writhing arms, covered in silks, beside which Joseph's coat would have seemed a pale anæmic thing.

The rooms were unchanged when the Prince came here as a little boy of eleven, though none but tourists walked in them. His concern was not with these shadows of his great-grandmother, but with the stern business of the naval college. Everybody loved him, for he was unspoiled and simple. He was known as the Sardine. He worked very hard at Osborne, and in the days in the workshop he knew what it was to have "grease on his face and steel filings in his hair."

ONE of the delights of the boys at Osborne was to go to Carisbrooke, where they could see the great well, which is still worked by donkeys who walk into the immense wooden wheel which winds the buckets up from the water level deep in the earth. There is no more pleasant sight in all the Isle of Wight than this well at Carisbrooke, with the old donkeys, who have grown used to their monotony, walking into the well-house, stepping into the wheel without an order or any encouragement.

A portrait of H.M. King Edward VII taken in 1860

The last portrait of the Prince Consort, taken in the year of his death

But the story of Osborne is young compared with that of Carisbrooke Castle. The walls and ramparts and towers of the castle still stand, making a roofless shell within which there are gardens and lawns and the house in which Princess Beatrice lives as Governor of the island. There is, too, a chapel which was restored as a war memorial, and also in memory of Charles the First who was imprisoned here before his execution. The stalls and stonework are pleasant, but we go into the open air again to warm our hearts with the divine sense of age, which softens every line and every broken column and every beheaded tower of this beautiful old place.

YOU may still encircle the castle, walking along the ramparts and up and down outside the fragments of stone steps, looking outside to the undulating green sward, to the houses of the town, and, nearer, the bowling-green which was made for Charles the First when he was imprisoned here.

Within the castle fallen stones have been removed and only the bare walls are standing, with occasional window frames and fireplaces on outer walls, without the rooms which surrounded them. But there are gardens within the walls and rich English lawns. In the centre of all this is the charming house which is Princess Beatrice's right as Governor.

There are arrow-slits in the broken

(*Continued on page* 172).

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The Stage

Plays and PLAYERS:

A Crop of Fine Performances

By Diana Bourbon

THE next hardest thing to *killing* a tradition, in the theatre, seems to be creating one.

A limited number of actors and actresses have become traditions, and their professional reputations accordingly immortal. They may—often do—give shocking performances; or they repeat, *ad nauseam*, the one performance that originally made their names. Everybody, having been told so on the best authority, continues to think them wonderful; and resents nothing so much as any attempt to disturb them in this faith.

Bertram Park

Two of the most interesting performances in London. Leslie Banks and the exquisite Mary Newcomb in "The Infinite Shoeblack"

Miss Lynn Fontanne, leading lady of "Caprice," though English born, had to go to New York before she could get a chance of recognition. She comes back to London a "star"

Stage Photo Co.

Gordon Harker, whose richly comic performance as a Cockney "lag" gets most of the laughs in "Persons Unknown"

The process of becoming a tradition is thornier. We have had evidence of it this spring and early summer, with a crop of really fine performances we should have to go back a long way to beat, quite inadequately acknowledged by the general public.

In each case—unfortunately—the play left something to be desired. We are much harder up for dramatists capable of turning their mixture out of the jelly mould without spoiling it than we are for artists capable of interpreting the result.

IT is significant that, in four cases out of the five I have in mind, the subject of the play was potentially far more significant and "important" than its author allowed it to become.

The fifth, completely unpretentious, low-brow entertainment, comes off perfectly successfully — Edgar Wallace's *Persons Unknown*. In this play three really superb performances were given. One by Gordon Harker (how well known is this fine actor to the general public?) as an authentic Cockney wit and gaol-bird. The second, delicious little cameo of a hard-boiled Station-Sergeant, by one Arthur Stratton. And the third by an anonymous mob of uniformed policemen and one anonymous "drunk and disorderly," whose spirited opening to the second scene brought down the house.

The four higher in the brow were, in order of seniority, *Paris Bound, The Infinite Shoeblack, The Matriarch* and *Keepers of Youth.*

IN *Paris Bound*, a play that dithered away after an unusually promising first act simply because its author was too lazy to work out his own theme properly, and tried to cover up the want of some good hard work with a couple of cheap stunts, Edna Best at last touched goal. Personality this actress always had. To it she has now added a wholly new tenderness, a serenity, charm and technical mastery, justifying the praise showered on her as a flapper years ago.

Number two, *The Infinite Shoeblack*, was marred by some obscurity and too much quotation from an author whose works are not exactly pocket companions to-day—Carlyle. It was more than compensated by the superb performance of Leslie Banks, which could not have been bettered; while Mary Newcomb, an actress still new to London, brought off a *tour de force*.

THE *Matriarch* (curious, by the way, how little attention London pays to any appearance of the famous and accomplished "Mrs. Pat") missed fire because no play could compress within the limits of its proscenium arch the broad canvas of G. B. Stern's splendid novel. *Tents of Israel* was a Jewish epic. To attempt to dramatise it—a mistake.

Keepers of Youth, acted by one of those starless companies that, for the sake of argument (if not with perfect truth), one may call "unknown," delighted one with an almost perfectly balanced "team" performance. It is a scathing and highly dramatic indictment of the private school "for the sons of gentlemen." In fact, a sort of *Young Woodley* of the teaching staff that had not the luck to get the advertisement of being banned.

Banned plays seem to be the *ne plus ultra* of what the public nowadays wants to see. The one overwhelming success of the late spring was the private production of the notorious *Shanghai Gesture*. No one would have gone round the corner to see this crude melodrama if it had not been found worthy of the attentions of the Censor.

"T*he* Movie F*inger* writes . . ."

A Monthly Review of Current Film Topics

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Corinne Griffith as Lady Hamilton and Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson in "The Divine Lady," which has been shown at the Piccadilly

ALL opposition has, literally, been talked down, and we are snowed under by staggering statistics. It has been amusing to see the critics overbalance from their precarious position on the edge of prejudice and topple over into the intensively cultivated field of the talkie-farmers; while British authors and actors scoffing at "hack scenarists and illiterate title writers," are telling each other and the public that, at last, the artist and expert, whether he be dramatist, impresario or elocutionist, is coming into his own.

MEANWHILE American talking, singing, and sobbing films, showing little of the contributory influence of any of the aforementioned educated and educatory forces, are playing to enormous audiences everywhere.

The figures are bewildering and impressive. "The Singing Fool" played to three and three-quarter millions in the same time that "Ben Hur," which was the record breaker among silent films, was seen by *one* million people. "Noah's Ark," having filled the Piccadilly Theatre for nearly three months, after another successful "season" at the Rialto, will probably be seen at dozens of provincial houses during the holiday months.

EXACT dates cannot be given, as the release time-table has been completely upset by the talkie invasion. A talking film arrives in London, is shown within a few days, runs for weeks or months no one can prognosticate, and is immediately booked and shown at the provincial theatres where sound apparatus is installed. The problem of interchangeable systems has already been tackled and practically solved.

THE astonishing thing about the overwhelming success of the talkies is that the public will still not admit that they like them. One hears derisive comment, and the audience laughs at emotional exchanges when, clasped in each others arms, between the clucking sound of kisses, the hero and heroine vocally express their love; "Gee, Biby, but you're a poifect kid!" "Mebbe thomeday I'll tell yu how I love yu!" the silent exposition of which would have been received in rapt and hand-clasped seriousness.

Personally, I feel like the man who, leaving a super-talkie, was heard to quote the Two Black Crows, and say, "Even if it *was* good I wouldn't like it!" If it were not my duty to my editor and my readers to follow the developments of sound effects step by step and lisp by lisp I would never go to a talking film. But it seems to me that it does not matter whether the talkies have come to stay since they have come to pay, and when a film star like Al Jolson sings for his supper it is certain to be a champagne and caviare affair.

THE explanation of the rush to see and hear talking films can no longer be curiosity—at least, not curiosity about the technical side of the innovation. It may be the Pygmalion and Galatea spirit, the idea of the film fans that their idols will be more imbued with life if they hear the tones of their voices as well as see them exude glycerine tears.

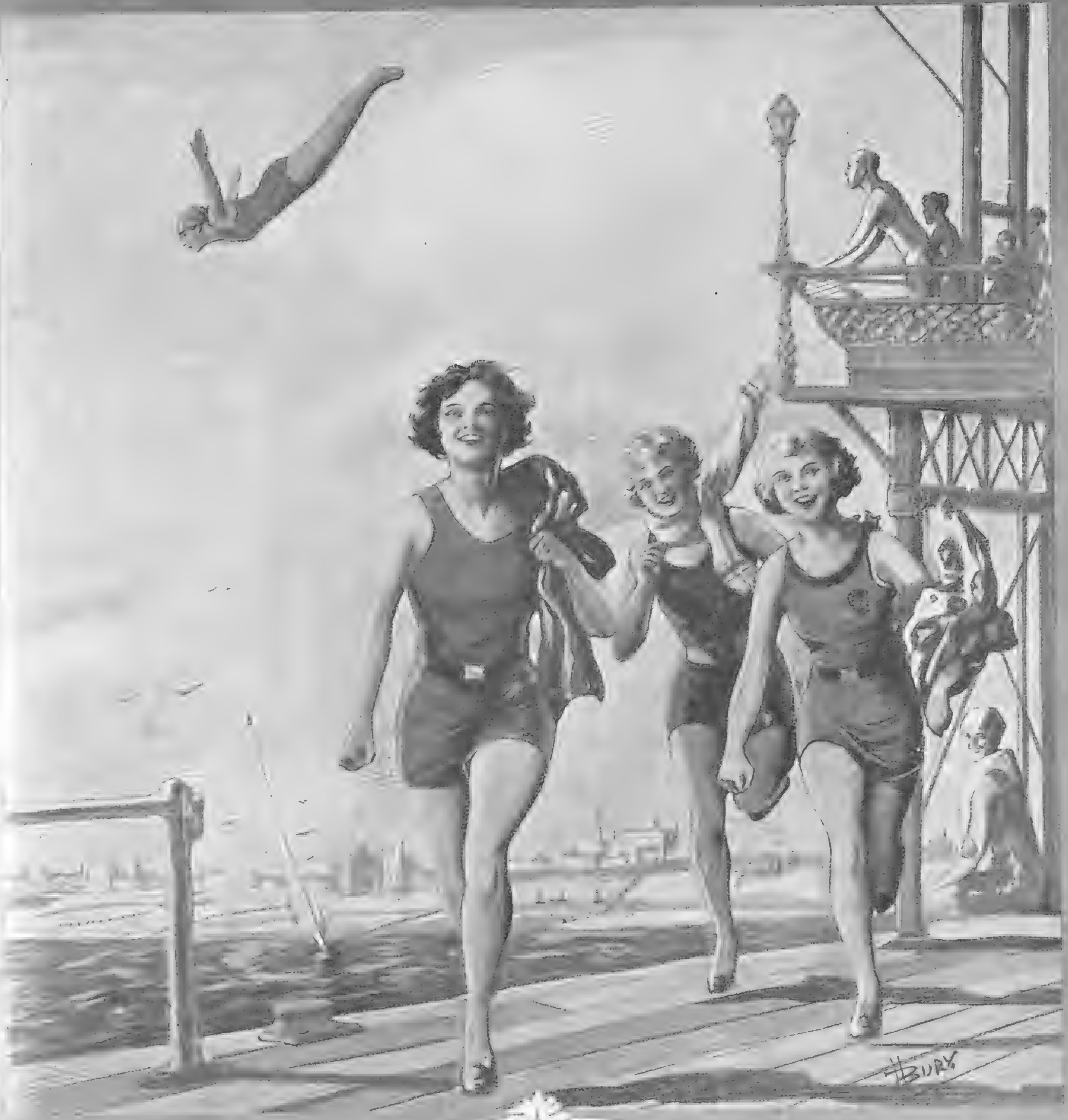
If so, surely the results must be disillusioning when strong silent men are converted into bellowing automatons and silent sylphs like Norma Shearer (who displayed such romantic grace in "Trelawney of the Wells") become husky and raucous "sob sisters," as the latter does in the sound version of "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

"The Broadway Melody" at the Empire, a super-revue-cum-comedy drama, has been shown six times daily to crowded houses. Above are Charles King, Anita Page and Bessie Love in what our contributor describes as "an undressing room scene"

PERHAPS the curiosity is about the strange customs and vernacular of the American people, which are much more blatantly revealed in talking films than they were in silent screen pictures—possibly because they are made for a larger and less imaginative public. In this case English speaking films will fall flat in this country and can only have a *succès de curiosité* in America and on the Continent. Then it will be a moot point whether intimate knowledge of other nations' ways and means will drive all peoples to mutual destruction, or whether lethal weapons will for ever be discarded in exchange for laughter!

At the moment of writing, according to the American Press, "The Broadway Melody" is the sound film most representative of what they can and will do. It includes comedy-drama, song, dance, spectacle and colour photography.

There is something both ingenuous and gross in this story of a "sister act" before and behind the curtain of a Broadway theatre, and the success of the crudely, commonly pretty sister (Anita Page) on the stage and in the affections of the man they both love, and the "freezing out" of the one with talent and character, brilliantly and audibly played by Bessie Love. The undressing room scenes come near to being offensive, and one feels with some embarrassment that one is actually seeing at any rate one aspect of America *en déshabillé.*



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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

P.456

Edmund Harrington

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Window Shopping

Here are two versions of a cocktail shaker or drink cooler which produces ice-cold drinks without any ice. The cooling ingredients are packed in convenient air-tight cartons. Cocktail shakers 21/- and 60/-

Grape fruit, fruit cocktails and sweets of the Coupe Jacques and Pêche Melba variety look extremely attractive and help the appearance of the dinner-table when served in these English glasses of glowing colours. They cost 11/9 each

A bridge set for the traveller consists of a rep tablecloth which packs into a bag fitted with pockets for bridge scorers and packs of cards. It measures 17 by 11 inches and may be obtained in blue or green edged with gold galon. £2 19s. 6d.

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ariums which are so popular would be
lightful on a sunny window sill. It
ts 3/- and the glass rocks, cacti
d sea creatures are from 2/6 upwards

low : The cut glass spirit decanter is
usual in design and particularly lovely
ing to its glowing amber colour, which can
matched by table glasses. Decanter 35/-
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r cigarettes would make a wonderful gift
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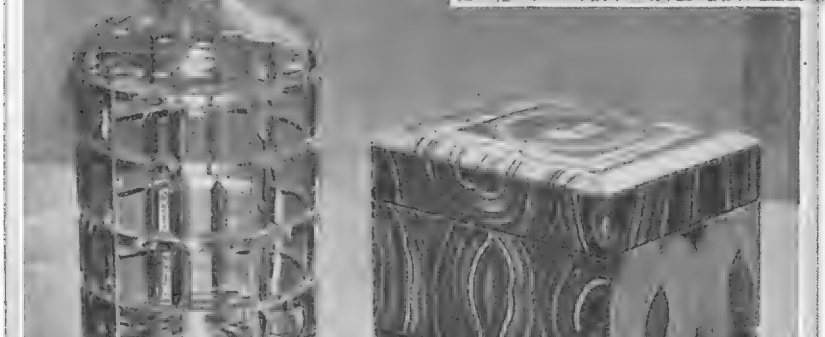
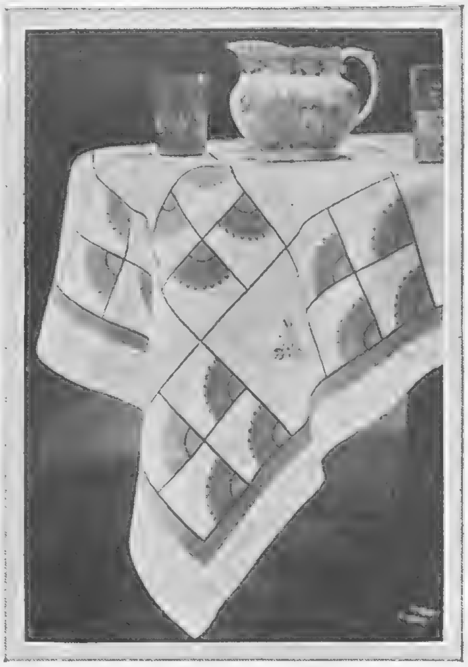
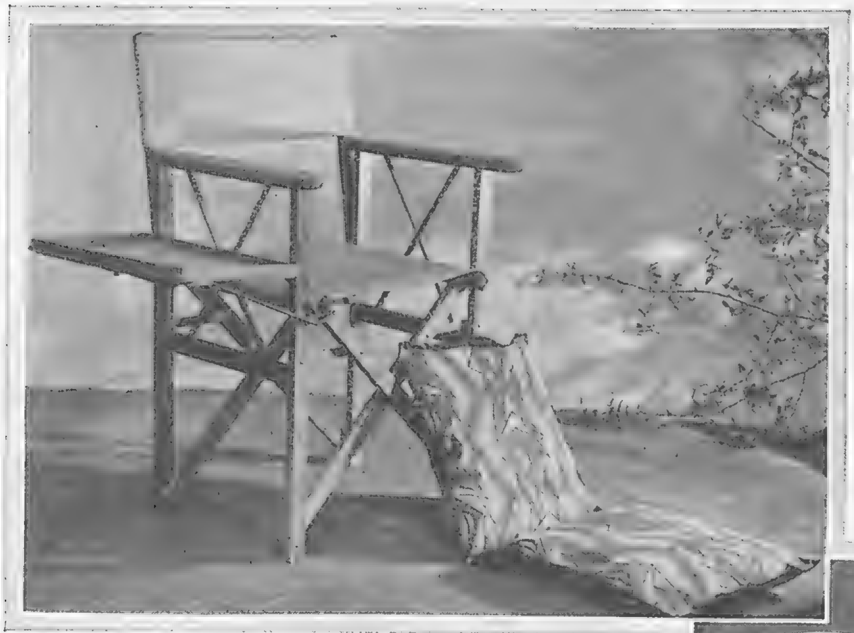




An afternoon tea-cloth with six matching table-napkins is made in natural linen adorned with bright colours which make it appropriate for use in the garden where delicate tones are inclined to look faded. The complete set costs only 23/6

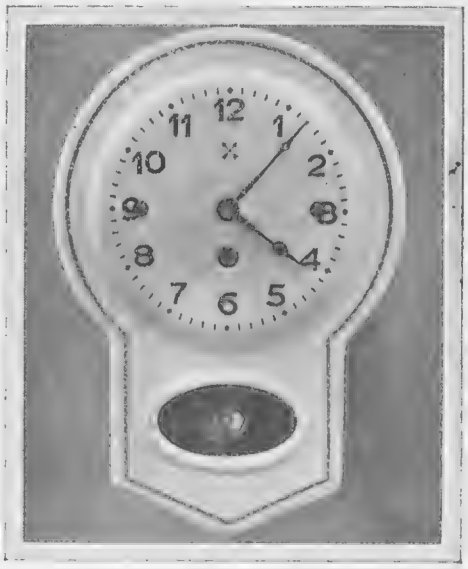
Photos by
E. J. Mason

Window Shopping

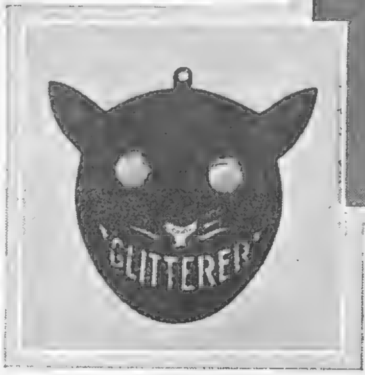


A new version of the folding campfire chair has a strong and useful attached tray which automatically rises into position when the chair is opened. 19/5. The folding garden cushion is covered with gay cretonne, backed with waterproof, and finished with two carrying handles. 12/9

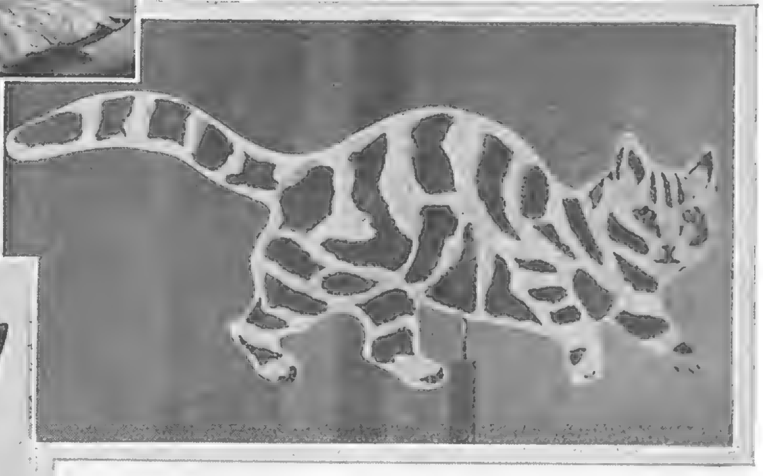
Photographs by E. J. Mason



Time is most important in the kitchen, and a reliable kitchen clock which is also agreeable to look at is worth knowing about. This one is made of white enamel with black lettering, and goes for eight days. 15/9

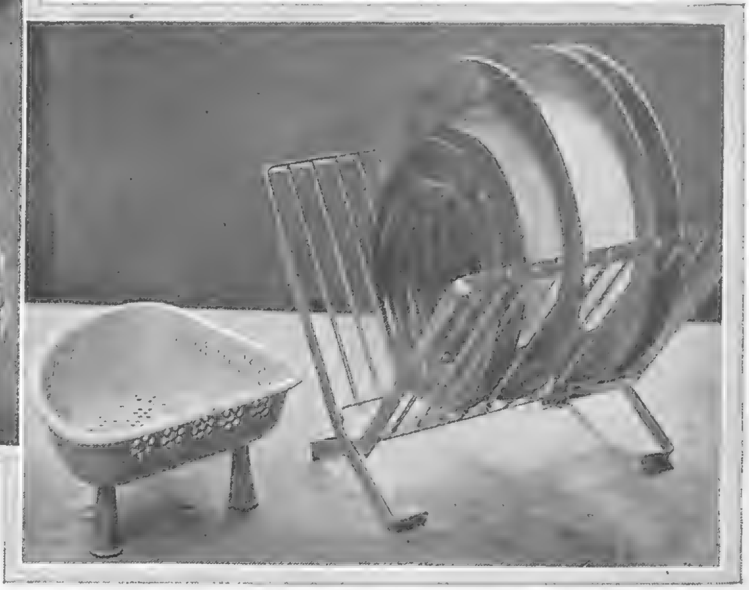


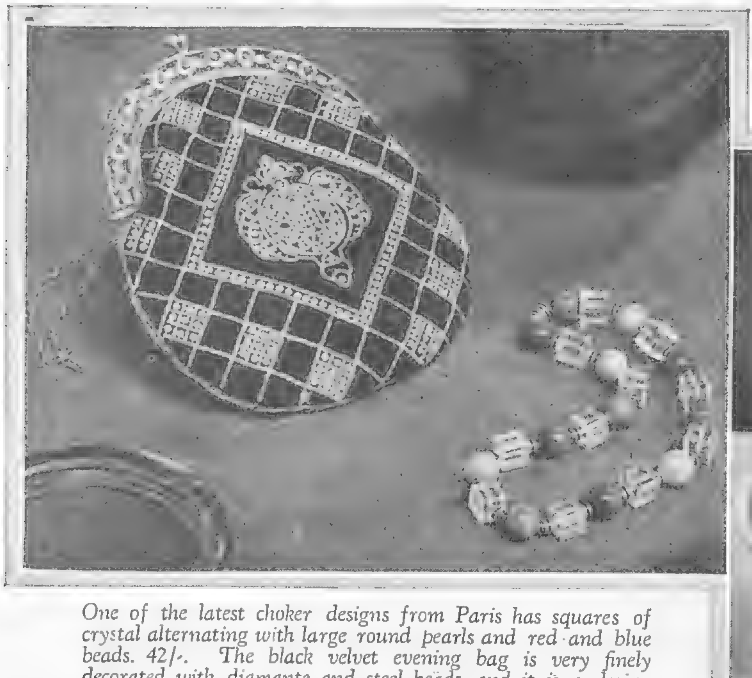
These amusing cats are very effective bird scarers, both during the seed sowing and fruit gathering seasons. They are made of sheet metal; are painted black on both sides, have glass eyes which catch and reflect the light, and are constantly on the move when hung from the branches of a tree or from a pole. 6d. each



Another good bird scarer in the form of a complete tabby cat in black and grey. This is also made in sheet metal, and fits into a stake set in the ground so that it can be placed beneath fruit trees or among seed beds. It revolves with the slightest breeze and has transparent glass eyes like its bodiless sisters. 3/6

Below: A very steady folding plate rack, which may be put away when not needed, is invaluable for the tiny kitchen or sculleryette. This one costs 2/6. The sink tidy which stands on legs made of enamel like itself is a vast improvement upon the legless variety





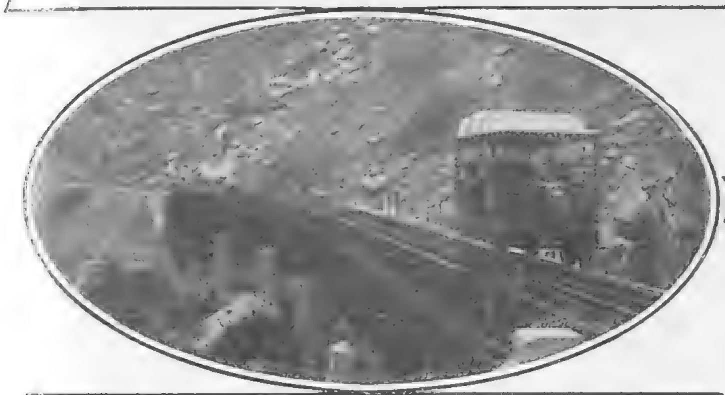
One of the latest choker designs from Paris has squares of crystal alternating with large round pearls and red and blue beads. 42/-. The black velvet evening bag is very finely decorated with diamante and steel beads, and it is a design which would not easily get out of fashion. The price is £5

THE BENGUELA RAILWAY FROM LOBITO BAY

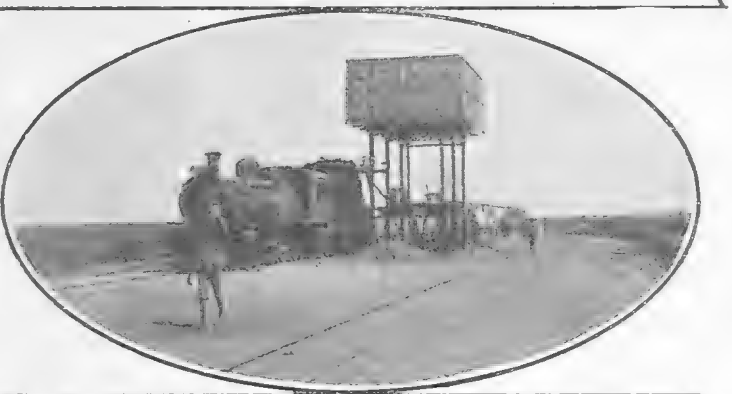
THE LATEST ECONOMIC LINE ON THE AFRICAN CONTINENT

Shipping cattle from trucks on the wharf at Lobito Bay.

Natives milling grain in Angola. Over 70,000 tons of maize were exported last year.



A Viaduct at the entrance of the Gorge Gore on the Benguela Railway. The engineering difficulties which had to be surmounted during construction were considerable in places.



Taking in water at the wayside station on the Benguela Railway

One of the many splendid motor roads in Angola which act as feeders to the Benguela Railway.

Two of the large Garratt locomotives used to haul 500-ton loads on the line.

The heart of Africa has at last been pierced by a railway driven directly eastward from a point on the Atlantic Coast some twelve degrees south of the Equator. A Brief History of the Benguela Railway, published by the company, tells entertainingly the story of its construction. It is to the initiative and genius of Sir Robert Williams, created a baronet last year in appreciation of his half-century of work to develop Africa, that credit for this long-needed railway is due. In co-operation with Belgian interests he promoted the Union Miniere de Haut-Katanga, which has now become one of the world's largest producers of copper. To shorten by thousands of miles the land and water distances from that company's mines in the Belgian Congo to the markets of Europe and North America he planned the Benguela Railway. Directly west from the vast copper deposits of Katanga and Northern Rhodesia lay Lobito Bay, a magnificent natural harbour on the Atlantic Coast. From there the railway climbs through the mighty gorges of the arid Coastal Barrier to the central plateau of Angola, Portugal's West Coast Colony, and reaches the Belgian Congo border at a distance of 830 miles. To finance and construct the railway Sir Robert formed a Portuguese company, Caminho de ferro de Benguela, and with Portuguese and British co-operation it reached its objective last August. H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught witnessed the official opening last month. The Benguela Railway affords an almost air-direct route between Europe and Central Africa ; the line is being extended through the Belgian Congo to join up with the Katanga Railway system to provide Africa with its first transcontinental all-rail line, and it already is hastening the agricultural development of Central Africa's great plateau, a highly fertile region of delightful and healthful climate half as big as Europe. So greatly have the distances been shortened that the British guests of the company, who attended its opening ceremony last month sailed to and from Lobito Bay in the South African Mail Boats, the "Carnarvon Castle" and the "Balmoral Castle," travelled over the Benguela Railway to the heart of Africa, and yet were only absent from England just over five weeks.

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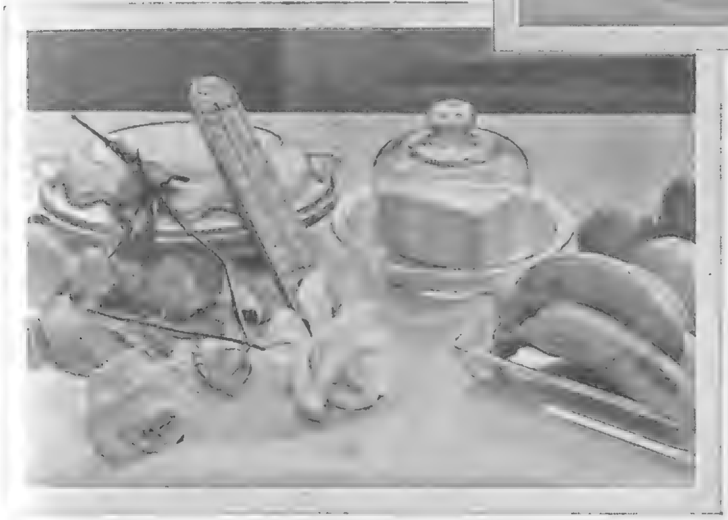
Why a Refrigerator?

Photos by E. J. Mason

Complete peace of mind over the wholesomeness of the household food and increased scope for providing cool and attractive dishes and drinks at any moment are the benefits bestowed by the mechanical refrigerator

By Catherine Ives

Eggs need not be covered; covering is not really necessary for tomatoes, and definitely inadvisable for soft fruits like strawberries and raspberries, but essential for most other things



Flowers that have seemed completely finished can be wonderfully rejuvenated in a refrigerator. Roses need about an hour and a half, but the time varies with different flowers

WHY should one have a refrigerator at all?

This is a question quite often propounded by people who have done without one quite happily for a great many years.

The reasons why a mechanical refrigerator which makes its own ice is so valuable may be roughly divided into three.

The first is because of the way in which it simplifies housekeeping. It will keep food fresh and wholesome four or five times as long as is possible otherwise, and this means that one can not only save time by planning meals for several days ahead, but also by buying all the ingredients at the same time. It also means avoiding the dismal expense of having to throw food away because it is no longer good, an occurrence which is often inescapable in hot or thundery weather when there is only a larder in which to store things, and which is likely to happen still more often now owing to the law against preservatives which was recently passed.

Both glass and fireproof china dishes are excellent for refrigerator storage. Those made in square or oblong shapes take up less room than the round or oval ones

A second reason is the fact that the mechanical refrigerator provides great scope for making food attractive to look at, and therefore more palatable.

You can keep salad greens and herbs, a tomato or two, pimentoes and such things always ready to decorate a dish, instead of having to buy fresh ones each time. You can easily make an immense variety of iced sweets, soups and other cold dishes with a refrigerator always ready to freeze them for you, whereas without it their preparation would be much longer and more complicated.

A third reason is as sound as those I have already mentioned, but perhaps more definitely æsthetic. This is that the refrigerator is also skilful at reviving flowers which seemed too faded to keep. Not all flowers need to spend the same length of time in the frosty temperature, but a few experiments soon determine how long to allow for the commoner varieties.

There are several different types of mechanical refrigerators, and three different methods of supplying their motive power, i.e., gas, electricity, and paraffin. The one which uses paraffin is a recent addition, and makes adequate refrigeration possible in the depths of the country where gas and electricity are not.

The three things about which it is most necessary to be particular are the construction of the cabinet, the dependability of the motor, and the capacity and arrangement of the shelves. The best cabinets are of steel, enamelled outside and lined with porcelain.

Now for the way in which to use a mechanical refrigerator to the best advantage.

Almost everything you put on the shelves should be covered. This helps them to keep their individual flavours and their original moisture, which is important in most cases, but especially so with green vegetables and salads. The principal exceptions to this rule are soft fruits like strawberries.

Joints and birds may be covered with waxed paper. Vegetables, cooked foods, butter, and so on may be kept in covered dishes of glass, fireproof china, or enamel. Metal dishes are inadvisable.

The temperature in the refrigerator should never rise above 50 degrees, and the best temperature is from 40 to 42 degrees (Fahrenheit).

The one thing you must never put in a refrigerator is a syphon—unless you want it to burst.

Madam, did *you* KNOW?

Practical paragraphs for Home Consumption

THAT enamel food containers which can be piled one on top of the other are now obtainable for keeping food in refrigerators, where it is desirable that it should be covered? They are inexpensive, and very easily cleaned.

ABOUT the electric gas lighter which saves so many matches, and the suction egg-beater which whisks eggs so efficiently and makes each egg go almost twice as far as usual?

THAT there is a preparation which really does remove ink splashes or blots from paper, and other stains from white or fast-dyed materials?

It consists of two liquids, a red one and a white one, and when properly used there is no danger of damage to the fabric.

THAT it is possible to mend kettles, saucepans, enamel basins and similar objects with very little trouble and without the assistance of a soldering iron?

The article which is to be mended must first be freed from grease or moisture. It is then heated, and the damaged portion rubbed with the cement, which hardens almost immediately.

The frost-box works on the evaporation principle, so that the hotter the day the cooler its contents are kept. The enamel food containers are excellent for refrigerator use

THAT there is a most efficient milk-pourer which can be fitted to the top of any milk-bottle and promptly transforms it into a jug? This is not only convenient, in that it saves washing up, but is also hygienic, in that it prevents the milk from coming into contact with the outside of the bottle, as so often happens when pouring the milk out in the ordinary way. It must be remembered that milk-bottles are usually exposed to the dust of the streets for some time before they enter the house.

THAT there is a new milk-cooker which is invaluable for heating milk for coffee, etc.; and also when engaged in the preliminary preparation of milk sauces?

The cooker is double, so that the milk is heated in a water-jacket. It cannot boil over; and as soon as it reaches the temperature beyond which medical opinion holds that it should not go, a whistle is sounded.

THAT there is a frost-box which performs all kinds of cooling duties in places where ice or a mechanical refrigerator are unavailable?

This is made in two shapes. A tall one, illustrated on this page, in which you can preserve milk, lemonade, wine, and so on at a low temperature; and a low oblong one, which is more convenient for cooked foods, butter, fish, meat, etc. No chemicals are needed, because the cold is produced by evaporation, and the hotter the day the cooler the frost-box.

This milk-pourer can be fitted to the top of any milk-bottle and promptly transforms it into a jug. The milk-cooker cannot boil over or overheat the milk

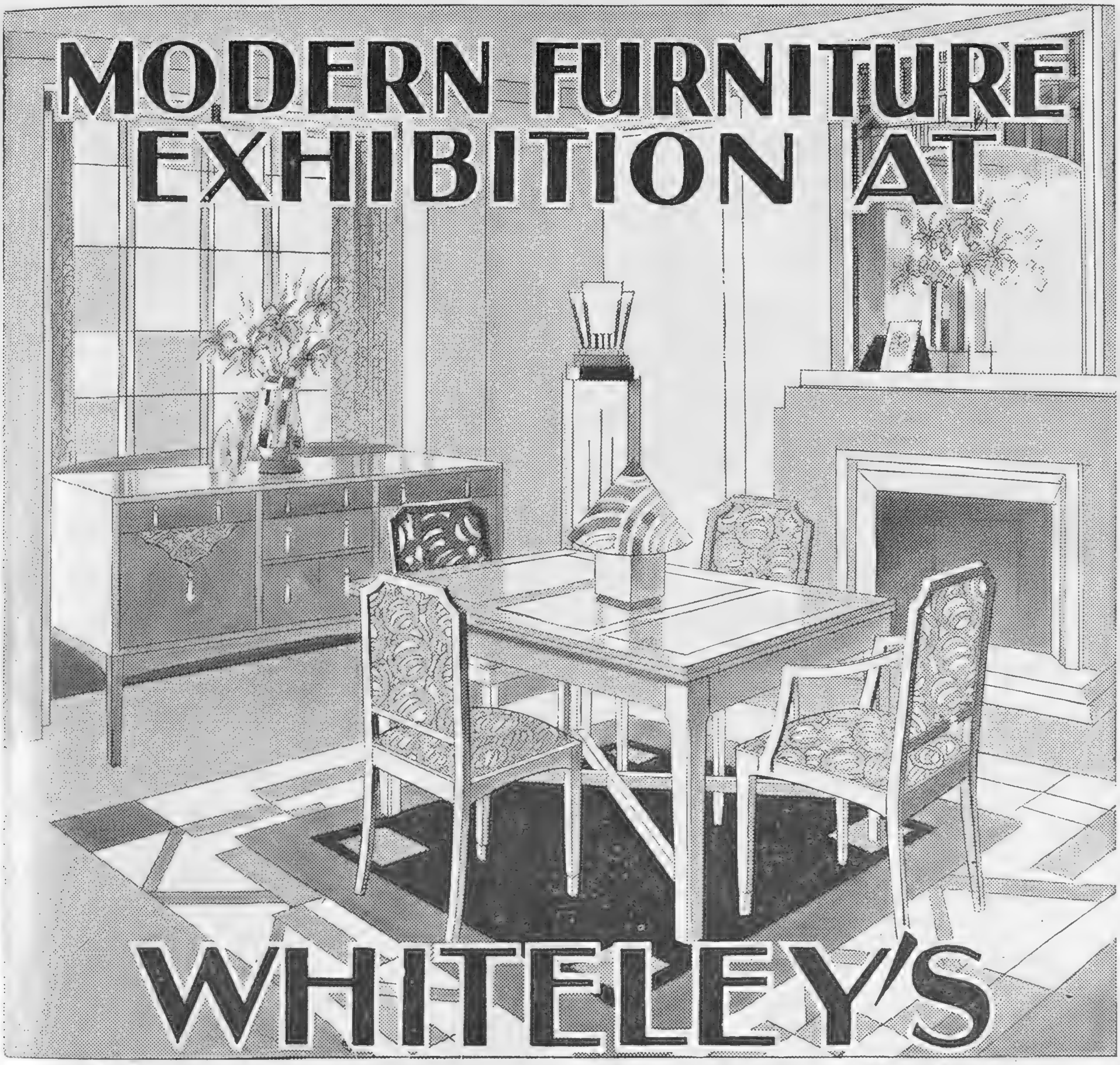
An electric gas lighter lasts a long time, saves innumerable matches and is cheaply refilled. The suction egg-beater is a recent invention which makes one egg go almost as far as two

THAT plasticine is an excellent medium for persuading tall candles to stand upright in their candlesticks?

When the candlesticks are of glass, china or wood it is even wise to choose those which are smaller at the base than the holes in which they will have to fit (or shave them until they are) and surround them with a thin layer of plasticine. This preserves glass and china from cracking and wood from burning in the case of candles which have been forgotten and allowed to burn to the end.

THAT ordinary eau de Cologne in which a few crystals of menthol have been dissolved is extraordinarily cool and refreshing during very hot weather?

N.B.—It is inadvisable to use this as an after-the-bath spray, or the effect may be even colder than one could wish!



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AS ILLUSTRATED. A very artistic Dining Room Suite in the MODERN STYLE. The pieces are soundly constructed, and have finely figured veneers of WALNUT and MACASSAR EBONY. Silver and blue coloured enrichments are thrown into effective relief. The sideboard is 5 ft. wide, and is fitted with five drawers, one cupboard with a shelf and a cellarette. One drawer is divided and lined for cutlery. The Dining Table is 5 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 3 in. when opened. The seats and backs of the chairs are covered with a beautifully coloured tapestry. The pieces are finished a tasteful light brown shade. Sideboard, table, four small and one elbow chairs. **£96.10.0**

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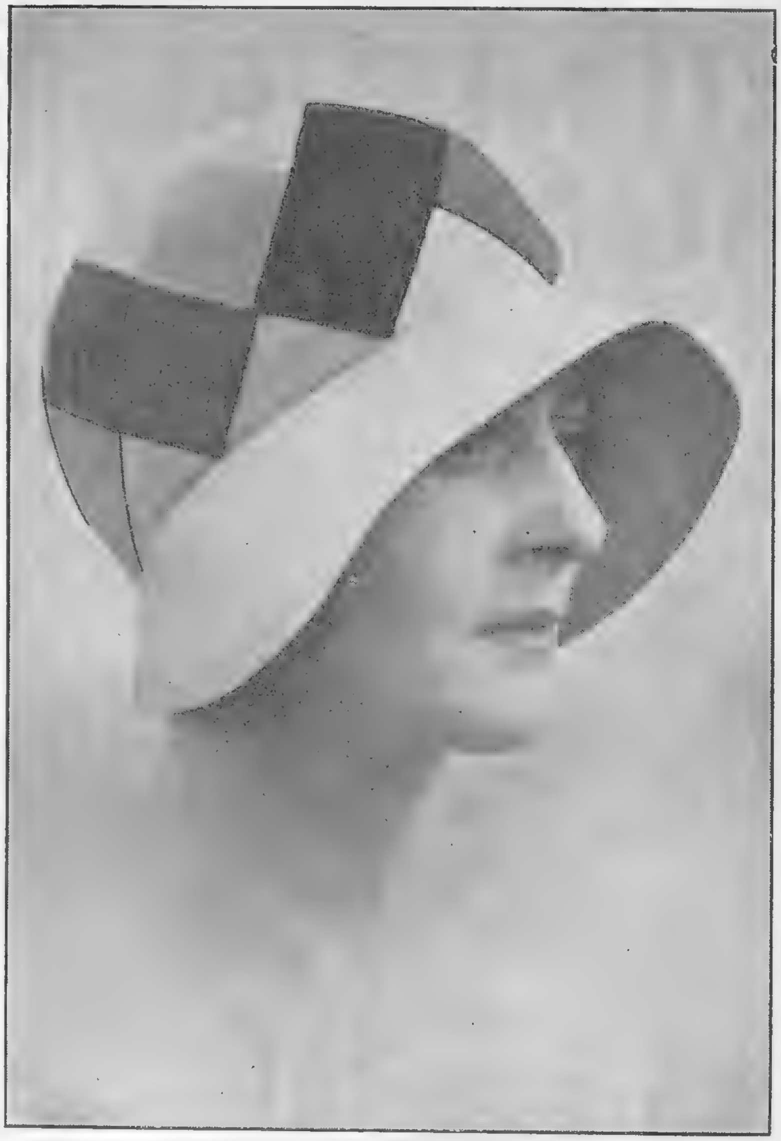

Hat of Felt in the new Bonnet style trimmed with appliqued felt in colour. Colours :—Beige, walnut, lido blue, navy, almond, green and black.

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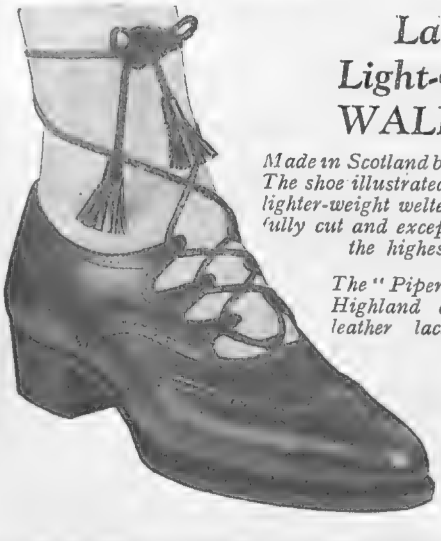

Ladies' Scotch Light-weight Welted WALKING SHOES

Made in Scotland by craftsmen unexcelled for brogues. The shoe illustrated, now introduced by Jenners, is a lighter-weight welted style of real refinement, beautifully cut and exceptionally comfortable; made from the highest grades of leather only.

The "Piper Brogue," based on a traditiona Highland clan shoe, with extra length leather laces in Tan or Black Calf

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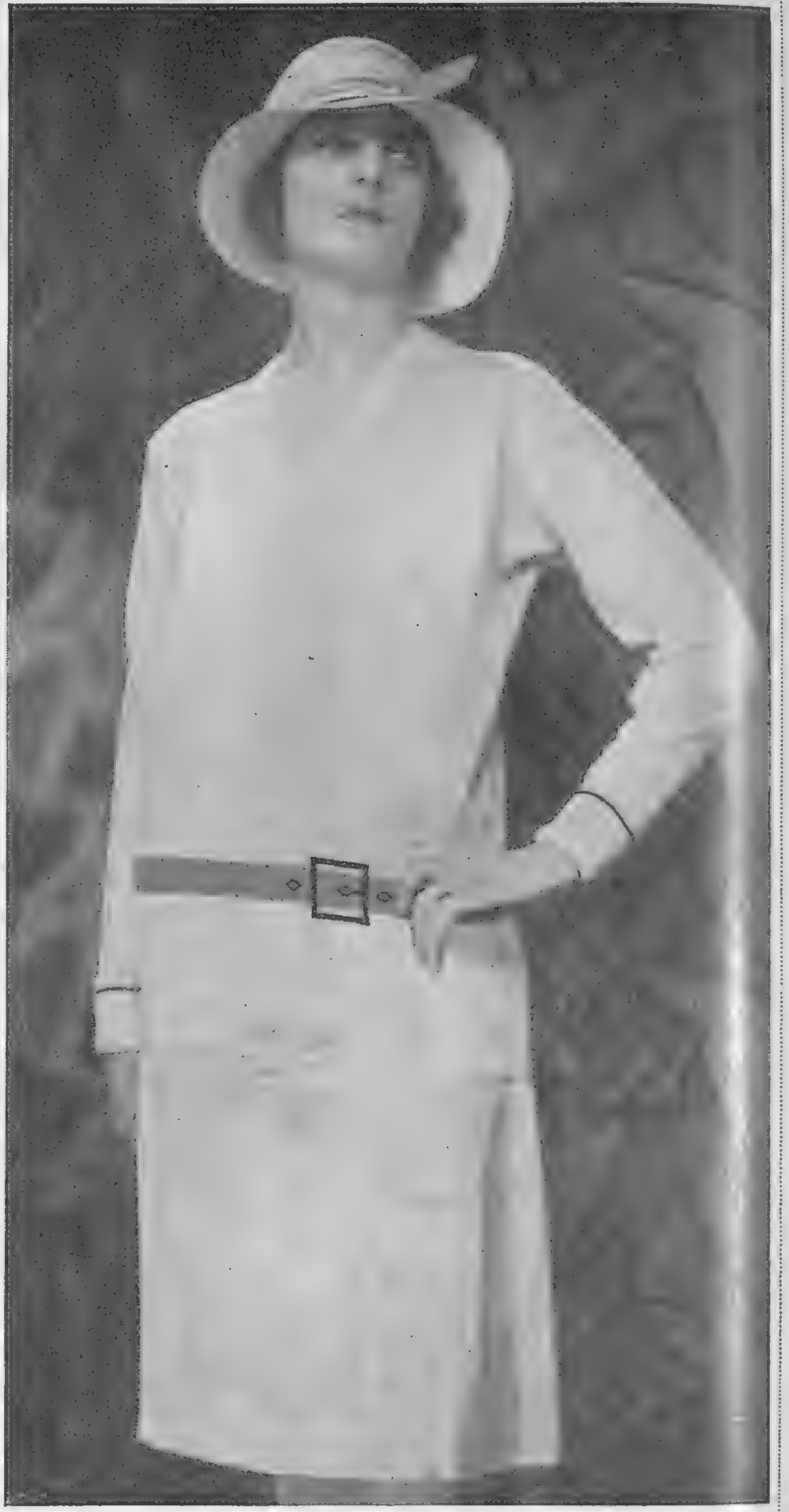

MANY of the most exclusive styles of Knitted Sports garments for Ladies which are shown in Paris and America are actually made in Scotland. Jenners were among the very few who introduced, years ago, knitted outer garments for Ladies. They to-day maintain the highest reputation for the most exclusive fine Scottish Knitwear.

Scotch Knit TENNIS Jumper of fine soft white wool, with belt effect woven in contrasting colour of blue, red, lemon or green. Price 57/6
In sizes to fit bust 33, 36 or 38 inches

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The hat is of stitched crêpe de chine in two shades with band of self colour. Pric
£3 : 19 : 6

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PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH
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Women's GOLF Section : Conducted by ELEANOR E. HELME

The "*EVE*" Scottish Foursomes at Nairn

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE sixth year of "Eve's" Scottish Foursomes had one of their most delightful venues in visiting Nairn. It would indeed be a blind eye that could concern itself with nothing but golf there, and fail to look up every now and again across the sea of flaming gorse to the blue hills the other side of the Firth or away to the west beyond Inverness. The weather on the whole was kind, if cold, with only enough showers to make the fine days all the more welcome and beautiful.

A competition always loses something by the absence of its holder, and though Miss Stenhouse was there, Miss Shewan had unfortunately to be an absentee, so that Miss Stenhouse played instead with Miss E. C. Morrice of Douglas Park, the pair going out in the second round to that very trusty foursome pair, Miss McCulloch and Mrs. F. G. Neilson. On the whole it seemed as if the golf were rather of the in-and-out order, so that you could never be quite sure where to go in search of brilliance. One day it would be Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Wallace Williamson giving ten strokes to Mrs. Peploe and Miss Stone or eleven to Miss Mackay and Mrs. Cram and still winning by 6 and 5, or by 4 and 3 from Mrs. Allan and Mrs. McHaffie Gordon. In watching some of those deeds you discovered that you had missed Miss Strain and Miss Morrison holing long mashie shots and putting spoons stone dead against Mrs. Drybrough and Miss Lennox. And then, lo and behold, when you ran out next round hoping for a repetition of all these thrills, Miss Strain and Miss Morrison were getting beaten by Miss Couper and Miss Weir, and you were missing Miss Lobbett and Dr. Alexander's wonderful recovery after being four down to Miss Tate and Miss Maitland. But recoveries was that pair's strongest suit, the whole week seeing nothing better than their win on the last green from Mrs. George Coats and Mrs. Andrew Holm, who had also been four up on them, and had been out in 38.

The winners with the "Eve" Challenge Cups, replicas —and chocolates! Miss Couper and Miss Weir after receiving the prizes from Major Clark

WHEN so much was good it is hard to pick out the best matches. Should we do better with a short biographical notice, so to speak, of the eight semi-finalists? Miss Couper and Miss Weir, with twelve between them, Miss Couper having just come down to two. Playing with Miss Lloyd Price, Miss Couper won the Scottish Foursomes in 1925; has since become a Scottish internationalist and developed an excellent short game in addition to her length. Miss Weir, short and steady, with a pretty swing. Miss Lobbett: English internationalist, famous in the annals of every "Eve" Foursome and the London inter-club ones, partnered this time not by Miss D. R. Fowler but by Dr. Marion Alexander, the pair having just the same power of gallant recovery as the Miss Lobbett–Miss Fowler combination; joint handicap, six. Miss Cecil Leitch, who needs positively no introduction, and Mrs. Dunlop Hill, who needs a good deal, because ill health has prevented her putting into practice the really fine game which is hers; has an old-fashioned full swing, marvellous recoveries and putting. Playing from scratch it was a great achievement for the pair to come through. Miss Nimmo and Miss Murray Stuart: joint handicap, 22; Miss Nimmo, a reformed long hitter, who during the week at Nairn was not on the best of terms with her wooden clubs, the most valuable part of her game being, undoubtedly, very long putts, although in the final she had lost touch on the greens and could not get up to the holes. Miss Murray Stuart has the shortest swing that can ever have figured in any final, taking a wooden club back twice the pace and half the distance that most people do a mashie. With a longer swing, and a little coaching and practice she ought to have the physique to hit a very long ball.

There we have the *dramatis personæ* for the semi-finals. In the top one the

The runners-up : Miss M. Murray-Stuart and Miss H. Nimmo

Miss Helen Skene and Miss Margot Cox

Miss Nell Forrest and Miss Vyvian Lamb

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

Miss E. C. Morrice, Miss D. Stenhouse, and the Misses E. and M. Robertson-Durham

excellence of Miss Couper and Miss Weir's short game, and the temporary indifference of Miss Lobbett and Dr. Alexander in that respect, turned the match in Miss Couper's favour 6 and 4. In the other it was Miss Nimmo's long putts and eight strokes which did the damage. In the final, inexperience was probably accountable for a good many of the losers' mistakes, and Miss Couper and Miss Weir played steadily enough to give four strokes and win by 5 and 4. The kindness of the Nairn Club could not have been exceeded: in the most charming way possible they placed the course and the club-house at the disposal of the competition, and made everyone feel welcome guests.

Miss E. O. Hodge, Mrs. Glen Donaldson, Miss Jean Callock and Mrs. Neilson

The 1929 *Open* Championship *at* St. *Andrews*

By Eleanor E. Helme

PEOPLE who produce statistics and tell you that such and such a thing has never happened before are almost as bad as the croakers who tell you that it never can happen again. But here is one of those "never has happened before" facts which really are interesting and worth remembering. It is this, that no two men in the final of an amateur championship at St. Andrews have ever both kept in the magic enclosure of the seventies for the entire day. But that is what Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Glenna Collett did in their final.

Having committed to print that about no men, etc., one begins to have a horrid wonderment whether it is true. Let it therefore hastily be added that the statement is repeated as gleaned from the lips of a dweller in St. Andrews, and may surely be accepted as the truth. And the tees, mind you, were very little shorter than those from which the men do battle.

Now how, and where, and why, and wherefore is Miss Wethered better than any other living lady? There seems to be no controversy over the fact that she is, but nobody has succeeded in explaining her genius except by calling it that. She makes the game look so ridiculously simple. You feel almost annoyed that "that wumman," as opposing caddies called her in indignant admiration, should hit the ball so much farther and more accurately than you can do, for no apparent and obvious reason. And can keep on doing it without intermission all through two internationals and a championship. That is where Miss Wethered is undoubtedly a greater golfer than Miss Collett, if one can judge by what the American player has done over here. Miss Collett can rise wonderfully to a great occasion, but she cannot, from what we have seen, spur herself into playing overpowering golf all the time. Miss Wethered is like the chef who boils an egg or makes a rice pudding better than anybody else, as well as cooking a banquet to perfection; Miss Collett seems to need the stimulus of the banquet.

ONE used to think that there were other players who could hit the ball as far as Miss Wethered, only they could not keep on doing it. Even that small merit must now be denied to the others, for Miss Wethered hits the ball farther than any of them. There only appeared to be one possible joint in the harness, and that was in the matter of putts, and it was because her touch on the greens deserted her in the morning of the final that Miss Collett was able to get that big lead on her, a lead which nobody except Miss Wethered herself could ever have pulled back.

If one could only take a leap into the future, what would one find to be the one impression left above all others of the 1929 championship? It would undoubtedly be of Miss Wethered, pale, calm, smiling now and again, but mostly apparently imperturbable, stepping modestly through a gangway made for her by Miss Enid Wilson through the surging crowd.

What will be remembered of all the other players, Miss Wethered's long line of distinguished victims ending in Mrs. Guedalla, Miss Collett's culminating in Miss Doris Park—Miss Doris Park, who was the first Scottish medallist in the Open for eight years? It seems a little hard on all of these that memory will almost inevitably pass them over. Yet how can it be otherwise? If the sun is shining, the brightest of stars are apt to be invisible.

The "*EVE*" Golf Calendar

JULY

July brings a lull,
But you needn't be dull
Though the fixture list is bare.
You can take for a change
To some game that is strange,
Or loaf in a garden chair,
Or try your luck
(Mind you don't get stuck)
With a punt pole, or else repair
To some sandy bay
Where the waves are at play
And a bathing suit's the wear.

There are things by the score
Besides golf to explore,
And may I make bold to suggest
That you and the Ball
Will not suffer at all
If you both should partake of a rest.

Verses by Eleanor E. Helme
and Nance Paul
Decorations *by* Charles Ambrose

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE.

FIXTURE LIST

JULY.

10. Woodhall Spa Open Competition for Institute for the Blind.
11. Divisional Final, Eastern and Western Sub-Division of Northern Division.
11. Royal Mid-Surrey *v.* United Services at Mid-Surrey.
16. United Services *v.* Roehampton at Ashford Manor.
16. Durham County Medal.
17. Willingdon Open Meeting.
17 and 18. Parliamentary Spring Meeting and Tournament at Princes Sandwich.

AUGUST

3. Woodhall Spa Open Medal.
5. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
6. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
20. Durham County Medal.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Girls' Golfing Society Autumn Meeting at Stoke Poges.
11, 12, and 13. EVE'S Girls' Open Championship at Stoke Poges.
17. Durham County Medal.
18. Maidenhead Open Meeting.
23. Woodhall Spa Open Bogey.
24. Woodhall Spa Open Mixed Foursomes.
24. Lancashire Clubs Qualifying Round Lady Derby Cup at Manchester.
24 and 25. Hayland Island Open Meeting.
25. Notts County Autumn Meeting at Radcliffe.
25, 26, and 27. Worcestershire Championship at Malvern.
25. Essex Autumn Meeting at Thorpe Hall.
26. Brocton Hall Open Meeting.
26. Durham County Autumn Meeting at South Shields.
27. Surrey Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Wentworth.
27. Hendon Open Meeting.
27. Goodwood Open Meeting.
28. Bexhill Open Mixed Foursomes.
30. Medical Autumn Meeting at Northwood.
30. Lancashire Clubs Lady Derby Cup Qualifying Round at Freshfield.

OCTOBER.

1. Herts Autumn Meeting (Seniors) at Berkhamsted.
1. Durham Shield Finals.
2. Rochester and Cobham Park Open Mixed Foursomes.
3 and 4. County Finals at Broadstone (Dorset).
4. Durham Shield Finals, Bronze Division.
7 to 11. English Close Championship at Dorset.
8. Veterans' Autumn Meeting at Coulsdon Court.
8. Durham Captains *v.* Secretaries Match at Wearside.
9. Herts Autumn Meeting (Juniors) at Porters Park.
. Guildford Open Mixed Foursomes.
15, 16, 17, and 18. EVE'S Autumn and Roehampton Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.
15. Durham County Medal.
16. Glos County Kitcat Finals at Gloucester.
21, etc. Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament.
23 and 24. Kent Autumn Meeting at Royal Blackheath.
Lady Marling Cup and General Meeting Glos County, Stinchcombe Hill.
24. Legal Autumn Meeting.
. United Services Autumn Meeting at Ashford Manor.
24. Surrey (Bronze Division) Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal (Open) at Purley Downs.
Pearson Trophy Finals in Kent.
. Guildford Challenge Cup (open to Members of all Surrey Clubs).
and 30. Middlesex Autumn Meeting at Crews Hill.
and 30. Lancashire County Lady Derby Cup Finals at Hesketh.
Star Tournament Finals.

SHOTS *of the* MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE has had much pleasure in awarding brooches for holing in one to :—

Miss K. M. Donne, Cheltenham Golf Club, 6th hole.

Mrs. H. O'Neill, Omagh Golf Club, 4th hole.

Dr. Annie Anderson, Walsall Golf Club, 12th hole.

Miss Megson, Worsley Golf Club, 8th hole.

Miss Lewis, Parkstone Golf Club, 18th hole.

Miss Crawley, Abbeydale Golf Club, 10th hole.

Miss N. Farrell, Athlone Golf Club, 7th hole.

Miss M. F. Richardson, Rothley Park, 4th hole.

Mrs. J. Neilson, Troon, 14th hole.

Mrs. J. Winks, Rothley Park, 16th hole.

Mrs. F. W. Bayliss, Walsall, 5th hole.

Miss C. M. Bell, Fulwell, 17th hole.

Mrs. Cowper, Moseley, 17th hole.

Mrs. J. V. R. Pardow, Bloxwich, 8th hole.

And congratulates the following players who, although lucky enough to hole in one, were unfortunate in being ineligible for an "Eve" brooch owing to the fact that they were only playing in friendly matches at the time :—

Mrs. P. Iliffe, Wellington, Coimbatore, India, 2nd hole.

Mrs. E. Beauchamp Brown, Sutton Coldfield, 15th hole.

Miss E. M. Hough, Builth Wells, 1st hole.

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the Course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON. JULY

Name *Mrs.* *Miss* ……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

……………………………………

For Club competition this card to be entered in the total of ……………………………………Club, of which I am a member.

Potpourri *of the* Month

The French and Irish Championships: County Surprises

THE French Open championship has crept up into one of the really big events of the year, no longer a playground for rabbits, but an arena for tigers. If you cannot win the Open, you make gallant attempts to do next best a few weeks later by annexing the French—if possible. Miss Molly Gourlay must be very warmly congratulated on achieving that distinction at Wimereux, especially as she was the holder. Almost equal kudos, however, goes to Mrs. Walter Payne, who, amongst other people, put out Mrs. Percy Garon and Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, and only lost 6 and 4 over 36 holes to Miss Gourlay herself. Mrs. Payne was once quite a humble though enthusiastic member of the Stage Ladies' Golfing Society, with an enormous handicap but a great capacity for hitting the ball hard and not too often. Nowadays she is in the high exalted ranks of golf, particularly since winning the London Foursomes in 1928, and although length is still valuable, her long putts are worth even more.

Mrs. H. J. Percy, Miss V. M. Middlemas and Miss J. Dykes competed in the "Eve" Scottish Foursomes at Nairn

If you really want excitement and uncertainty go to the Irish championship. Just at present nobody seems to win it more than once, and each time it is somebody who has never been thought of before. That was certainly the case this year, for Mrs. H. M. Hall, of Foxrock, defeated Miss Taylor, North West, one up in the final.

County golf has had a surprise this year, too, but change is always wholesome, and Buckinghamshire's defeat of Kent and consequent appearance in the County Finals at Broadstone is all for the excitement of the game.

The "*Eve*" Club Competition

Results for May

Club.	Members.	No. of Cards.	Percentage.
Ryde	23	8	34·78
Tamworth	60	8	13·33
Market Rasen	16	2	12·50
Blackwell	89	6	6·74
Clacton-on-Sea	60	4	6·67
Halesowen	50	3	6·00
Knott End and Fleetwood	39	2	5·13
Penzance	60	3	5·00
Hythe	40	2	5·00
Rugby	92	4	4·35
Hyde	70	3	4·28
Southport and Ainsdale	98	4	4·08
Derbyshire	75	3	4·00
Tyneside	140	5	3·57
Wadhurst Castle	29	1	3·45
Maidstone	60	2	3·33
Rowlands Castle	60	2	3·33
Sandwell Park	90	3	3·33
Swanage and Studland	30	1	3·33
Rothley Park	130	4	3·08
Leatherhead	130	4	3·08
Brockton Hall	100	3	3·00
Mapperley	73	2	2·74
Bramhall	190	5	2·63
Penrith	81	2	2·50
Whittington Barracks	82	2	2·44
Maidenhead	43	1	2·33
Clitheroe and District	45	1	2·22
La Moye	45	1	2·22
Brynhill	90	2	2·22
Camberley Heath	140	3	2·14
Chippenham	49	1	2·04
Walmer and Kingsdown	50	1	2·00
Lymm	50	1	2·00
Gloucester	102	2	1·96
Rushden & District	56	1	1·79
Kendal	117	2	1·71
Canterbury	118	2	1·69
Chislehurst	119	2	1·68
Aberdeen	180	3	1·67
Datchet	60	1	1·67
Cleethorpes	60	1	1·67
Bramall Park	129	2	1·55
Chorley	131	2	1·53
Moseley	135	2	1·48
Wilmslow	135	2	1·48
New Galloway	68	1	1·47
Leighton Buzzard	68	1	1·47
Bulwell Hall	74	1	1·35
Walsall	150	2	1·33
Thonock	80	1	1·25
Walmersley	80	1	1·25
Ifield	80	1	1·25
Hayling	81	1	1·23
Pwllheli	85	1	1·18
Royston	85	1	1·18
St. Melyd	85	1	1·18
Morecambe	169	2	1·18
Kingsthorpe	81	1	1·15
Gay Hill	90	1	1·11
Stoneham	185	2	1·08
Dorset	93	1	1·08
Dudley	94	1	1·06
Sunderland	95	1	1·05
Leek	95	1	1·05
Gosforth	96	1	1·04
Bloxwich	96	1	1·04
Copthorne	97	1	1·03
West Essex	97	1	1·03
Frilford Heath	200	2	1·00
Willesley Park	101	1	·99
Tee-Side	103	1	·97
Heysham	105	1	·95
Middlesbrough	110	1	·91
Oakdale	112	1	·89
Chester	120	1	·83
Sidcup	120	1	·83
Walmley	120	1	·83
West Kent	120	1	·83
Gosforth Park	127	1	·79
Chevin	130	1	·77
Blackpool N. Shore	130	1	·77
Manchester	146	1	·68
Birstall	150	1	·67
Sale	150	1	·67
North Shore Skegness	300	2	·67
Warrington	150	1	·67
West Kilbride	152	1	·67
Worsley	150	1	·67
Ringway	156	1	·64
Lancaster	161	1	·62
Paisley	162	1	·61
Wollaton Park	175	1	·57
Pannal	188	1	·53
Milltown	200	1	·50
Harrogate	207	1	·48
Troon	225	1	·44
Formby	256	1	·39
Birdkale	267	1	·37
Fulwell	300	1	·33
West Lancs	386	1	·20

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

The "EVE" GOLF Competitions

Readers are referred to the May number of BRITANNIA & EVE for full particulars of "Eve" Spoons and Brooches and the New Club Competition. Copies of the conditions have also been sent to each club affiliated to the L.G.U. The Monthly Medal results for May are given below.

Results *of the* "EVE" MAY Monthly Medal Competitions

CLASS I (Handicaps of 20 and under).

Mrs. J. R. B. Cramsie	Canterbury	84	13	71	84	13	below
Mrs. E. A. Over	Rugby	80	20	60	70	10	"
Miss M. J. Fletcher	Chorley	82	15	67	76	9	"
Miss E. M. Cossey	Rothley Park	84	17	67	76	9	"
Mrs. Carter	North West	82	12	70	78	8	"
Mrs. Yeoman	Gosforth	83	14	69	77	8	"
Miss M. Miller	North West	88	18	70	78	8	"
Mrs. C. Stuart	Formby	83	19	64	72	8	"
Mrs. P. Charlesworth	Benton Park	88	19	69	76	7	"
Miss E. Sperring	Sidcup	87	19	68	75	7	"
Mrs. Bewley	Penrith	87	19	68	75	7	"
Miss D. M. Hardie	Lowestoft	81	12	69	75	6	"
Miss A. M. Sopper	Copthorne	79	15	64	70	6	"
Mrs. W. Walker	West Essex	85	16	69	75	6	"
Mrs. T. H. Aldred	Ashton-on-Mersey	85	17	68	74	6	"
Miss K. Hearth	Rothley Park	87	17	70	76	6	"
Miss D. Wilson-Jones	Ruthin	83	18	65	71	6	"
Mrs. G. A. Hayes	Bradford Moor	84	19	65	71	6	"
Mrs. R. Bradshaw	Leatherhead	88	19	69	75	6	"
Mrs. B. I. Gracey Smith	Bulwell Hall	88	20	68	74	6	"
Mrs. Harland	Morecambe	81	12	69	74	5	"
Mrs. F. J. Bayley	Maidenhead	88	17	71	76	5	"
Mrs. Lincoln	Bramhall	90	19	71	76	5	"
Miss E. Kaye	North Worcestershire	89	20	69	74	5	"
Miss F. Crowther	Cleethorpes	90	20	70	75	5	"
Mrs. J. M. Martin	Tyneside	93	20	73	78	5	"
Miss T. McLeod	Carholme	80	11	69	73	4	"
Mrs. H. Bamber	North Shore	84	13	71	75	4	"
Mrs. F. Hands	North Worcestershire	87	17	70	74	4	"
Mrs. Hands	Rugby	84	18	66	70	[illegible]	"

CLASS II (Handicaps of over 20).

Miss J. E. Drake	Evesham	96	36	60	78	18	below
Miss D. C. Boase	Penzance	81	22	59	71	12	"
Miss R. Surridge	Walmer and Kingsdown	92	30	62	74	12	"
Miss M. Morrison	Tamworth	92	34	58	70	12	"
Miss E. Harker	Middlesbrough	96	36	60	72	12	"
Miss B. Hobbs	Curzon Park, Chester	93	28	65	76	11	"
Miss P. White	Bangor	99	30	69	80	11	"
Miss Champion	Canterbury	96	32	64	75	11	"
Mrs. A. L. Mackay	Maidstone	98	33	65	76	11	"
Miss M. Spelling	Thorpe Hall	99	34	65	76	11	"
Mrs. M. Bradley	Tees-side	96	35	61	72	11	"
Mrs. C. V. France	Coxmoor	96	35	61	72	11	"
Miss M. Young	West Cheshire	96	35	61	72	11	"
Miss I. Sykes	Brand Hall	99	36	63	74	11	"
Miss C. W. Kilpatrick	Paisley	95	36	59	70	11	"
Mrs. G. K. Sanders	Bramall Park	101	36	65	76	11	"
Mrs. H. Fraser	Chigwell	92	24	68	78	10	"
Miss K. M. Richardson	Coxmoor	91	29	62	72	10	"
Miss Whittaker	Pannal	97	30	67	77	10	"
Miss Handford	Whittington Barracks	101	33	68	78	10	"
Mrs. Doris White	Leek	100	35	65	75	10	"
Mrs. H. Hindsley	Brandwood House	99	36	63	73	10	"
Miss L. I. Scott	Penrith	92	26	66	75	9	"
Mrs. R. J. Forrest	Canterbury	95	29	66	75	9	"
Mrs. F. W. Brooks	Blackwell	96	29	67	76	9	"
Mrs. Stamp	Heysham	96	30	66	75	9	"
Miss M. Stott	St. Melyd	93	30	63	72	9	"
Mrs. Moss	Wilmslow	99	33	66	75	9	"
Mrs. Lavarack	Knebworth	100	33	67	76	9	"
Miss R. Carne	Penzance	79	21	58	66	8	"

"Eve's" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, 1929 (8th year) and Overflow Foursomes (5th year)

AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH, OCTOBER 15TH, 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH, 1929.

FOURSOMES AT ROEHAMPTON, OCTOBER 15TH, 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs

CONDITIONS.

Entries will be received up to 256 couples, without limit of handicap (playing limit 18 joint handicap for any couple at Ranelagh, 30 at Roehampton). Additional couples will be placed on a waiting list.

Entries close Monday, September 16th.

The 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will then be drawn to play in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh for the Challenge Cups and replicas and usual prizes, and the remaining couples will be drawn to play in the Roehampton Foursomes at Roehampton for prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE. Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round. Vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton by couples on the waiting list if the total number of couples entered exceeds 256.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes Final, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will be put into the Ranelagh draw on entering, even if by handicap they are only entitled to play in the Roehampton. This applies only if the pair play together again, not if either takes another partner. Such entries should be clearly marked FINALISTS.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts.

Competitors will be asked, shortly before close, to verify their handicaps, as any alteration may affect in which Foursomes they will be eligible to be drawn. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps, if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

"Eve's" Girls' Open Golf Championship, 1929

SCRATCH MATCH-PLAY KNOCK-OUT TOURNAMENT AT STOKE POGES, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 12TH AND 13TH.

NO QUALIFYING ROUND.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10th, 1929.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 26th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August number.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 11th, 12th and 13th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 12th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handioap prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 11th and 12th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 10th.

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Terms 18s. per day, or 15s. without lunch. (This includes transport to the Club).
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Accommodation will not be available at Stoke Poges (club-house), but competitors may practise free of charge on Monday.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1929 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, September 16th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
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(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } ....*of*.............................. *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..........................

Home Address..................................*Telephone No*.............

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L.G.U. Handicap....................

Home Address..................................*Telephone No*.............

Any alteration of handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified to Miss Helme at above address.

ENTRANCE FORM

No entrance fee

"EVE'S" GIRLS' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP
Stoke Poges, September 11th, 12th and 13th

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Miss.............................. *Date and year of birth* ....

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SPORTS SECTION: specially designed for WOMEN Readers of BRITANNIA & EVE

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Tennis on Tour

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A HOLIDAY without a tennis racket can scarcely be called a holiday. The ideal holiday resort must have both grass and hard tennis courts. You may choose the sea or the highlands, but the tennis court will be there whichever you choose.

THE really enthusiastic tennis player may spend a delightful holiday playing in seaside tournaments. These tournaments improve your play enormously, because you meet such a variety of styles and strokes. If you confine your play to your own club, you will soon find you know everyone's pet stroke and you get into the habit of positioning yourself for your opponent's well-known cross drive.

With strangers to play against, it is a very different matter. You must be alert and ready for every kind of unknown stroke and service. I remember in one tournament being opposed to a lady with a most peculiar service. I was ready to receive the ball when apparently she stooped to tie her shoe lace. I naturally relaxed and was amazed to find the ball speeding past me! She had a low underhand service which she started somewhere among her feet! It was quite simple once you knew what to expect, but most disconcerting at first.

SOUTH AFRICAN women lawn tennis players are here in force, and above may be seen (left to right) Miss "Billy" Tapscott, Mrs. Neave, Miss "Bobbie" Heine, and Miss De Smidt. With them are L. Raymond (left) and R. Malcolm

YOU will meet not only strange strokes, but strange personalities. There are unfortunately a few people so anxious to win that they are tempted to exercise what we might call "sharp practice." One keen woman, who had passed her first youth, always wore rather long lace-up white buckskin boots in which to play. When she was obviously tiring and needed a rest, she was in the habit of discovering a mysterious stone in one of these boots. This necessitated a long wait while she unlaced each boot in turn and slowly relaced them.

The Lawn Tennis Association have the holiday tournament player very much in mind when making up the list of tournament dates for the year. The dates are arranged so that one may decide, say, on a tour in Cornwall, North Devon and Somerset during August. The Bideford tournament is held from August 5th to 10th; then you go south into Cornwall for the Bude tournament from August 12th to 17th, and, if you are feeling very energetic and are playing well, what could be more attractive than to drive over Exmoor to Minehead and enjoy the joys and thrills of another hard week's tennis from August 19th to 24th?

PERHAPS you prefer the more bracing climate of the East Coast: then you can visit Saxmundham, Cromer and Hunstanton in the first three weeks of August.

Three weeks running of tournament play is rather hard work for the good player who is likely to survive until the finals, but for less ambitious players, who feel that they have done quite well if they are still in one event on the Thursday, it is not too much. This rather serious tournament programme may seem too pretentious for the ordinary club player, or perhaps she believes in mixing her holiday sports rather more. Then she will almost certainly be found playing in the Saturday afternoon tournament promoted by many of the seaside resorts.

THESE tournaments are played in pairs on the American system, and competitors are divided into sections and each pair plays all the other pairs in its section. The number of games played in each match must depend on the time at the disposal of the competitors, but it is generally eight or nine games.

However, everyone is in a holiday mood, and if a couple is occasionally "let in" no one minds. The play in this kind of tournament cannot be said to improve one's game, because the score is kept in games, not sets, and this tends to make players unduly careful.

The excitement is kept up until every match has been played. Even a weak couple, who have no chance of winning, may suddenly find that they are the centre of attraction. They are ready for their match against the favourites, and, though hardly expecting to get more than a game or two at most, they may affect the winners' score by just getting those two games. The runners-up are urging them to get at least two games off the favourites and so allow them (the runners-up) to tie or beat the favourites!

CRICKET is Here!

By Mrs. Eustace White

Women are appreciating more and more the pleasures of this fascinating game, and take the field in increasing numbers every Season

Miss E. Parish having a knock at the nets

EVERY year cricket takes a firmer hold on the affections of women as a summer term game. Many girls on leaving school are loth to give up a game from which they have derived so much pleasure and learnt many a lesson in true sportsmanship.

WITHIN the last few years women's cricket clubs have sprung up all over the country, until it was felt that the time was ripe for the formation of a Women's Cricket Association. This was accordingly accomplished in 1926 under the able chairmanship of Mrs. Heron Maxwell; Miss V. M. M. Cox became the honorary secretary, and the association is rapidly growing under their leadership. The number of affiliated clubs has nearly doubled in two years, and individual members are also increasing.

Believing that dress or uniform plays a very important part in any team game, the Women's Cricket Association have given the subject of suitable clothes much thought. When playing in Association teams cricketers must wear white, though they are allowed the choice of tunic or dress. This tunic or dress must, however, be long enough to touch the ground when the wearer is kneeling, and must have sleeves of at least elbow length.

The colours of the Women's Cricket Association are green and white, and blazer, sweater and tie can all be obtained in correct colours by the members.

MANY of the women cricketers of summer are hockey and lacrosse players in winter, so they are full of plans for the organisation of the game. Perhaps at present this organisation is going ahead of demand. Hockey, lacrosse, and golf all have their county teams and matches well established, but cricketers are still inclined to play club and school games. To aim high is the only way to improve the standard of play, so no doubt the end of this cricket season will see a real demand for county teams.

Miss Straker and Miss Hewlett, the opening pair of the Women's Cricket Association team against the White Heather Club at Beckenham

The Association started the season with practice games at Merton Abbey, Dartford Physical Training College, Gunnersbury, and at Timperley, Cheshire. All practices were well attended and a coach gave helpful advice. After these practices the fixture list contains at least two matches a week, and the Association sends teams to places as far apart as Folkestone and Hale.

Miss Bull, a member of the Women's Cricket Association, going out to bat in a match against Cobham

FOR a body so young as the W.C.A. it is surely an achievement to be able to send touring teams to Scotland, the West of England, and Devon. Yet this was done with great success last season, and again this year is part of the programme.

The climax of the women's cricket season is the cricket week held at Colwall, Malvern, which will be held this year from August 26th to 31st. The players are quartered in hotels and rooms in Colwall village quite close to the grounds where the matches are played. The grounds, the Colwall Village Cricket Ground and Mr. Singleton's Preparatory School Ground, are generously loaned. During the week matches are played between teams composed of members of the W.C.A., each team captained by a well-known player, and these matches prove most exciting and produce much good cricket. Last year Miss Pollard topped the batting with an average of 65, while Miss A. Bull was second with 60, which included two separate centuries. The last match of the week was a picked W.C.A. team against Mr. Singleton's boys' eleven of sixteen and under, which the W.C.A. won by 3 wickets.

The theoretical side of the game is not neglected in these cricket weeks, and one evening is devoted to lectures and talks on such subjects as captaincy, strokes, wicket-keeping, etc.

CRICKET has a large following already in girls' schools and colleges, and with more opportunities for play after leaving college it fills the want of a team game for summer. Twenty-five years ago the editor of a well-known ladies' paper refused to print the account of a women's cricket match, saying "though they may afford considerable amusement to those engaged in the match, I do not think that ladies' cricket matches come under the title of legitimate sport."

If the editor is living in peaceful retirement at Malvern I hope he will make the short journey to Colwall at the end of August and watch the Women's Cricket Association at play in 1929.

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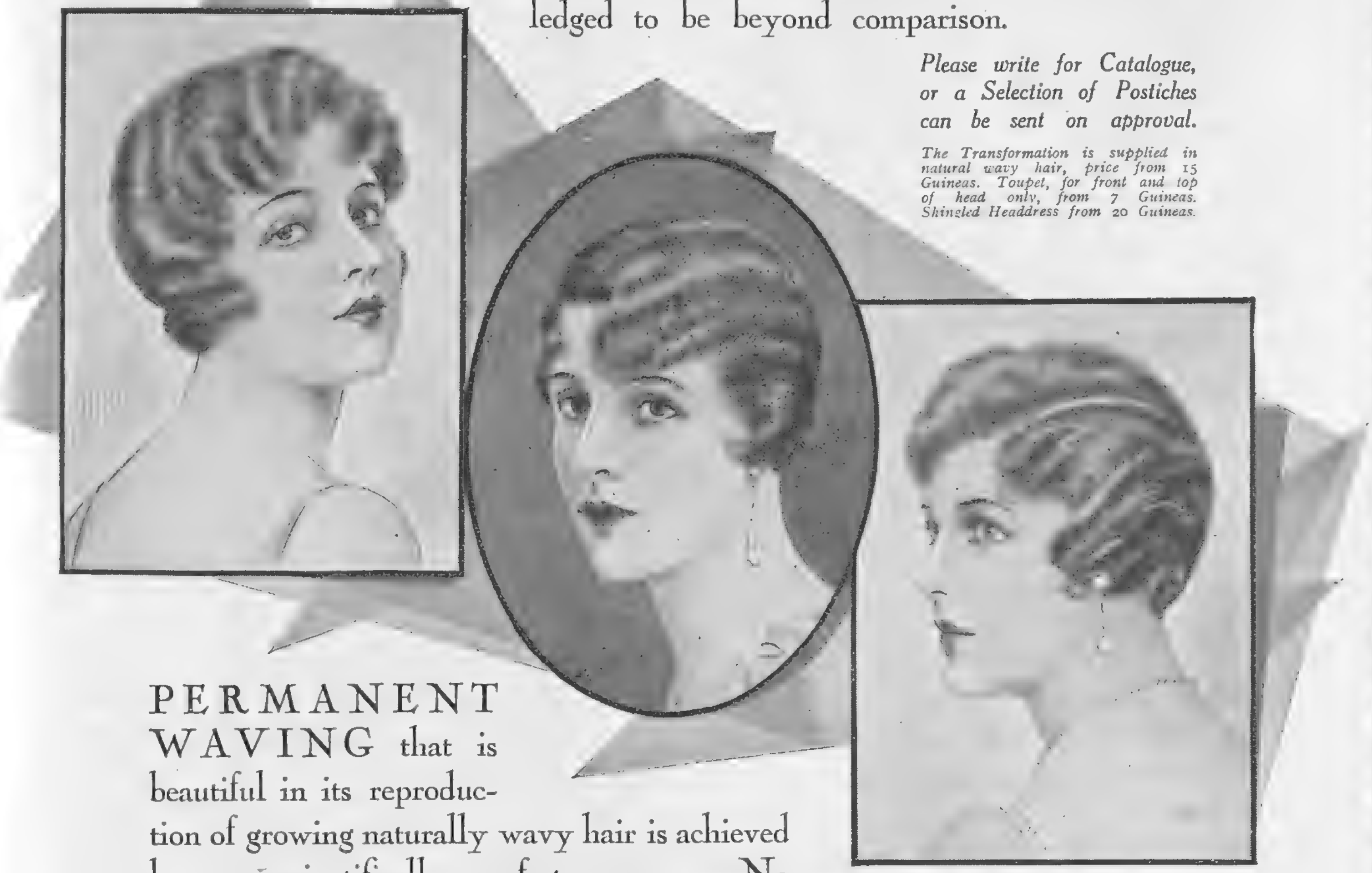

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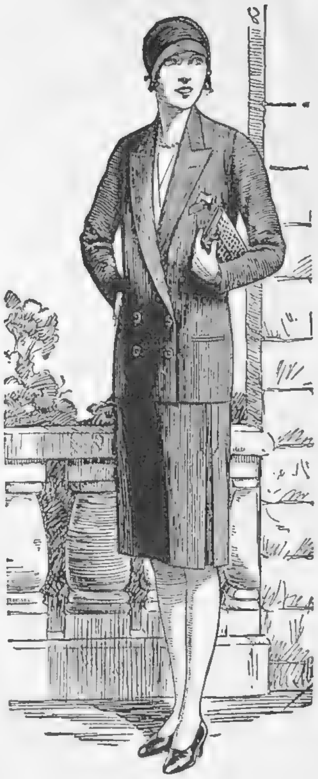

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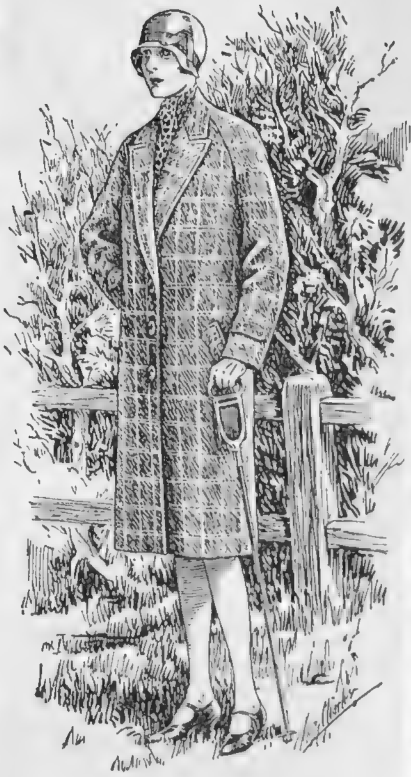

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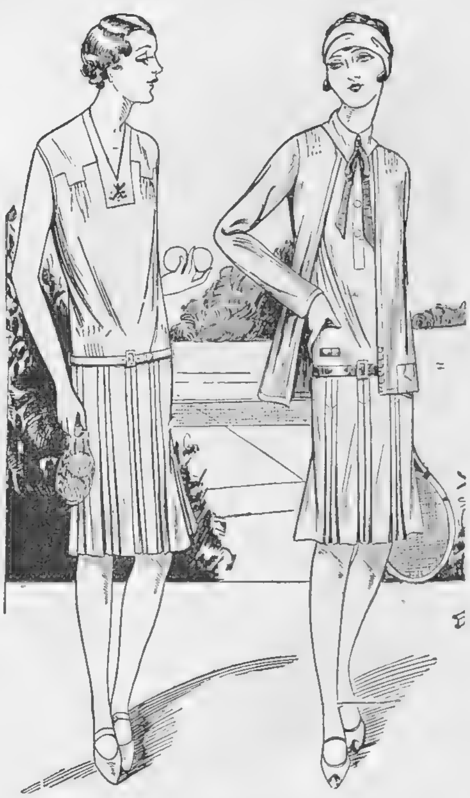

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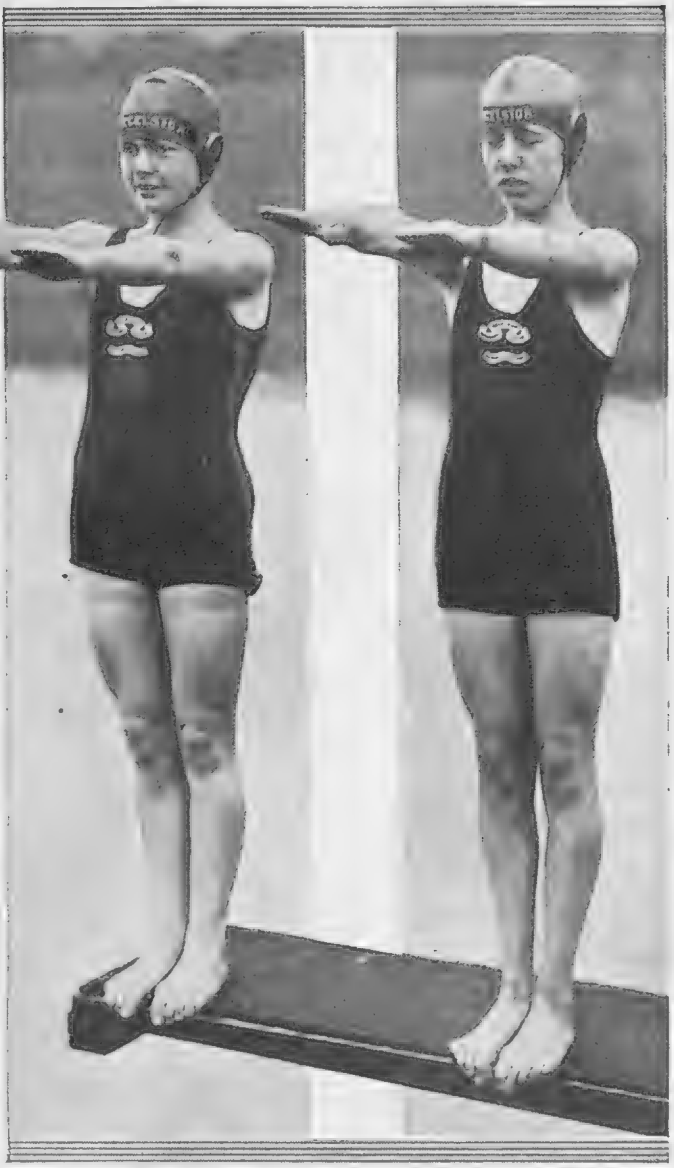
Water Sports for Women

By Harold E. Annison

In a career extending almost two decades, the author of this article has won every National championship from 100 yards to one mile inclusive. He has been "capped" for England in International water polo matches, and represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games at Antwerp in 1920 and at Paris in 1924



Diving in unison! The thirteen-year-old North London twin sisters, Myrtle and Olive Smith, are training with Walter Brickett's Channel group. They are extraordinarily strong swimmers for their age and may challenge the Zittenfield twins of America, who are coming to Europe this summer to attempt the Channel

SWIMMING has, unquestionably, arrested woman's fancy, presumably because of its comprehensive appeal. And the vogue is not a passing caprice, judging by the manner in which women patronise both covered and open-air swimming baths, especially at seaside resorts.

Swimming may be learned in early childhood, say at six years, and continued with benefit and enjoyment until the prophet's allotted span (for man) is passed. A few days ago I saw a gallant old spark of 82 years making a successful attempt to master the intricacies of the latest speed development—the crawl stroke.

Water sports may be pursued as an excellent body-building exercise; as a strenuous competitive sport with the high honour of Olympic representation to aim for; or as a pastime which calls for but little concentrated thought or effort. Of course it is stressing the obvious to say that everyone able to walk should be able to swim if only to be in a position to save their lives if the emergency arises.

Swimming's greatest appeal, I think, is that it is the only popular pastime in which both sexes of all ages can meet on level terms. It is not an uncommon sight to see three generations bathing together.

There may be a successful Channel swimmer among this group of up-to-date nymphs, for they belong to the Mermaid Swimming Club and are the winning team of the Southern Counties Team Championship. (L. to R., back row) Eileen Heath, Verrall Newman, Nancy Buller. (L. to R., front row) Joyce Cooper, Vera Tanner

THE organised side of swimming is almost a full time business for a band of whole-hearted amateurs whose voluntary efforts are responsible for the activities of hundreds of women's clubs. The range of endeavour is particularly wide, covering style and speed swimming; diving; water polo; and life-saving.

In the South the Mermaid, Hammersmith, Croydon and Plaistow United Clubs are keen competitive rivals. Birmingham, Nottingham and Leicester stand out as three live centres in the Midlands. South Manchester is the premier club in the North of England with a vigorous and progressive women's section. Scotland, too, merits mention for a particularly high standard of individual excellence at Edinburgh and Dundee.

Last season was notable for the outstanding performances of two members of the Mermaid Club, Miss Joyce Cooper and Miss Vera Tanner. They swept all before them in National championships. They defeated each other in turn and were placed first and second in every Southern and National championship, with the exception that the National Five Miles Championship in the Thames was again won by Miss Mabel Hamblen, of Hammersmith.

SCOTLAND is justifiably proud of its brightest gem, Miss Ellen King, of Edinburgh. Acknowledged to be the most versatile swimmer in the world to-day, Miss King holds the National back- and breast-stroke championships. She was Britain's hope at the Amsterdam Olympiad last summer, but just failed to secure an Olympic crown, being beaten in the final of the Olympic 100 metres back-stroke championship by Miss Braun, of Holland, by less than six inches.

A few weeks ago a party of four British swimmers, Joyce Cooper, Vera Tanner, Edith Mayne and Ellen King, completed a wonderfully successful three months South African tour. They defeated all comers in level team races and only suffered one defeat in individual scratch contests. Every South African free-style record from 50 to 880 yards was broken by the British tourists, and new back- and breast-stroke records were made by Miss Ellen King.

Training for Track Athletics

Modern women have taken up athletics with great keenness, and the question of how to get fit for track events and jumping is considered in this article

By

Marjorie Pollard

A champion in training — Mrs. Cornell, holder of the world's record for the woman's long jump, training at Mitcham

THE modern woman athlete must smile when she looks back on her school-days, and remembers the "Sports Day," which was also parents' day. There was no training beforehand, and one might almost misquote Byron by saying "Girls were strained to make a parents' holiday"! Happily this state of things is disappearing, and since women came successfully on the tracks systematic training has worked wonders.

The first question a woman must ask herself is this: Am I really fit for track athletics? Training will not produce record-breakers; it will only help the physically sound to break records without permanent injury to themselves. It really builds up the muscular system and stamina so that fatigue will not interfere. To develop to their full extent leg, arm, body muscles and breathing apparatus, requires a slow and well-thought-out training scheme. There should be at least two months' training before a series of strenuous events are undertaken. It is infinitely better to take a few minutes daily for training rather than to do twice the amount of work every other day.

Practising a relay race. Mrs. Cornell taking over from Miss Poppy Stone

STALENESS does not necessarily mean a physical condition: it is usually a nervous cause, and can be cured by a rest, or a change, and on no account should any training work be done on any of the three days that precede the actual competition.

Sleep is a fundamental of training, and every woman who would be successful on the track must arrange her life and work so that she gets eight good hours' sleep. Too much bed, however, tends to create sluggish reaction, so excess must be eschewed.

Diet forms a part of training, but really the food that is found on the table of a normal family will satisfy. It is not so much the food that matters: it is the method of eating it. An athlete must, simply must, eat slowly. Especially must this rule be kept on the day of competitions. The athlete will probably be nervous—and so be inclined to eat hurriedly; nothing could be worse.

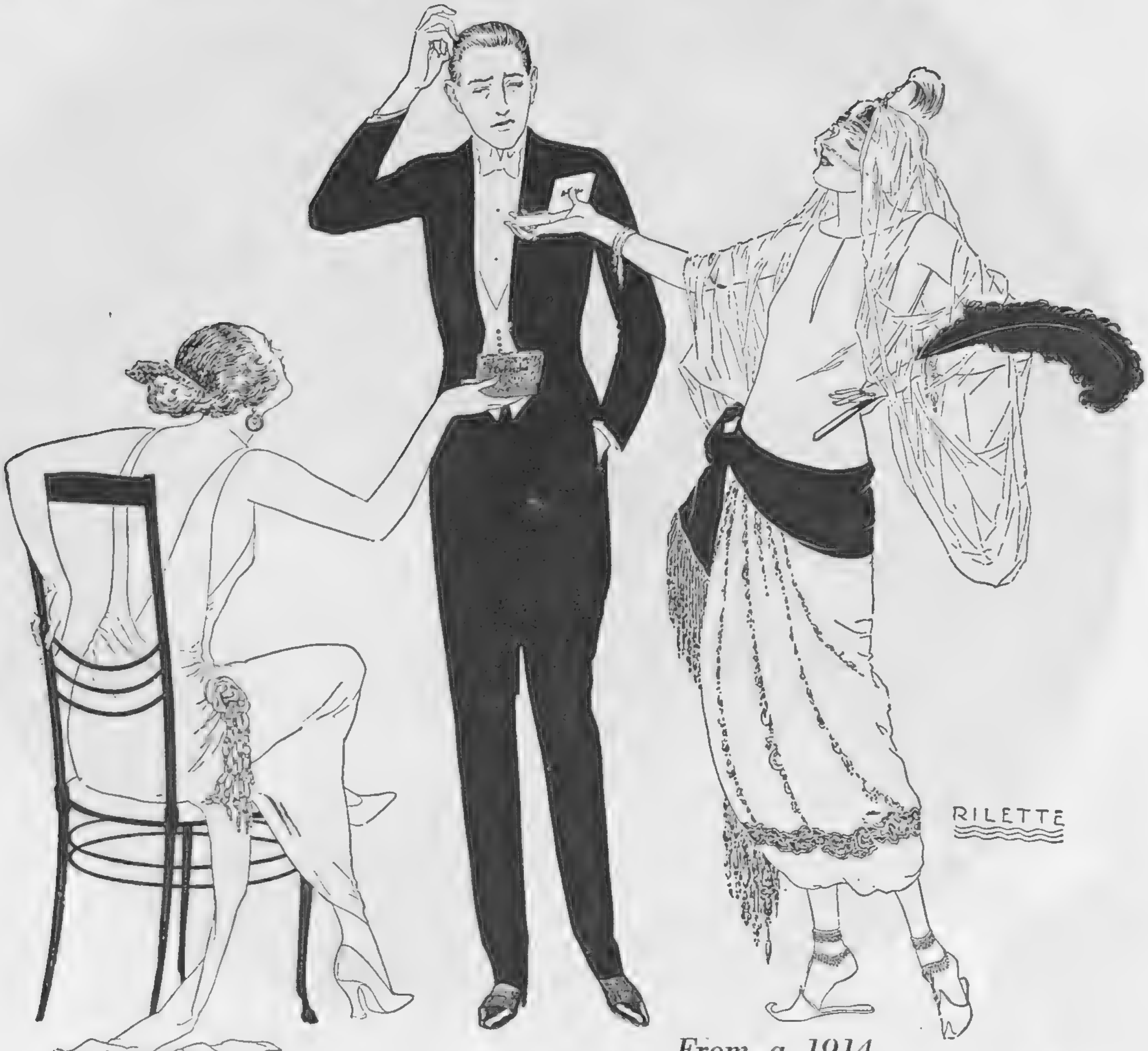
The day of competition is necessarily a strain, but the sensible person will rest all she can—she will keep her mind busy and not dwell on what is about to happen. When the competitor gets to the actual track, she must realise that she cannot do herself justice if she tries to be a competitor and a spectator as well.

TAKE a deep breath before sprinting and jumping, and use both nose and mouth. This is contrary to training rules, when the mouth is kept shut, but the day of competition is an exception.

An ordinary woman who lives a simple, clean life will respond to training without difficulty. The mental side is very important, and the keeping of rules, such as bed early, few sweets, no cigarettes, is more of a mental brace than a physical advantage. The very fact of the feeling "I am in training" is doing untold good, and no woman must expect if she gives up pastry, cigarettes and runs a bit here and there that she will, of sheer necessity, become a successful athlete. There must be very strongly the will and desire to be fit; no trainer on earth can get an athlete into form without it. Nervous energy, will power, a decent life, some exercise, just these go to making training an end in itself.

Members of the London Olympiades training in Battersea Park

Another peep at the past



From a 1914 De Reszke advertisement

"Whichcraft" was the title given to this De Reszke picture of fifteen years ago. The lady who is seen urging De Reszke Americans against the Turkish delights of the charmer in fancy dress will lift an astonished eye to-day at the frock and hair she wore then. A good many other things have changed since—but not De Reszkes. They are still the coolest, the mildest-mannered of all cigarettes; but thanks to their ever-growing sales they can now be bought at the popular price of 10 for 6d.

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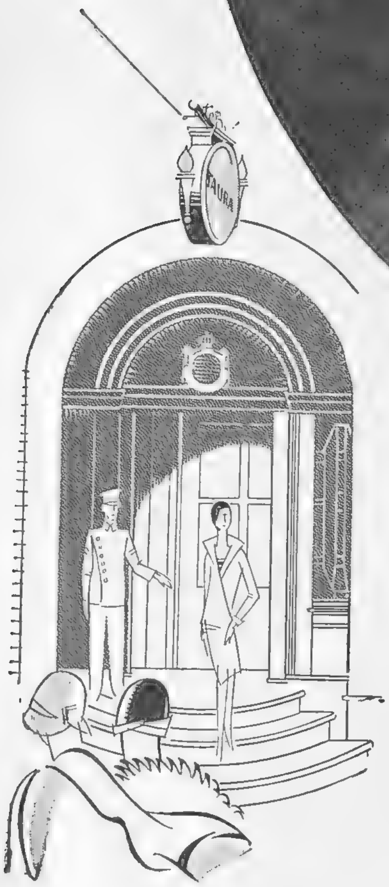

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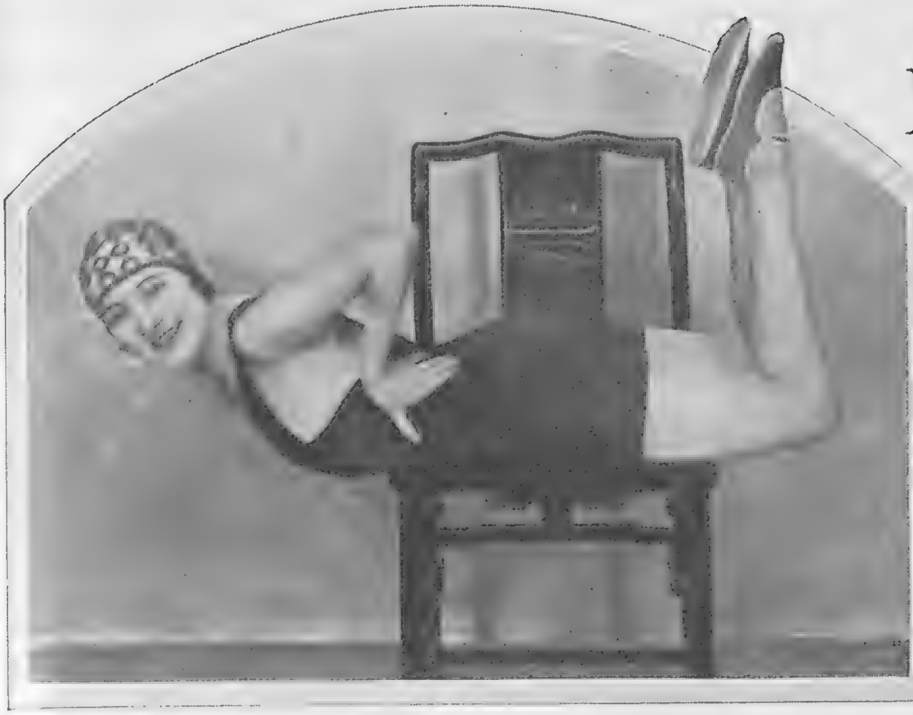
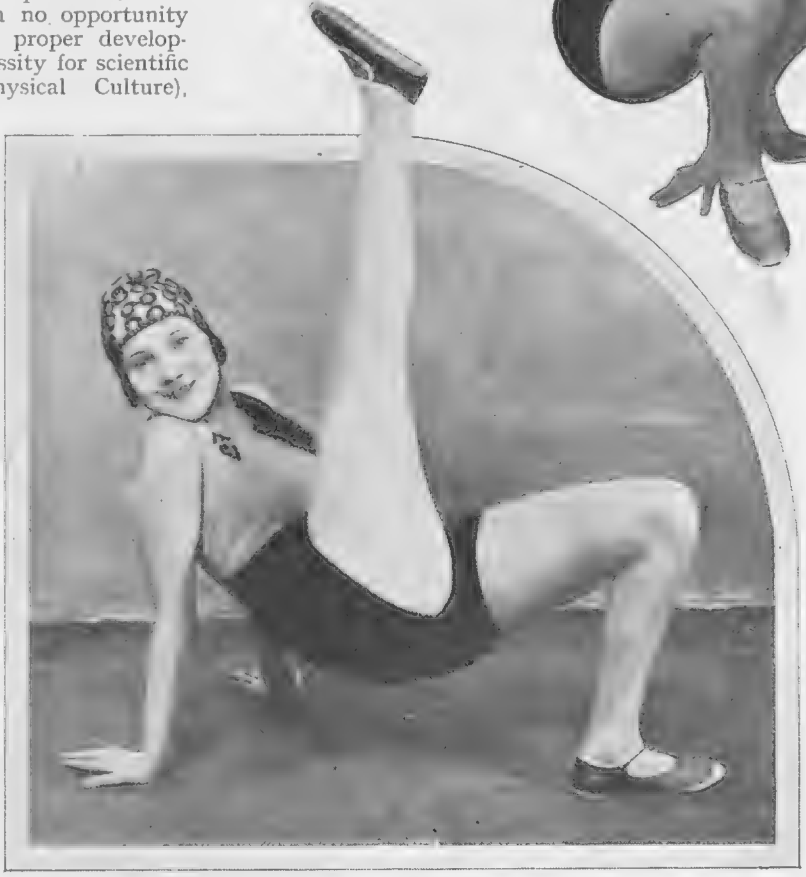
By Margaret Gaye



1. *The first position of an exercise to strengthen the back and so improve the carriage. Most of us nowadays sit, stand and walk badly*

Pictures specially posed by Miss Pat Paterson, of Charlot's Cabaret Revue Company. Bathing suit and accessories kindly lent by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor

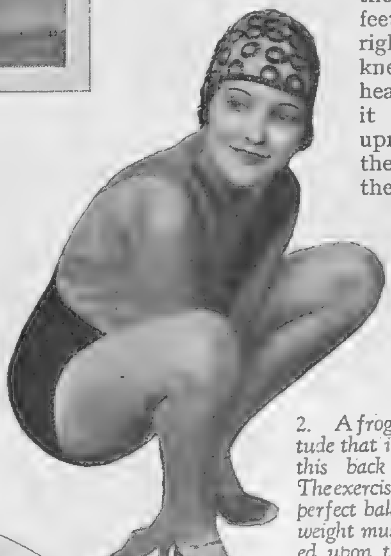
A BAD carriage—with its inevitable satellites, rounded shoulders, head poked forward, hollow chest, "salt cellars" at the base of the throat—is one of the commonest physical defects of the day. Too many people are engaged in unnatural, sedentary occupations. Their daily round gives them no opportunity to attain or maintain proper development. Hence the necessity for scientific exercising (called Physical Culture), specially designed to compress into a few minutes a sufficiency of demand on muscles Nature intended to do at least a twelve-hour day.



3. *The body is supported on two hands and one leg while a series of exercises are gone through with the other. This is harder than it looks in the picture*

For correcting a bad carriage, few exercises are better than that illustrated in Fig. 1. Lie, face downwards, across a chair or stool. Place the hands on the hips and bend back the legs from the knees. In this position raise the trunk *upwards as far as possible*, from the waist, at the same time bending back the legs also. The idea is to form as nearly as possible a complete curve, with the feet almost touching the back of the head. The exercise should be repeated (four times, gradually increasing to twelve) slowly, but with great thoroughness.

FIG. 2 shows an exercise designed to benefit the all-important back, and back of leg, muscles. First stand erect with feet well apart. Extend the arms above the head, stretching them up as hard as you can. Bend forward from the hips, without at the same time bending the knees, and touch the floor with the tips of the fingers. Return to the upright position, and bend from the hips again, but this time let the knees go, and squat as low as possible. At the same time reach the hands between the feet, and tuck the head right over between the knees. Next raise the head smartly, and bend it back. Rise to the upright position, lifting the arms once more above the head. Now repeat the whole exercise from the beginning, and continue with it until tired.



2. *A frog-like attitude that is part of this back culture. The exercise requires perfect balance. No weight must be rested upon the hands*

THE next exercise is excellent for back, leg, arm and shoulder muscles. First sit on the floor, putting both arms behind you, palms flat on the ground. Next draw up your feet and stand flat on the soles, thus supporting the body, face upwards, on "all fours." Bend the right knee and draw the right foot smartly in to the thigh. Next kick it straight up in the position shown in Fig. 3.

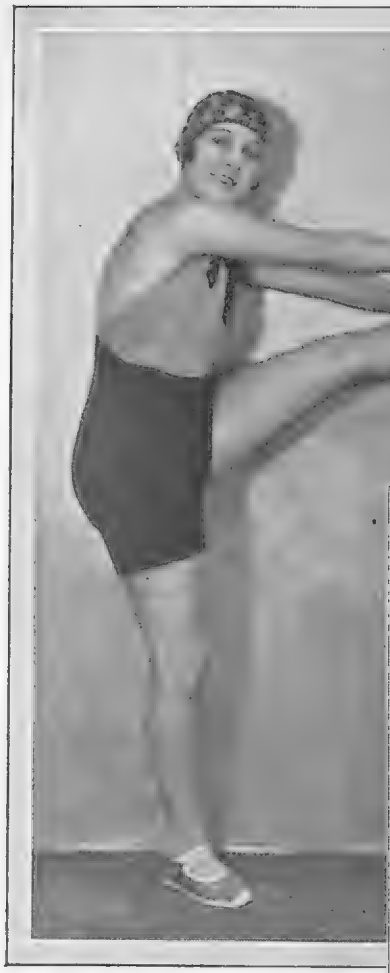
The whole movement should be performed as rapidly as possible. Return the foot smartly to its original position, and repeat the exercise six times. Reverse, and repeat six times with the left leg.

Next stand with feet well apart, and raise the arms level with the shoulders. Extend them as far as possible to the sides. Keeping them in that position, twist the whole body round to the extreme right. Hold, a second—and swing back and to the extreme left. Repeat twelve times in each direction.

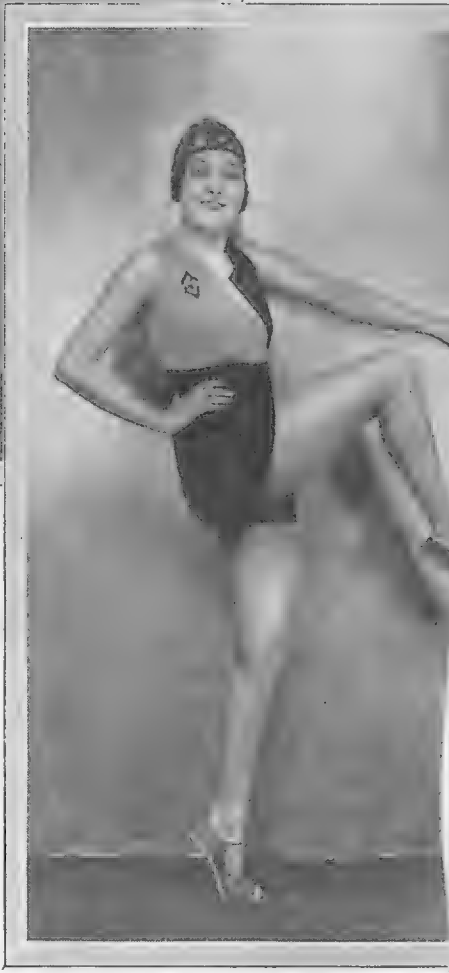
It is particularly important that these and all exercises of a like nature should be performed in a well-aired room. Exercise with your windows wide open—Winter as well as Summer. The habit, formed during the warm weather, will prove a great insurance against the common cold.

This year of Grace

Beauty may be born—but grace is a thing you can acquire . . . by dancing exercises



A. *Pulling the leg up to stretch its back muscles to the full. In time it will be required to kick as high, without the assistance it is here receiving from the left hand*



Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor

B. *The ideal to be aimed at. Perfect grace with apparent ease! Only to be achieved through the hard practice that gives muscular control*

TO be graceful is one of the greatest assets in life . . . to a woman. The trained dancer excels not only in the ballroom, or on the stage, but in the street, in the park, at the seaside . . . wherever women walk. She excels when she is simply standing still. There is something "different" about the way she stands. *The something called "grace."*

Two things are essential to its acquisition. A sense of line . . . that is, a sort of awareness of the *shape* of movements and attitudes, with reference to the shape of the human body. *And*—perfect muscular control.

Dancing exercises, as distinct from physical culture exercises, are designed not to increase strength or development, but just to give that control.

TAKE the exercise shown in Fig. A this month. The goal to be aimed at is the ability to kick up each leg in turn till it touches the outstretched hand held horizontally, at shoulder level. To do this with the hand on the same side —*i.e.*, to touch the left hand with the left foot and *vice versa*—is a comparatively simple matter. But the exercise demands, for the sake of bringing the whole body into play, that one touch the *right* hand (held across the body—but horizontally) with the *left* foot. A much harder proposition.

The best way to achieve it—by practice and slow degrees—is shown in Fig. A, where it will be seen that the left leg is being supported or pulled into position by the left hand. The leg should be held so for several seconds, to stretch and limber muscles that are stiff from disuse. In time it will reach the same level on its own motive power. The exercise must, of course, be performed both to right and left.

FIG. B shows the perfection of grace and absolute control in action. The pupil who can take this pose *and hold it*—if only for five seconds—in front of the mirror has definitely "arrived."

Stand with right hand on hip and left arm gracefully extended. Raise the right leg into the position shown, taking care to point the toe, and at the same time rise on to the left toe. Drop on to the flat of the left foot again and rest the right toe on the ground. Repeat the exercise six times, and reverse—left hand on hip, right arm extended; rise on the right toe, pointing and lifting the left foot.

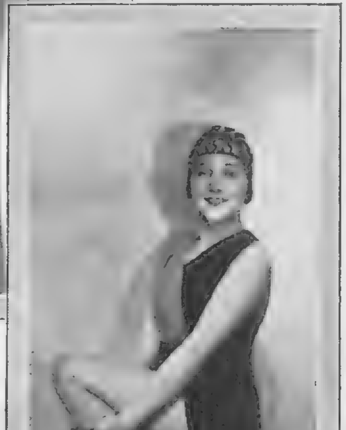
It is essential that this should be done before a mirror, and any tendency to stiffness should be immediately corrected. Fatigue is dangerous. Strained muscles automatically stiffen up, forcing themselves to do what is demanded of them. And in all dancing exercises this defeats the whole purpose.

A VERY simple exercise is presented in Fig. C. Standing erect, lift the left leg, bending the knee. Clasp both hands round the latter, and *pull* the leg close against the body with a jerk. Hold this position while you can count seven slowly. Rise on to the right toe. Drop on to the flat of the foot again, and lower the left leg. Reverse, and repeat six times each way.

An excellent jumping exercise is the following. Stand with feet together and arms rounded above the head, as though clasping a tambourine or wreath. Rise on to the toes and steady yourself a second. Spring into the air, at the same time opening the legs scissorwise, one to the back, one to the front—closing them again as you come down. Spring as high as possible. Repeat this exactly six or ten times. Then reverse the leg movement—*i.e.*, if the left leg has been going forward, send it back, and *vice versa*.

The exercise must be performed rapidly.

A good plan is to practise it on parallel bars — the backs of two chairs will do— and concentrate on getting the leg movement. Combine it with the spring only when it has been mastered by itself.



C. *A simple exercise for odd moments. Pull the leg up close towards you, and rise on the other toe*

How you can look many years younger

AND

any irregularity of features be permanently corrected

Beauty Culture has never been more strenuously pursued by women than it is to-day, and rightly so, since Social and Economical competition has proved the importance of a prepossessing appearance; not only for the additional happiness it confers on its owner, but also as a vital factor in the everyday struggle for existence.

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Founded in Paris in 1865 as an Institut de Beauté on sound Medical and Scientific lines, LA MAISON KOSMEO has consistently stood, as it does to-day, in a class of its own.

Advice regarding Treatments and Beauty Preparations is always impartial and sound; and all Treatments are given by experts only. We were the pioneers of Painless Cosmetic Surgery.

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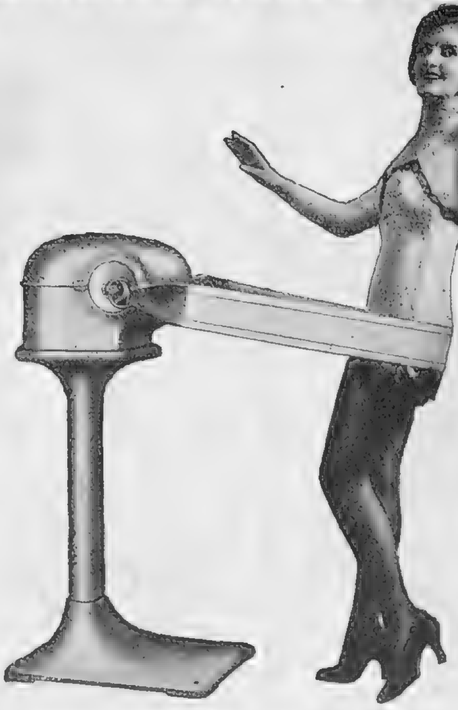
KEEP FIT The Battle Creek Way!

New Health Beauty Charm



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You should CALL at our offices and test it for yourself. There is no obligation to purchase.

This 15 MINUTE WAY

NO more fatiguing exercises! No more distasteful dieting! The Battle Creek Health-builder has revolutionised the art of keeping fit and youthful! Men and women the world over have found that with *only fifteen minutes a day* of this new invigorating type of vibratory massage the weight can be quickly reduced in any part of the body desired.

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There is now a Health-builder for every individual requirement. The famous Athletic Model is very popular for home gymnasiums, schools, hotels, clubs, institutions, transatlantic liners, etc. Middle-aged men engaged in sedentary occupations, as well as hunting men anxious to keep fit in the off season, find this model ideal.

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Slender!

"Your very good Health!"

The sun's aid to health! Patients in the King George's Sanatorium at Liphook playing draughts during a sunbath

The practical application of modern scientific knowledge to the maintenance of general well-being

(3) *Sun*, and a hundred per cent. R*ed* C*orpuscles*

WE are accustomed, through the advertisements of a well-known brand of petrol, to recognise "the difference" which pure fuel makes to the running of a motor-car. The blood-stream is in much the same relation to the human body as the petrol supply is to the car's engine. Its circulation and quality must be up to standard for the perfect functioning of all the parts!

To describe anyone as mentally or characteristically anæmic is obviously derogatory, and as a physical description it should be looked on in the same way. The days when pallor and the vapours were considered romantic, and girls drank vinegar and lemon juice in the hope of attaining an ethereal appearance, have happily been swallowed up in the "black out" of Victorian morbidity.

If any woman suspects that she is anæmic she should immediately consult a doctor. The symptoms are easily recognisable. The gums and the membrane inside the eyelids will be pallid, and the patient will be conscious of lassitude and proneness to fatigue, and sometimes there is shortness of breath, which amounts in some cases to palpitations after exertion. Self-treatment without qualified medical advice is a grave mistake. It is essential that the type of anæmia should be diagnosed, its extent accurately ascertained by means of a blood count, and, when possible, the cause discovered and treated.

SPEAKING generally, the cause of anæmia is the failure of the hæmopoetic system and the spleen—which is the clearing-house for wastage and toxins—to *repair* the blood-stream and supply the requisite number of red corpuscles to bring them up to 100 per cent. This may be due to some toxæmia from teeth, tonsils or intestines. A medical man will go to the root of the trouble and combat that before or at the same time as treating the anæmic condition.

The modern methods of treating anæmia include injections of iron in conjunction with other suitable drugs such as strychnine or arsenic, the application of ultra-violet rays, and, latest and most popular of treatments, the prescription of liver extract, which has lately been found to be of great value even in cases of advanced and pernicious anæmia.

In cases of anæmia it seems obvious that if the ultra-violet rays are so valuable in the oxidization of the blood as to make it worth while to give artificial sunlight, real sun rays are of inestimable value.

NOW that summer is here it ought to be possible for everyone with any ingenuity to contrive a daily sun bath. If anyone suffering from anæmia has the choice of *venue* for their summer holiday, they would be well advised to choose a place where the sun is rich in ultra-violet rays, such as the Southern sea coasts, especially the Mediterranean, or the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Sea bathing, which oxygenates the blood, followed by exposure to the sun and exercise in the sun and air, wearing the minimum amount of clothing demanded by social and climatic conditions, would be the best possible auxiliary treatment for anæmia and other subnormal conditions.

Backs to sunshine! Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars, getting the sun in the new non-sunburn line bathing suits

EVEN those who are prevented by circumstances from going to the seaside can, with a little ingenuity, contrive a daily sun bath at home during these months, and if those who value a sense of well-being would form the habit of taking their daily bath with the window open, and, when possible, the sun shining in, would do a few exercises with windows open before dressing, and accomplish as much as possible of their toilet before putting on the sun and oxygen excluding garments of daily wear, they would most certainly feel the benefit.

The modern tendency to eat less meat and more fruit and vegetables has much to recommend it in many cases, but people suffering from anæmia in any form *must* add proteins to their daily dietary. Meat, not overcooked, and eggs should be taken once a day. Milk is a valuable food (many anæmic people are under weight), and, of the green vegetables, spinach, which contains iron, and watercress supply valuable elements.

Exhaustion, physical or mental, should be avoided, and seven or eight hours' sleep (according to the needs of the individual) should be obtained, and, when possible, a rest during the day should be made a formula.

But above everything, next to observance of the doctor's prescriptions, I would pin my faith to a daily sun bath. This should be taken with discrimination. The exposure should only be for a few minutes at a time to begin with, and should not be taken in the middle of the day, otherwise the changes wrought by the strong, direct ultra violet rays may be deleterious, but as acclimatisation is established, exposure to the sun for long periods can be safely and advantageously supported.

Helping your FACE to help itself

Facial Exercises: A Branch of Modern Beauty Culture

By "CHRYSIS"

Expert Massage provides the answer to the question which every woman wants to know . . . How can I keep young?

Photographs by Maurice Beck and Helen Macgregor

DURING the several years that I have been studying and writing about the theory and practice of what we call Beauty Culture I have often hesitated in giving advice about home treatments, especially about massage. Expert massage, given with anatomical knowledge, is of proved efficacy not only for keeping the skin in condition, but for stimulating the circulation and keeping the muscles and tissues nourished, thus preventing the wrinkling and sagging which are the concomitants of age.

But indiscriminate *rubbing* merely stretches the skin, causing lines, especially if it is fine and sensitive and inclined to be dry, as is often the case with the typical, fair, and, at its best, charming English complexion.

Of recent years a system of patting massage has been evolved which supplies the necessary stimulation and encourages the absorption of any cream it may be desirable to apply without the danger of stretching the outer skin. Even this should only be indulged in diffidently by the amateur, using the tips of the fingers to avoid creating the small broken veins which, again, are among the disabilities to which the sensitive complexions of English women are prone.

ANOTHER solution to the problem of home treatment is provided by facial exercise. It is natural, with the advance of knowledge about the effect of exercise and the growth of confidence in this panacea, that this science should have come to be applied to the facial muscles.

The theory of muscular exercise is that in the process of contraction and relaxation of a muscle new blood is drawn to it and it is thereby replenished, nourished and strengthened. This is practically the same purpose as is served by scientific massage. In the discussion of beauty culture the term youthful is really synonymous with healthy. If muscles and tissues are in perfect condition there is none of the sagging and stringiness nor of the flabby fat which we associate with the encroachment of age.

It is the duty of certain muscles to maintain the contour of the face. If these can be conserved in their "youthful" condition there should be no outward evidence of age. This is where scientific facial exercise is valuable.

It is evident that facial exercises, to be of any real value, must be based on scientific and anatomical knowledge. One London beauty specialist has devoted herself exclusively to the evolution of scientific facial exercise and has the practical evidence of her clients as well as medical testimony to the efficacy of her system.

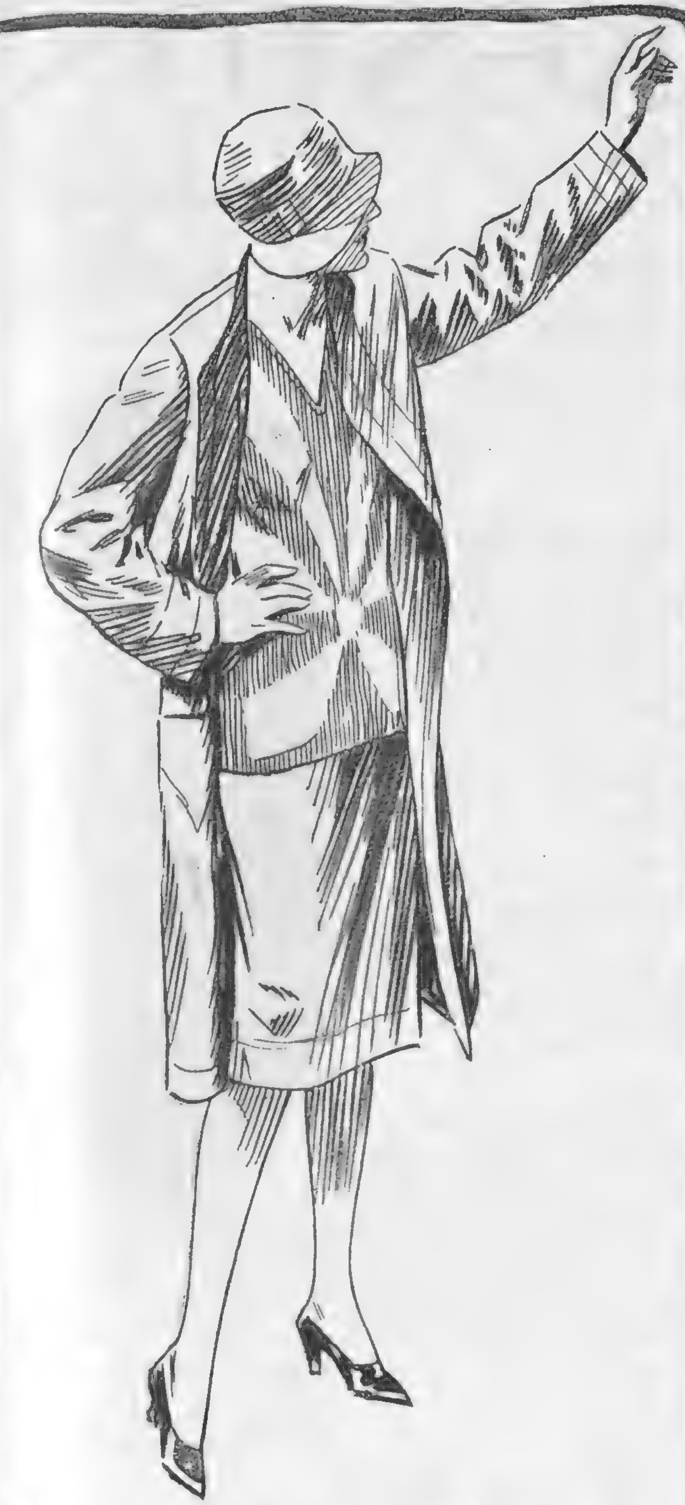
AS far as my investigations have gone I should say that her system is sound and the exercises, which only take a few minutes daily, most helpful in restoring and preserving the contour of the face, lifting the muscles which, when they sag, cause the deep lines from nose to mouth, improving throats and necks both when they are scraggy and when they are too fat and "double chins" supervene, and in smoothing out frowning wrinkles.

Once the exercises are learned, which can be done by correspondence, they can be carried out *ad infinitum* in the privacy of one's own home, *wherever* it may be, which is, of course, a godsend to women who live far from the amenities of the beauty parlour.

Providing the facial muscles are kept in their youthful condition, there should be no outward evidence of age.

I DO not think that the exercises would have anything but an indirect effect (through improved circulation) on the tiny, fine lines which form in the outer epidermis, and I think that women with very delicate dry skins might, with advantage, pat a really good, nutritive and emollient cream into the skin and leave it on fairly thickly during the practice of the exercises.

If this treatment is carried out at night, do not fall into the common mistake of thinking it is unnecessary to remove the cream, and that it will carry on the good work whilst you are in a blissful state of unconsciousness. For if it is left on during the night, it tends to make the skin flabby.



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A Letter from
ELIZABETH ARDEN

There are no "beauty secrets" any more

MYSTERIOUS, and meaningless, rites—in the name of beauty—are distinctly out of date. Modern women recognize the truth that there is only one means to skin loveliness—and that is *skin health*

This health is obtained exactly as general bodily well-being is obtained, by perfect cleanliness, judicious exercise, intelligent protection and careful nourishment. Soap and water cleanliness is not enough

You must use Cleansing Cream which is specially prepared to seep into every pore and dislodge impurities. Exercise must be by means of definitely helpful manipulations. Every lotion and cream should be thoughtfully selected to promote skin vitality

Every one of my methods and preparations have been planned with just one idea: *The scientific promotion of skin health.* I am constantly supervising the manufacture of every cream, lotion or powder which I offer you, to see that this high standard is maintained

There is no real beauty except *natural* beauty, and the most direct way of achieving it is by making faithful and confident use of those treatments and preparations which are as accurate and healthful as nature herself!

Elizabeth Arden

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

Venetian Cleansing Cream Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

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Ardena Velva Cream A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face as it smooths without fattening 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Ardena Protecta Cream Gives an exquisite lustre to neck and arms. Impervious to water, it is a splendid protective cream for swimming 12/6

Venetian Lille Lotion A perfect protection against sun, wind and freckling. White, Cream, Naturelle, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel and Ocre 6/6, 10/6

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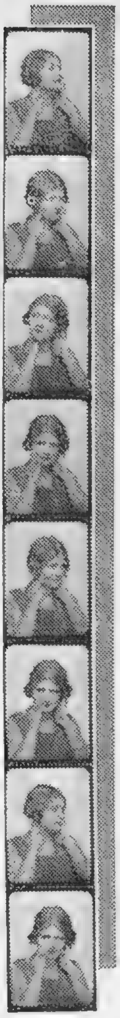

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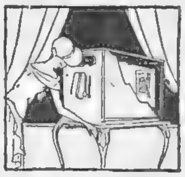

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Small, medium, large and Ex. O.S. to fit any figure, in Crêpe-de-Chine, pure silk Crêpe Satin, Triple Ninon, Lace, Art. Silk Voile, Jap Silk, Batiste, Art. Silk from 5/11 to 18/11, Ex. O.S. or Black (Crepe-de-Chine only) extra.

The Kestos Corset.

Kestos have now introduced corsets and belts with the same charm of appearance as the Brassière. Every corset has been studied to ensure perfect support with free easy movement. They are distinctive in pattern, style and material, with a model to suit every type of figure.

Model No. 232.—A full figure front lacing garment in pink broche with elastic at top to ensure close and comfortable fitting at waist. Up to 34 in. O.S. 1/6 extra. **33/6**

Other models from **12/6** to **47/6.**

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For GIRLS, BOYS and GROWN-UPS interested in ART, LITERATURE, NEEDLEWORK, PHOTOGRAPHY, etc.

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You can join TO-DAY! Fill up Enrolment Form on page 136

A Special Pets' Club Prize

I HAVE been thoroughly well *snarled* at! Two dogs and a cat—all members of the Club, of course—have written indignant letters demanding to know why, with all these competitions for everybody, nothing has been done about *them*. "We are very hurt," is the gist of their communications, and the feline member says she feels sure "that there are many other members who think as I do." Of course. I hasten to put matters right. Members of the Pets' Club shall have a competition here and now. A prize of half-a-guinea will therefore be awarded to the pet who writes the best letter, addressed to me, on little matters of interest in his daily life. Some pets are, I know, shy of pen and ink, on account of sad accidents with the latter in the past, there is therefore no objection whatever to such letters being dictated to owners, who will forward them to me. Sending-in date, July 29th

"Love me, love my 'Colin.'" Sanchia Grimsdale, A.C.S. 1072, with her golden retriever

A QUARTERLY PRIZE

of £5 is awarded every three months to the Saloner who has shown the most progress in the Competitions.

The 12th Quarterly Prize will be awarded on Entries submitted for May, June and July.

Saloners' Portrait Gallery

G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465, whose regular and clever art contributions secured her the eleventh £5 Quarterly Prize

COMPETITION RESULTS

AWARD OF PRIZES, May 13th

Graduates' Circle

ART COMPETITION 1. A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Hon. Mention: J. J. Rees, G.C.S. 5623, and Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Beatrice Harrison, G.C.S. 4553 Hon. Mention: Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Webb, G.C.S 1547.

Members' Circle

ART COMPETITION 1. Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s Awarded to Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2570 Hon. Mention: E. Mary Hayes, M.C.S. 2699; Gertrude Sinclair, M.C.S. 2550; Marion d'Avigdor, M.C.S. 2696.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. A Poem of Two Verses Suitable for a Song. Prize 10s. Awarded to Norman Bunker, M.C.S. 2683. Hon. Mention: M. Stanley-Low, M.C.S. 2461; and Muriel M. Malvern M.C.S. 2691.

Associates' Circle

ART COMPETITION 1. Something Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to M. Hope Robertson, A.C.S. 912. Hon. Mention: Nancy Waller, A.C.S. 1168; Betty Smith, A.C.S. 1171.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. A Rhyme Concerning a Dog. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Wilton, A.C.S. 872. Hon. Mention: Vivien Belben, A.C.S 897: David Davies, A.C.S. 1181.

Open to All

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION. First Prize 10s. Awarded to Phyllis Agnew, G.G.S. 4240. Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to Priscilla Belben, A.C.S. 895. Hon. Mention: Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2570; Eileen Minus; Dora Langley, G.C.S. 5616; Enid Norris, M.C.S. 2698 Deirdre Patrick-Wilson, M.C.S. 2689.

Special Boys' Competition

Prize: A Tennis Racquet. Awarded to Robert Ashley, M.C.S. 2888. Hon. Mention: C. T. C. Hasling A.C.S. 1000.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.

2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.

3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.

4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.

5. Competitions and correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

News of the Month

VERY many thanks to Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465, the winner of the eleventh £5 Quarterly Prize, who has most generously asked us to keep £1 of it for a Salon charity. I have duly allocated it to the Cot Fund.

* * *

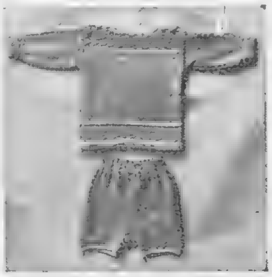
SALONERS have been very naturally perturbed as to what happens about a coupon for the competitions in the second half of the month. I thought I and my Sleuth Department had detected all the points which wanted attention in the change over from a weekly to a monthly, but this was completely overlooked. However, it is put right, as you see to-day, and henceforth there will always be two coupons.

* * *

ANOTHER point in this connection is that one coupon covers all the entries sent in one envelope, even from several different members of the family.

* * *

WHEN filling in enrolment forms will Saloners kindly give their Christian names as well as surnames? The masculine gender writes in a masculine manner as a rule, but the modern gentler sex have been known to do likewise occasionally. "P. Smith" is not enough. I want to know whether it means Peter or Polly. Extra forms, by the way, for friends and other members of the family can be posted to you at once on application.



A knitted set, one of many such beautifully executed woollies; sent in by Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242, for the Needlework Competitions

* * *

ON page 168 details of the different sections at our Annual Competitions will be found. In the case of overseas members living at the antipodes and similar spots, application to compete should be made immediately on receiving this copy. We make special arrangements for such entries, and if Saloners write at once, they should have no difficulty in getting their papers back to us in time

* * *

NO one would accuse the present generation of bashfulness. Yet I cannot otherwise explain the fact that not one of our heaps of new members has so far sent along a portrait. Courage, *mes enfants!* I will carefully return anything required again.

CORRESPONDENCE *and* CRITICISMS (May 13)

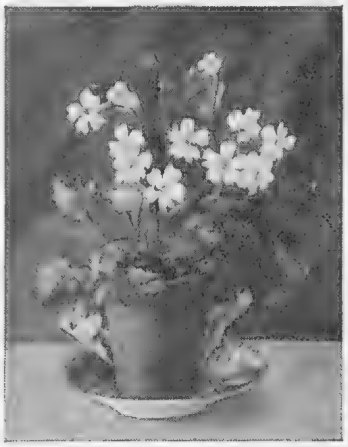
EFFIE DUNDAS.—The transparency and clear colour are most praiseworthy, but the lack of any play of light and shade on the jug and flowers gives too decorative an effect for the method. Very promising, and in parts first rate.

BETTY SMITH.—You need not re-draw unless you choose. The colours are charmingly blended, and show considerable taste. The draughtsmanship is a little weak; but that is obviously only lack of experience.

DOROTHY M. YATES.—The composition of the snap is very attractive, but the lack of detail in the dark mass on left defeats perfection. Probably it would have been better to have held the camera the other way to get concentration on the house. The sketch also is well composed, but the red curtain tends to dwarf the importance of the figure. Dainty colour.

PRISCILLA BELBEN. — A very beautiful snap, too delicate, unfortunately, for reproduction here. A little more relief from sombre colour would have made the art entry more attractive to look at, but the subtle harmony of the colour scheme is excellent and reveals considerable taste.

MORA HOPE ROBERTSON.—The garden scene is broadly handled, but this method is too vague for the subject. The china is splendid, excellent in every direction.



A typical example of the work of Gwynedd Davies-Scourfield, M.C.S. 2570

PAULINE AUBRY.—An attractive and well-considered scheme, but the frequent repetition of blue among the books should have been avoided. In their more normal colours they would have acted as an admirable foil to the rest of the room.

DIANA WILTON.—A cool background would have helped this sketch considerably. The colour scheme for the clothes is well handled, but its virtues are killed by the pink wash. The snap is charming in its distribution of light and shade, but the figure is a little too lost in the background. I like the poem very much. It wants a little polishing badly; but it is full of character and interestingly done.

The first prize in the Snapshot Competition falls to Phyllis Agnew, G.C.S. 4240, with the above beautiful study taken in Wales

MARY JONES.—Well drawn, as far as facts are concerned, but the style is very rigid and "engraved." A formal playfulness is less pleasing to the eye than photographic seriousness, but both are good things to avoid. You are safe on facts, but your playfulness would be all the better for more abandon. Don't get too set in your mannerisms, let them happen more spontaneously. You have plenty of sound qualities as a basis.

PATIENCE W. HOME.—The sky and the shadowed thatch in your sketch are so good that the rest looks a bit careless in comparison—perhaps rather too easily done. It is mainly a lack of carefully considered progression of tones and values. The composition is rather uncomfortable from corner to corner, but there is so much first-rate appreciation of colour and tone in parts, that one looks for first-rate work from your hands.

ENID NORRIS.—The perspective in your high horizon view leaves a good deal to be desired, but the sincerity and colour charm are most excellent. I don't quite believe in the crude yellow touches, but all the rest is delightful in repose and tenderness of colour. The originality of your subject is also commendable; it was a daring thing to attempt. Most promising work.

MARJORIE FISHER. — The circular form cuts off the figures rather uncomfortably, in a manner that an ellipse would have avoided; also, the lady is on a slightly larger scale than her beau. There is no reason that an eighteenth-century decoration should not be of strong, contrasting effect, but grace of composition and dainty arrangement should be particularly aimed at in this theatrical fairyland. A good colour scheme, strong effect, and some clever work.

MARION D'AVIGDOR.—Your memory studies of children show very considerable knowledge of construction, proportion and balance; they are also very gracefully and prettily drawn. The child with the butterfly is particularly charming, in all these respects. You should try for a rather more convincing convention for faces, and supplement your memory by some studies from life of difficult points like necks, elbows and knees, in all positions. You have a real gift in course of development, which should carry you far.

NORMAN F. BUNKER.—A charming little poem, quite one of the best I have received this month. The "just" in the fourth line, verse two, should, however, come out; it strikes too colloquial a note to harmonise with the rest.

BEATRICE LONG.—Very many thanks for your letter and its extremely interesting news. All success to you . . . original and striking, but just a little too obscure as we say. I feel that "and" instead of "when" would be better in the ninth line. Much love.

PHYLLIS AGNEW.—A beautiful picture, very well taken. I hope our reproduction will be able to do it justice. Many thanks for your letter. So glad there is now a chance of more entries.

PATIENCE HUDDART.—I have duly enrolled "Don't" in the Pets Club, and shall hope to get a snap of him one day. So sorry to hear of your bad luck, and hope you will be much better now.

PAMELA SEARIGHT.—The handling of the face is interesting and the restrained colouring admirable. A sketch showing much promise. In the snap "Impudence," suffers from being a little out of focus, and the duplication of the attitudes a bit spoils the composition of an interesting study.

NANCY WALLER.—An entirely dainty scheme, which rather neater handling would have made even more attractive. You have an excellent eye for colour, and I shall be interested to see what you do next.

ALIDA WILTON.—If cooler colour had been adopted for the Chesterfield, the scheme would have been charming. As it is now the effect is a little hot and lacking in relief, solely due to this orange note. The group is good photography, but the boat composes a little awkwardly with the tower behind.

M. STANLEY-LOW.—The second "your" in the third line would be better with "the" as substitute, and I think "you see" falls a little inappropriately in the next verse, but otherwise this is very good.

J. J. REES.—The drapery is the weak point of your group. Had you painted it with the same crisp élan that you have given to the lustre jug and the rest of the composition, the whole would have had the interest of swift, direct handling. It is important that method should be homogeneous. In point of composition, the top line is uncomfortable. Good work and pleasant colour, a little marred by the points named.

G. CHRISTABEL RICHENS.—Very sweet colour, drawing and feeling for beauty. You have made too much of the striations of the foliage, and not quite enough of the projection of the blooms—a matter of edges mostly, which would be a bit more keen and papery in some parts. Still, most artistic work, very near perfection of charm.

GERTRUDE SINCLAIR.—Your cameo profile, though slight, has a great deal of charm, its uncompromising rigidity is obviously intentional, and there is a capital suggestion of colour variation in the pale tinting and a strong feeling for style. Very artistic and interesting, in an elementary, primitive manner, a style which might be developed and carried a step further with advantage.

Nicely caught, he secures an hon. mention for Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998

AUDREY TRESIDDER-WILLS.—Your pen decoration is striking enough without the black background, which cuts it out too severely, and makes it just a geometrical pattern, swimming in space. The drawing is clever, but rather too full of eyes. The treatment of the gown is very happy, with its suggestion of modelling. Some good and witty work, but needing gentler relief. In the snap, the little figure is delightful, but the criss-cross background does not sufficiently explain it, if to be understood quickly.

HILDA BARROW.—A very good effect until the last line is reached when the duplication of words produces a somewhat tame effect. This is a little fault to which you are prone. Keep a watchful eye on it!

DEIRDRE PATRICK-WILSON.—A most interesting study, the significance of which is nearly lost by the light background, and table. Such points need careful calculation.

DAVID DAVIES—You have a good notion of verse making, and the lilt and go in this are praiseworthy enough. You must, however, take care not to omit necessary words. Very capable indeed for your age.

MARJORIE WEBB.—We have chosen the small white Broderie anglaise d'oyley for this competition. It is charming in style and the edge in particular is beautifully done. I do not think the execution of the interior decoration quite reaches this level.

G. E. COX.—The over-heavy shadows of the foreground tend to mar a very attractive bit of picture making. Detail is essential to some extent. This has almost the effect of a silhouette.

MAISIE E. A. WINTERBURN.—The linked initials are a weak spot in an otherwise strong and interesting design. Geometrical patterns are often far too mechanical looking, but you have succeeded in evading this pitfall very carefully.

ENID NORRIS.—Cleverly taken, but the complicated background rather overshadows the bird, who really needed to be in sharp outline against a clear sky. Still, very attractive and uncommon.

AMY G. HAYDON.—Of the coloured pieces submitted this is easily the best I have had from you. It is delightful in every way. Very many thanks.

MURIEL M. MALVERN.—The imagery is very pretty. The first verse is more successful than the second which is a little extravagant in both idea and method. Very interesting work, however.

JOAN PAINE.—If you had placed your figures in the foreground you would have had a better result. As it is, they are too small to bring off the point. Very well hit off as regards exposure, and good in composition.

ALMA SHANDLEY.—In a poem of this type metrical accuracy is important, and you so nearly achieve it, one wonders why it has been missed. It impresses, however, in spite of faulty technique, and I shall be interested to see more of your work.

M. DORA LANGLEY.—A very good snap, interesting in its masses of light and shade, but rather a difficult subject for the size of the plate.

(continued on page 139)

ENROLMENT FORM

Please enrol me as a {Graduate / Member / Associate} of The Children's Salon Competition Circle.

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Signature ....

Address ....

.... *Age, if under* 20.......... ......

Cut this out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2., with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon. If you would like to become a Fairy Godmother (see May issue) please say so.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

July 13 Competitions

Great Summer Sale

BEGINS MONDAY, JULY 1ST.
FOR THREE WEEKS

This Annual Sale at Warings is a quality sale and comprises an unparalleled range of furniture and furnishings of the Waring standard, drastically cut in price to effect a clearance and to make room for new models

Catalogue sent post free

WARINGS

DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER

WARING & GILLOW, LTD.,
OXFORD ST., W.

BOLD ST.,
LIVERPOOL

Fed on Cow & Gate

Take my advice!

Feed your baby as my mummie fed me—She thought I was a "handful" at first . . you see, my food wasn't quite to my liking. But as I couldn't explain, my doctor did. Ever since then, I've had regular feeds of "Cow & Gate" . . . and I look pretty satisfied and well, don't you think?

Cow & Gate Milk Food

is made solely of milk from the breezy, succulent pasture lands of Dorset and Somerset. Pure, fresh and reliable.

Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 Per Tin.

Some babies cannot digest rich milk. They should be put on Cow & Gate half cream (BLUE TIN) **2/6.**

Cow & Gate Milk Food specially packed for Export is obtainable in the following countries. Name and Address of Agents on Application.

Spain, Spanish Morocco, Canary Islands, Ceylon, India, Japan, China, Cyprus, Siam, Burma, West Indies, Singapore, Federated Malay States, Sarawak, South America, Borneo, Java, Penang, Sumatra, Egypt, South Africa, Gibraltar, Malta, North Malay, France.

COW & GATE LIMITED,
Guildford.
Wincanton, Sherborne, Beaminster, Evershot, Kildorrery, Somerton, Carmarthen.

Babies Love it!

PETER
—WITH ONE EXCEPTION

With one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A B C" and "Twice-Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because—bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halfs. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress.

Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters" throughout the British Isles for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

Will you help with a donation or annual subscription? Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received.

Here's a suggestion. Your eyesight is worth 3d. a year to you. Send Peter and his handicapped pals 3d. for every year you've had it. Now, please, in case it slips your memory: Good idea?

The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
(Founded 1838)
SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3

Competitions for July

GRADUATES' CIRCLE (over 20)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: An Illustration to a line from any well-known Poem.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like in Water Colour.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: A Short Analysis of the work of one of the great Victorian poets.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A d'Oyley.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: Anything knitted.

"Pat," owned by Miss Garth Nottingham, is yet one more terrier member of the Pets' Club—

MEMBERS' CIRCLE (over 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: Illustrate a line from any well-known Nonsense Verse.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A Paper on "Do I Like Exams?"

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: A Short Poem.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 10s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

—And "Jock," owner Miss Marie Buckley, says ditto, ditto, to all that

ASSOCIATES' CIRCLE (under 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: A Sketch of a House.

ART COMPETITION 2. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 2. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: A Paper entitled "My Books."

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION. Prize 5s.
Closing date, July 29th.
Subject: Anything in Wool.

SPECIAL MONTHLY COMPETITION FOR BOYS.
Closing date, July 13th.

Prize for July: A Return Ticket to any place within a 50 mile radius of the winner's address.

Describe how you would spend a £10 note given to you for the purposes of a holiday.

OPEN TO ALL. AGE TAKEN SPECIALLY INTO ACCOUNT

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.
Closing date, July 13th.
First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s.
Subject: A Land or Sea Scape.

HANDICRAFT COMPETITION.
Closing date, July 29th.
First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d.
Subject: Left to Competitor

Correspondence *and* Criticisms (*continued*)

IVIEN BELBEN.—"Who" instead of "he" would be rather better in your second line, but this is otherwise quite an amusing nonsense verse, very good for your age. The restless spots on the hangings in the room need some toning down; you would then have an altogether pleasant scheme. A mass of rock without distance visible to act as a foil is not a very wise object for a small camera, but, with this said, the snap is distinctly a good one.

DORIS SETH-SMITH.—The fault in "Dawn" is the line before the last, which fails to sustain the metre, and thus brings the reader up with a jerk. Otherwise it is quite good, even if a little too unsophisticated for modern taste.

ARY GEORGE.—I am not sure that your chief assumption is accurate enough to be allowed to pass, but, if it were, then this is quite impressive work, charming in sentiment and neat in execution.

F. T. HALL.—Interesting and well composed, but with rather too obvious rhymes. "They" at the end of line 3 is not permissible, "away" would have been better. The second verse should have been in the same metre as the first.

NELLIE WOOD.—You can imagine how delighted I was to hear again. Although the sea is a little too gay, and possibly also a little too light in tone, the colour as a whole is truthful and charming. The birds, however, should have been indicated in mass, not outline, and the distant ones are a bit out of scale; too large. I do hope you will now be well enough to enter regularly.

DAISY JOHNSTON-WATT.—The ecstatic note is well sustained, but, particularly in a poem of this type, the level of excellence must never be lowered. The third verse is a little unworthy of the rest.

BARBARA CRAIG.—As a whole, most skilfully treated, but the separate indication of nearly every book is a mistake, as this feature tends to swamp the rest. Otherwise very well done.

BEATRICE HARRISON.—Contrary to such matters, as a rule, this improves very much as it proceeds. The opening verses are a little ordinary, but there is much tender charming work in the rest, and I should advise an overhauling of the first eight lines.

EILEEN MINUS.—A very pretty bit, cleverly selected. It has only just failed to win a prize.

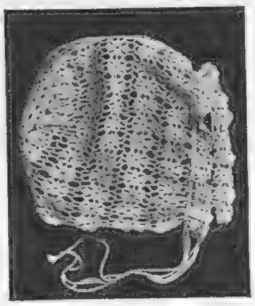
THEODORA FULLER.—I can imagine the difficulties which had to be encountered before this result was possible. An interesting study which only just fails as a picture.

MARGUERITE BOUDE.—Unfortunately, your entries did arrive too late to compete, except for the £5 Quarterly prize, for which, if you send in regularly, they will be entered. The snap makes a pretty picture, but the foreground is too black. I like the vim and go of your little sketch immensely; try for rather better drawn detail another time.

GERTRUDE SINCLAIR.—So glad you like the paper. Everyone does! The verses have a good deal of charm, both in sentiment and expression, but the reasoning is not as close as it should be. Has Louise sailed yet?

PATRICIA LUDWICK.—The absence of any detail in the black mass of the foreground, coupled with a rather uncertain distance, just fail to grip as the original must have done. Otherwise most interesting

DOROTHY LINDSAY-SMITH.—Both snaps are excellent in composition, but these vast landscapes cannot get justice done to them with small cameras. Still, these are charming little pictures, remarkable considering the size handicap.



Fine crochet giving a fine result as a dainty little bonnet submitted by Gertrude L. Sinclair, M.C.S. 2550, in a recent needlework competition

GWYNEDD D. SCOURFIELD.—Apart from the buildings, your landscape and sky are delightful, and the ponies, at grass, full of knowledge and appreciation of equine form and character. Pictorially, the little chap in the foreground is an intruder, and he is not quite in scale with the rest, as well as rather spoiling the grouping by standing squarely in a square corner. But yours is exceptionally clever work, founded on sincere observation, with excellent feeling for true open-air effect. You have only just missed a prize with your snap. The picture is splendidly clear, but the mass of dark foreground is just a little too uninteresting. Visibility must have been good!

E. MARY HAYES.—A very telling sketch, extremely pleasant in colour and delightfully suggested. Altogether charming, as far as it is carried, but just a little more swift accuracy of drawing would be so welcome. The left hand, for instance, is poorly suggested, the legs look rather amputated, and the dog needs a lot of finding. Your feeling for gracious colour and style is so admirable that one feels that the little more is well within your power.

GARTH NOTTINGHAM.—Delighted to enrol "Pat." He looks a great darling.

JOSEPHINE PEYMAN.—The tree trunks in the upper picture are too brown; if you were recording from Nature, you would, I know, put in very different colour. Otherwise both sketches are charming as colour harmonies. The verses are expressive enough but too careless—technically.

MARGARET JEAN PARKER.—Very good for your age. It would have been so easy to have overdone the colour; you have avoided any such tendency quite cleverly.

Competitions for August

FIRST HALF OF THE MONTH

GRADUATES' CIRCLE (over 20)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: A Still Life Study.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: A Sonnet.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: Anything embroidered.

MEMBERS' CIRCLE (over 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 10s.
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: Do-As-You-Like.

ASSOCIATES' CIRCLE (under 15)

ART COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured.

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1. Prize 5s.
Closing date, August 13th.
Subject: A Short Story.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

July 29 Competitions

HIDDEN STRENGTH

You would never suspect, as you sink into the soft smoothness of Hercules Sheets, that this very texture was the secret of exceptional strength.

It is when they have laundered many times, unaltered, that you discover that Hercules Sheets and Pillowcases are woven to last.

There are Hercules Towels, too —soft, absorbent, luxurious, yet with the same enduring strength.

Hercules
WASH & WEAR WELL
SHEETS
AND PILLOWCASES

Good-bye to doubt and worry,
Just set your mind at ease,
For years of wear will follow care,
In choosing "Hercules."

Stocked by all Drapers. Ask to see Hercules Embroidered American Sets, Hercules Towels, Hercules Pillowcases, and Hercules Overalls.

Manufacturers:
JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS Ltd.
50, Piccadilly, Manchester

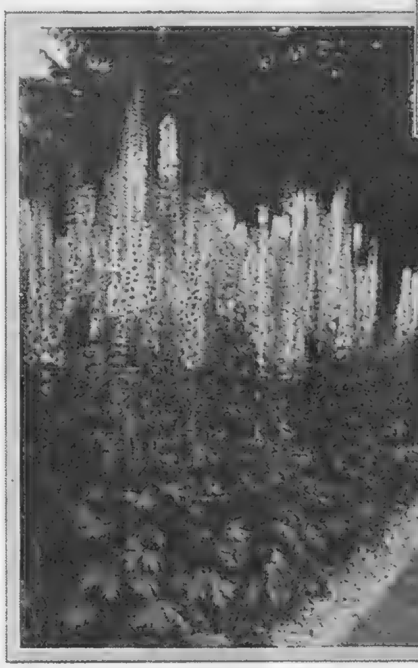
GARDEN SECTION

Edited by

MARION CRAN

July *in my* Garden

Antirrhinums always give a good show through a long period



Delphiniums crowd a bright corner

AFTER the outpourings of May and June there is a prevalent belief that July is a dull time in the garden. To those who regret the lilacs and tulips, the peonies, snowballs, laburnums, and hawthorn in forms, and who feel still the glamour of midsummer's roses, it may seem truly all a deep silence and a greenness; but to others, and I am one, this pregnant and stately month, superbly aware of the fruits and seeds she is faithfully rounding for autumn, is never an instant dull. In all ways, in contemplation, in active operations for next year's show and in immediate enjoyment of blossom, July brims with richest interest.

WATER-LILIES float wide and fragrant upon the pool, Madonna lilies aspire within the borders, delphiniums and antirrhinums crowd a bright corner, feathery astilbes flutter their pale boas before dashing dragonflies; and the buddleias are preparing long purple sprays of honied sweetness to bewitch the butterflies. Here and there one stays to linger over a plant of special beauty not yet grown widely in Everyman's garden.

Here is one of them; a spreading plant with a leaf like a vine leaf, deeply cut and handsome, a bacchic piece; the strong stems grow about four feet high and among the leaves come flowering stalks bearing whorls of pale blue flowers scented like hyacinths and of the texture of velvet. There is nothing flashy about the plant, it is frequently passed by visitors to my garden; but now and again one of them will take notice, stay and absorb the patrician beauty of the flower, and respond to the enchanting hint of a wilder blood-stream somewhere in the leaf, and in th rich beguiling scent.

It is Clematis Davidiana, extremely unlike the usual accepte idea of a clematis, for it has a bush habit with no notions of tendrils or trailing at all.

SURPRISINGLY alive, nay robust, after the rigours of our Arctic winter, are the plants of phygelius capensis, which I did not take up or even protect at all last autumn in spite of the fact that it is described as half-hardy and that I live on cold clay. I clean forgot phygelius! And here it is with its bright glossy green foliage, full of sprays of red tubular flowers, with orange lips.

On the stones outside the study window sprawls the dubious crucianella, a mass of rosy bloom in its season. I like it myself, smell and all, the strong smell that reminds me of tansy and shepherd boys in church, of the bulbs of tear-lilies, of niggers, of many things that are not "refayned" but are definite and full of vivid memories.

A survey of the garden from the dream-bench, over the pond, reminds me that precious daffodil bulbs will soon be coming from Slieve Donard, and that it is not too soon to begin planting any I have to move from one spot to another.

AND another matter stares me in the face, one that has a backache in it; little Sally has been moved pedestal and all to the other side of the pond, where she laughs down into the water with, at present, a very dowdy background of wire fencing between her and the rolling upland.

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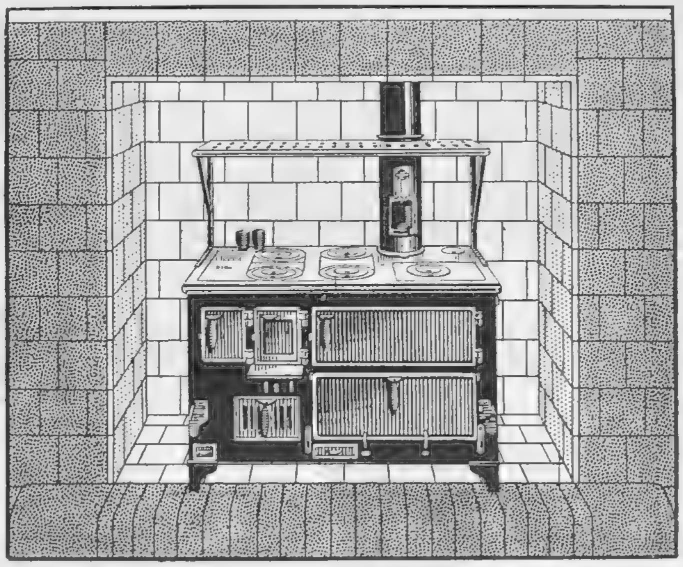

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Brier into Rose

Many delightful results may be obtained at a low cost by bud-grafting roses and our contributor suggests some varieties which are suitable for this operation

By

Marion Cran

The flexuous accommodating ramblers

ONCE the simple but delicate act of budding has been mastered there is an annual joy awaiting us in taming a few more wild briers into glorious garden roses. It is a complex many-featured joy. There is the pleasant thrill of a certain wizardry in the whole affair. What is it? A small wound in a wild sappy limb, a tiny scrap of patrician flesh slipped under the skin of the gipsy, a bandage of bast—and we walk as gods; we have made the common dog-rose into Aphrodite, into Ophelia, into Naomi, into Prosperity, Penelope, Pax—into what we will.

It is sheer magic. And then there is a certain comfortable sense of thrift in walking out of the rich man's garden with some of his best and most expensive new varieties bestowed "to try your luck on the briers"—and in surveying a year later nice young standard bushes of roses, which would have run us into a pretty penny if we had tried to buy them hot from the exhibition benches and all their gold medal winnings.

NO standards ever grow so comely to any man as those he has budded himself. And there is a train of lesser thrills. There is the suspense of waiting to see if any of the eyes are going to "take," anxious pilgrimages to the shorn heads of the chastened briers to see if the small bud just showing between the bandages is swelling into a nice plump pip, there is watering in dry spells, and prompt action against any wantons of brier blood which may try to appear.

There is the sweet impatient patience, which gardeners know best of any folk, while the first bud swells to breaking, and seems to take a year to make up its mind to unfold; and there is through the years to come a deep well-spring of pride as the handsome head develops and the old brier-cane upholds a magnificent standard bush of choicest garden roses.

SOME varieties are better grown as standards than as dwarfs; the old beloved Mme. Abel Chatenay is one of them; in bush bedding form she is liable to make a bed look dishevelled with her habit of sending up one long strong shoot from the root; several of these in massed planting give a lopsided appearance and will destroy the symmetry of any rose-bed. But budded on to a standard brier, Mme. Abel behaves with god-sent manners, and wins every heart by her perfection of carriage.

George Dickson, the great rich velvety red rose, is also better grown on standards, but I suspect that the vigorous varieties of Pemberton's hybrid-musk family, the Bourbon Zephyrine and such roses which send up very strong basal shoots, would be intractable material for budding. In a high wind the heavy canes would be almost certain to snap right out. I have not yet ventured to try them in my wind-swept garden of the Weald.

Dainty Bess is another very lovely rose whose vigour makes me fearful to bud her on to standards. But the long flexuous canes of the ramblers are quite another matter; they do not stand up stiff against the winds, they bend and sway, trail and weep in a sensible yielding fashion, so that the roughest storms will leave the great heads quite undespoiled.

ALBERIC BARBIER makes a marvellous bouquet-shaped standard; it is a mass of fragrant butter-and-cream-coloured flowers in bloom time, with trails of them hanging down in the most perfect bridesmaid "shower" bouquet fashion.

A treasure among this rambler type is Phyllis Bide, a perpetual flowering

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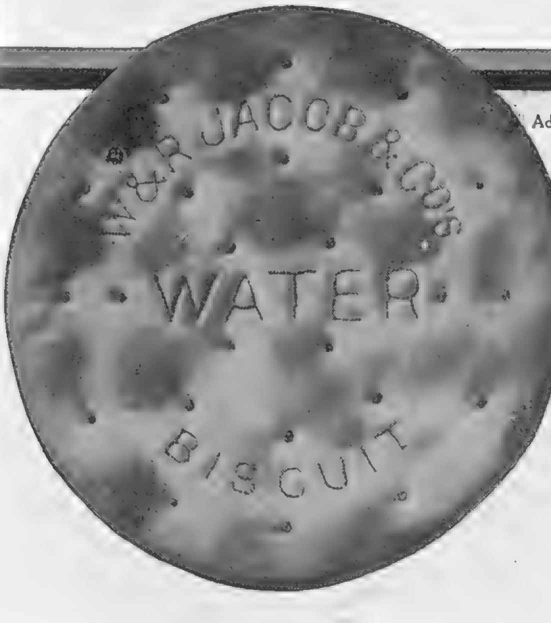
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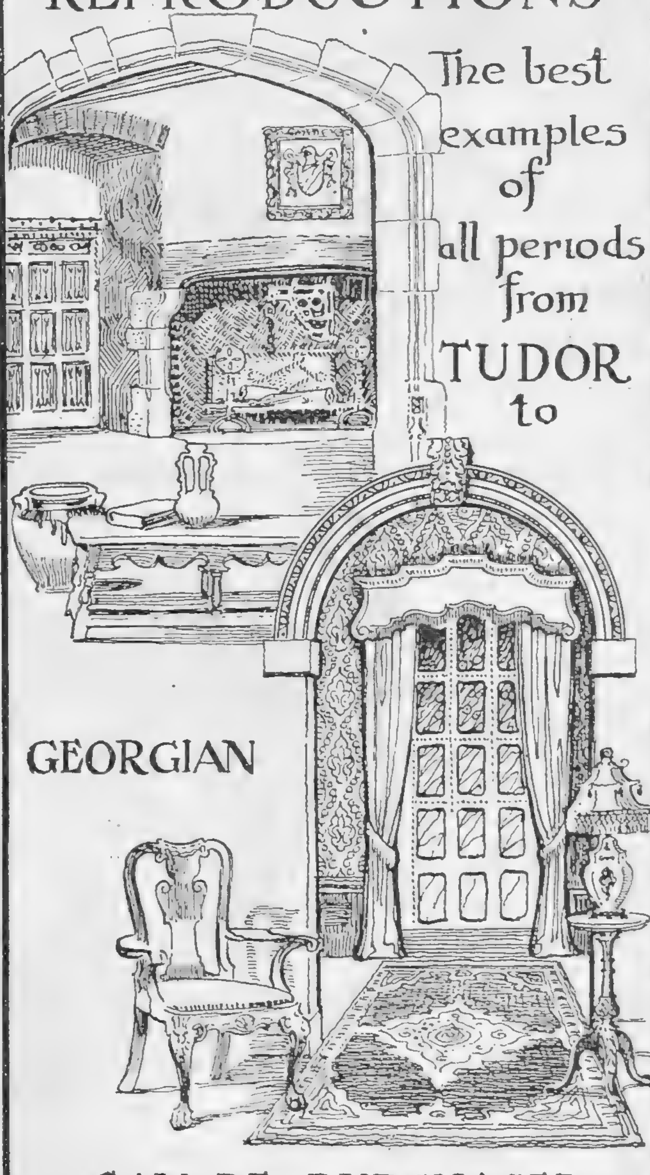

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variety bearing her wide-set sprays of gold and cerise with an indolent languorous grace the whole summer through. The defect in most ramblers is that they only bloom once, with extreme violence and have then finished for the year. But Phyllis, for all her swooning elegance, is of another mind about the way to adorn a garden, and surprisingly enchants us with her charming industry; it is delightful to see those loose sprays of flushed gold open week after week and persist until the rough fingers of the frost have hardened what was once a rose-flush into bright determined red. I sometimes think Phyllis Bide never looks so attractive as when the cold nights have edged each golden petal with that hard bright rim of red. She gives me the idea of a delicate lady who can face the weather and come out rosier for it.

The Bourbon rose Zephyrine Drouhin throws up strong basal shoots

THE dwarf polyantha roses make very beautiful, neat and yet abundant standard heads. They, too, have a defect unless varieties are chosen carefully. Being so conveniently high above the ground almost everyone bends over a standard rose to catch the ultimate beauty of scent . . . and most polyantha roses are scentless!

The free-flowering white Katherine Zeimet is, however, most sweetly perfumed, the flowers grow in large clusters of pure white and are very double. It is a perpetual flowering poly and the foliage has a pleasing bronze in the young shoots. But the rose of this class which everyone adores when once they have met it is the "Sweetheart Rose" often catalogued as Cecile Brunner.

The choice of roses for budding among the hybrid teas is bewildering, and yet it is true that even in this wide field it is worth while choosing which are best upon standard briers. The giant rose Everest, opening to a gorgeous mop of fragrant ivory petal-flesh is so amazing at a little distance that one is inclined to doubt one's senses and believe that here is a large peony growing upon a brier stick.

The pure orange of Angele Pernet is something to remember, and also the amazing capucine red of William Kordes, streaked and belined as it is on a golden yellow groundwork; William has an enticing fruity perfume, and a pleasant habit of growth. It is one of the finer foreign roses; to be found in most English nursery garden lists.

One that should be seen far more often is a very fragrant, brilliant well-formed variety raised by Verschuren called Red Star. It is a good healthy rose, of dazzling scarlet and rich perfume. I have heard it called "fire-red." From a distance, just when the light is fading at sunset and begins to blot out most reds, this one will show clearly, and longer than other duller reds.

FOR sheer vigour of blooming, for abundant incessant outpouring of the gaudiest orange and flame coloured flowers none that I know of can beat my namesake, the rose Samuel McGredy very kindly named Marion Cran. It makes an amazing picture when grown in standard form, and for indoor decoration is a glorious thing. The only thing I have against "myself" is that the flowers fade to a wan pink as they die, and in order to keep the bed up to its pristine dazzle I have to go round constantly cutting off the overblown blooms. But it is very well worth all the trouble!

Rose Alberic Barbier

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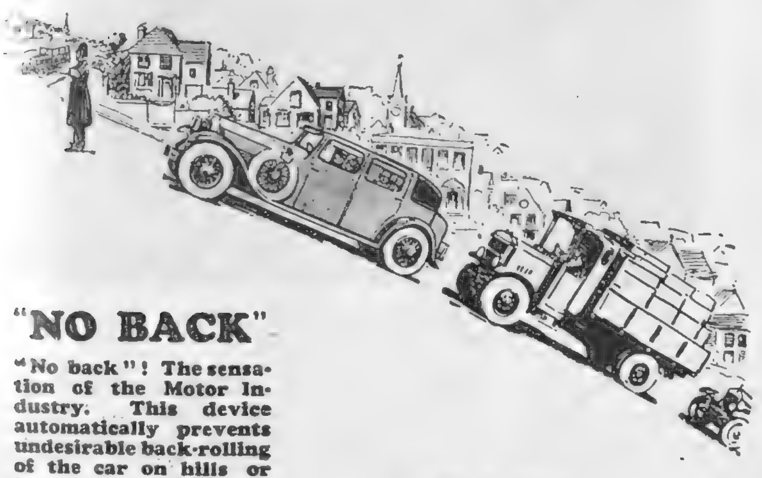

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Other *People's* GARDENS

Mrs. Phillip Runciman's at Pachesam Manor

By MARION CRAN

ONE frosty morning in the young year Mrs. Runciman called me out to look at *Lonicera fragrantissima* in full bloom and fragrance against a south wall. She was full of pleasure in its growth.

"I had it for ten years on the sand," she said, "and it only grew 18 inches high, and now look at it; directly it came on this heavy soil it began to grow and it has made fourteen feet in six years!"

The sunlight shone so sharply upon the white clusters of dainty blossom that it seemed to tinkle. We lingered near it, enchanted; and learned from its behaviour how much it had hated the thin, dry, sandy soil of its first habitation. We became engrossed in gardening conversation, trying to talk flowers, and Mr. Whiskers wanted to play ball, which made it difficult. He is exactly like a woolly toy lamb, a mixture of many kinds of dog, with the accent on Dandy Dinmont. We would get into deep conversation about dahlias or buddleias or what not, and here was Mr. Whiskers at our feet again with the sticky tennis ball, telling us to throw it a decent long way this time.

GARDENS and pets faithfully and mercilessly betray their owners; watching Whiskers one knew that his difficult, exacting, generous little heart had been allowed to develop on its own lines under an affectionate appreciation. The garden, too, is a happy, welcoming, easy place; it is that of a flower-lover, as Mr. Whiskers is the dog of an animal-lover.

Another day we had to look at the bright bunches of berries on the *Cratageus pyracantha*.

"They told me it would not move, it was so old," said Mrs. Runciman, parting the branches to show the stem, thick as a man's wrist. "But I put it in myself and watched it and watered it, and it never flagged at all."

Mrs. Phillip Runciman started her gardening upon the Surrey sand, and left it after many years for what was then a badly neglected field upon heavy clay and is now a beautiful garden surrounding the Manor House, a long rambling gabled building of extreme modernity.

The garden bond between us is a very close one because I, too, learned upon the wanton easy sand and then moved at last far away to a rough field of nettles upon stiff clay; so we never tire of telling each other the stories of those mistakes and discoveries which make up the game of gardening.

She has been seven years on her clay and I only five on mine, so she has the start of me, and very clearly does her beautiful garden show it; it is marvellous what a difference each year's growth makes, once the land has been cleared and laid out.

A flagged rose-garden and lily-pool are the chief conventional ideas

THE design of the garden at Pachesam Manor is one of wide calm lawns, broad borders and restful spacious plantings. Long and wide herbaceous borders, a flagged rose-garden and lily-pool are the chief conventional ideas; and for the rest of it flowering shrubs, bulbs, orchard trees and the emerald green of turf. It is an owner-designed garden; there is nothing of the sophisticated nurseryman's planning "featured" here. It has the large sense of a practical and imaginative woman who loves open spaces; the quality that it always interests me to remember characterised her choice of work in the half-forgotten years of the war, when she took on the gardener's job at the Convent at Grayshott, and then, after helping with the first Y.M.C.A. tent at Borden Camp, was for four and a half years superintendent of the Baltic-and-Lloyds night motor transport; work which did not end till May, 1919, and for which she was decorated.

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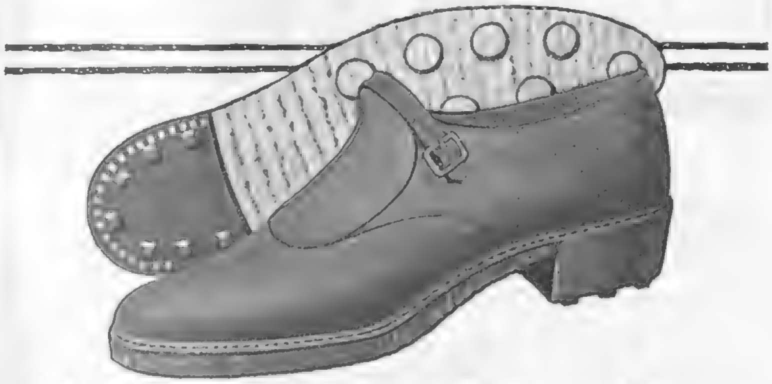

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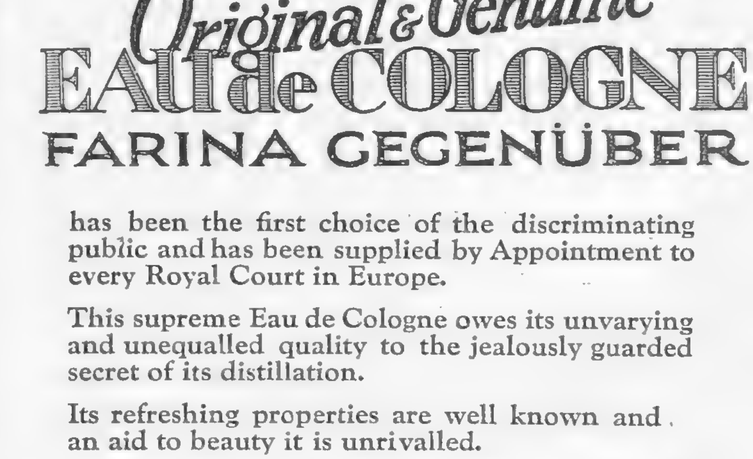

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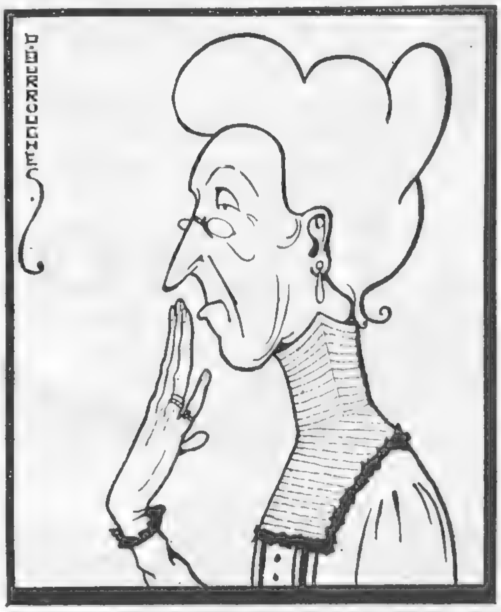
SOCIAL ETIQUETTE

A monthly feature of BRITANNIA & EVE in which various matters of Taste and Manners are lightly discussed by

The Hon. Mrs. DOWDALL

ASSOCIATION of ideas happens to us now and then almost as if it were the work of a kindly unseen counsellor. I was thinking about social observances and wondering whether the practice of an amiability that is not wholly sincere might not be less fatiguing both at home and in public than a too astringent candour. The quotation, "Assume a virtue though you have it not," floated into my mind as neatly as if it had been handed to me by an industrious clerk who kept a bag full of answers to every question in the world. Is there any logical reason why men of morals should overlook the artificially "matt" appearance that a human nose owes to its powder puff and yet condemn politeness that has likewise been assumed in the public interest? Assume wealth though you have it not—assume anything, from a flat silhouette to a love of chamber music, and the critics will leave you alone; but assume a dusting of amiability that may improve your spiritual complexion at the Day of Judgment and you run the risk of being condemned by the world as insincere.



" . . . Symptoms of indigestion or words of ill-digested thought "

PERHAPS Noah, during the strain of those terrible days and nights of sailing, was driven to assume a false amiability in the hope of seeing his passengers enjoy their voyage. So many of them being naturally antagonistic to each other, it would never have done if Noah had allowed himself to take pride in all the virtues of a "plain man, who never beats about the bush." He may have been the first of his kind to offer a saucerful of milk, stolen from the only cow, to lessen the hostility of the two cats towards the mice, who, though meaning no discourtesy, threatened, by their hourly increasing numbers, to overwhelm many superior couples less naturally adapted for creating a crowd of family partisans. What if poor Noah, tripping along with the saucer, did murmur "Pretty Puss!" to keep the cats quiet while Mrs. Mouse slept after her exertions, although he knew quite well he had just emptied a score of young mice out of the corn-bin into the cruel waves? A little insincere, of course, if you look at it that way, but critics must remember that at any moment he might have been obliged to go a step further and explain matters as best he could to the bull, who was likely to resent the liberty taken with his wife on behalf of a cat to whom he had never even spoken.

SUPPOSE next that the sloth, roused by the talking, had muttered "Shurrup!" and kicked the glutton, and the glutton had shrieked out "Where do I come in in this feast?" The whole discussion would have been lost in a hideous din.

"What? Who's that? What does he say?" "Why can't the cat lean out and get some fish for herself? . . . Doesn't like what? . . . Doesn't like the water? Well, who does? And anyhow, what's the fish doing messing about outside there instead of taking his chance in here like the rest of us? It's a shame! That's what it is!" Heaven alone knows what would have been the end of it all. None of us born, perhaps, to tell the tale!

The fact that they all survived the journey leads to the conclusion that Noah did very well and that a little insincerity often prevents a great deal of excitement.

I AM inclined to think, too, that a craving to be perfectly honest about our own opinions of other people's behaviour would prey less upon our minds if we were not so anxious as we are to protect our own vanity from wounds, accidental or deliberate. The dearly loved ego which all of us instinctively guard from any kind of rough-and-tumble game is not always at its best. Why must its loving owner spiritually scream with indignation if its inevitable imperfections are discovered while we are all frolicking together in the waters of conversation? After a lapse of time, how many individuals will brood over the shameful particulars of So-and-so's failure to prove himself quite perfect in every way?

Fellow authorities on etiquette who pride themselves on being "very particular" as to manners "when in company" accept with perfect gravity a guest's apology for showing symptoms of indigestion, but does it surprise them nearly as much to notice an elegantly minded lady or gentleman neglect to raise a sheltering hand and say "Excuse me" behind gracefully curved fingers after betraying words of ill digested thought?

A BEAUTY SECRET FROM SPAIN

BY A CORRESPONDENT

These are some interesting pages from a letter which came to me one day last month from a friend on holiday abroad.

" To-day the Calle de Alcala looked as gay as Bond Street on a Spring morning ; it made me feel quite home-sick—and then who should I run into but my old friend Señorita de Toledo, looking incredibly lovely and beautifully dressed as usual. She's one of the smartest Spanish women in Madrid. We had tea at the Hotel Palace together and talked about the things we'd been doing, and how deserted Madrid is now that the hot weather's come and everybody has rushed off to the coast. She's the real Southern type of beauty—tall, dark-eyed, and dark-haired, with the exquisite creamy complexion you only see in Spain ; the kind that makes the average outdoor Englishwoman sigh with envy every time she looks at it, and wonder how it must have been acquired.

THE SIMPLER WAY TO SKIN LOVELINESS

" I couldn't help saying something about this to Señorita de Toledo. She looked blankly surprised for a moment, and then laughed. ' You'd be surprised yourself if you could see how little time and energy I waste on my complexion,' she said. ' Why, I never have a moment. I just take care of my skin the way most women do over here—by using the natural oils of our country. Our grandmothers—and their grandmothers before them—used pure olive oil, made from these,' and she held up a crystal dish of olives, ' and they perfumed it with an essence that they distilled themselves from rare wild flowers. Of course, it's different now ; we get these natural ingredients blended in a soap. But the recipe's the same, and it is as effective now as it ever was.

" ' But you English are funny—you and your complexions. Either you neglect them entirely, or you are always rushing to the other extreme. Listen,' and she leant forward across the little table, ' I'll tell you a beauty secret of my very own—and you can use it yourself at home, every night and morning if you wish.

TRY THIS TEST

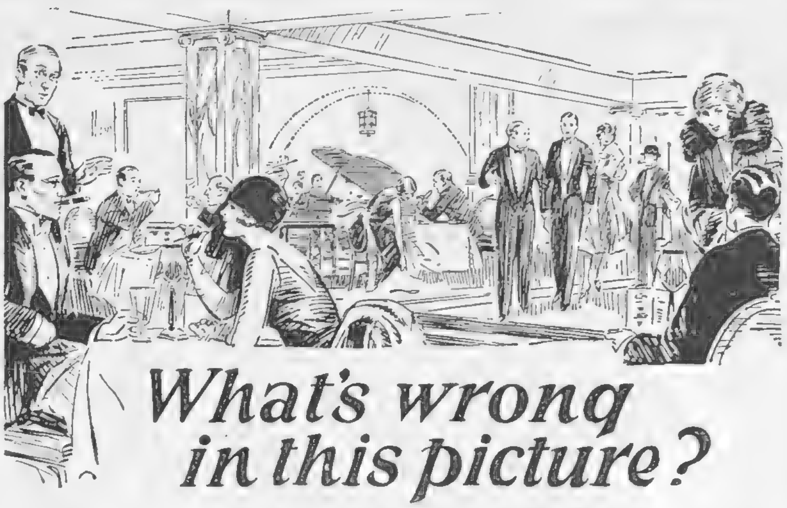
" ' I wash my hands carefully in warm water and this soap I was telling you about—Gal. At first the lather comes light and bubbly, but as you work it between your fingers, you'll feel it thicken till it's as firm and fluffy as whipped cream. When it is firm enough to cling to my fingers I rub it into my skin like this '—she demonstrated with delicate white fingers—' as though it were a cream. Afterwards I rinse it away with warm water gradually cooled till it is icy. You'll be surprised to see how effectively it soothes and cleanses your skin, how wonderfully soft and fragrant it feels all day afterwards. Be sure to get the lather just fluffy enough. It only takes a minute, and the daily massage keeps your hands very smooth and soft—just feel.' She laid a white hand on mine. ' Nearly all the women I know use Gal Toilet Soap this way. Simple, isn't it ? But the best things often are.'

" She danced away, and I went home soon after. What she told me had given me something to think about, for it occurred to me that this simple Spanish way of cleansing the skin would come as a tremendous boon to thousands of Englishwomen who wish to preserve their natural beauty by simple and inexpensive methods. I do not know whether Gal Toilet Soap is yet obtainable in England ; but I have written down all I can remember of Señorita de Toledo's story, hoping that women at home will get some value out of hearing about a way to skin loveliness that is so simple and solves so many problems."—K.A.

Readers will be glad to hear that Gal Toilet Soap is obtainable in England. You will find you can get it from all high-class departmental stores, chemists and hairdressers—easily recognisable anywhere by its dainty packing of sunshine yellow. In the case of an unusually sensitive skin the use of any soap on the face is, of course, only to be undertaken with considerable caution. But for all ordinary purposes Gal Toilet Soap can be used quite confidently, even where some soaps might prove unwise, for its pure natural oils are so specially soothing and beneficial.

It is only a shilling a tablet, or two-and-nine for a box of three—a price that is surprisingly low for its class. If you should find any difficulty in buying Gal Toilet Soap in your district, send a postcard to Perfumeria Gal (London), Ltd., Dept. E, 76, Strand, W.C.2. They will be glad to put you in touch with your most convenient source of supply. (ADVT.)

F.S. 304/R1



What's wrong in this picture?

Fifteen mistakes are being made in this picture. Can you find them all? If not, read through this advertisement and perhaps you will be able to find out.

IT is fatally easy to make social mistakes—in restaurants, in people's houses, in the theatre, at meals when you are the host or a guest. People are quick to see you, quick to misjudge, quick to condemn. It is this fear that frequently makes you shy—and because you are shy, awkward—perhaps at the very moment when you want to appear at your best.

Do You Know

1. The duties of a best man ?
2. How to address Royalty on behalf of a Charity ?
3. The duties of a hostess ?
4. The subtle distinction between degrees of nobility ?
5. How to pronounce Dalziel, Harcourt, Colquhoun, and Ruthven ?
6. The etiquette of calls and card leaving ?

Knowledge — the Secret of Personal Charm

There is no need to envy the man or woman whose manner is at all times and on all occasions *assured*. This well-bred assurance is simply knowledge—knowledge of what to do and how to do it with ease and charm. This knowledge can be acquired from the pages of the "Book of Etiquette." In it, Lady Troubridge, the author, tells you what to do and say on all social occasions. She settles all those small, tiresome questions you are not quite certain about, and however distinguished your social position, you will find much to learn in the "Book of Etiquette."

Etiquette in the Restaurant

Ought a man to precede a woman entering a restaurant, or finding the seats in the theatre? When should a woman wear a hat in a restaurant? When is it necessary to wear full evening dress and on what occasions is a dinner jacket correct? What should women wear on such occasions? How should you eat olives? Asparagus? Is it correct to powder in a restaurant? How do you make introductions? How should invitations be sent and answered?

All these small questions, and hundreds of others are answered in the "Book of Etiquette." No one is so well informed that he will not learn something from this invaluable book.

"Book of Etiquette," by Lady Troubridge, sent FREE for Five Days' Examination

So certain are the publishers that if you see this book you will instantly recognise it as indispensably useful, that they offer to send it on five days' free trial. The scope and value of this book cannot be fully described here. Send for it. Satisfy yourself. Enjoy five days' free reading of it. If you do not think the book of the greatest value, send it back. You will have paid nothing and there will be nothing to pay. You are the sole judge of the value of the book to you. It is worth a trial. Seek out the answers to all the questions that occur to you. You can fully satisfy yourself *before* you decide to buy the book at its modest price. Fill in the coupon at once, and post it immediately so that your request may be promptly dealt with. *Send no money.*

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Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume Set of the "Book of Etiquette." Within five days I will either return the books or send you 15/6 in full payment.

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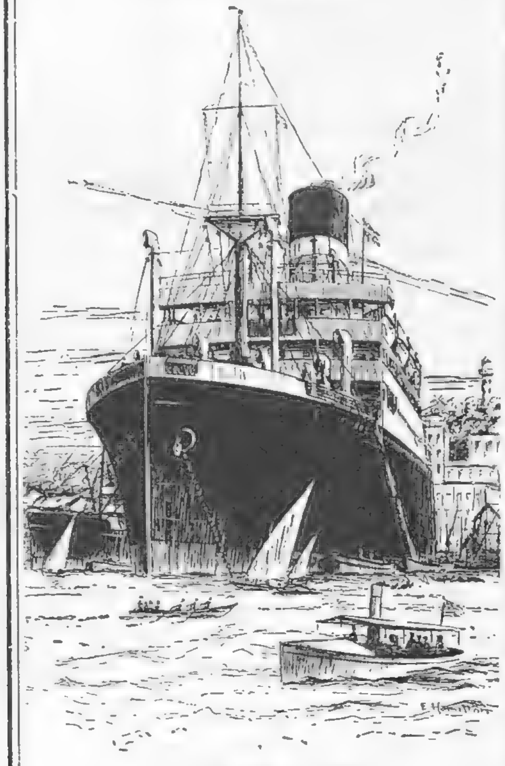

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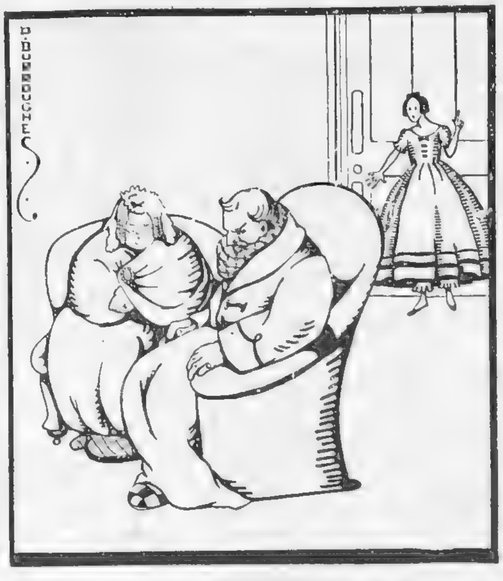
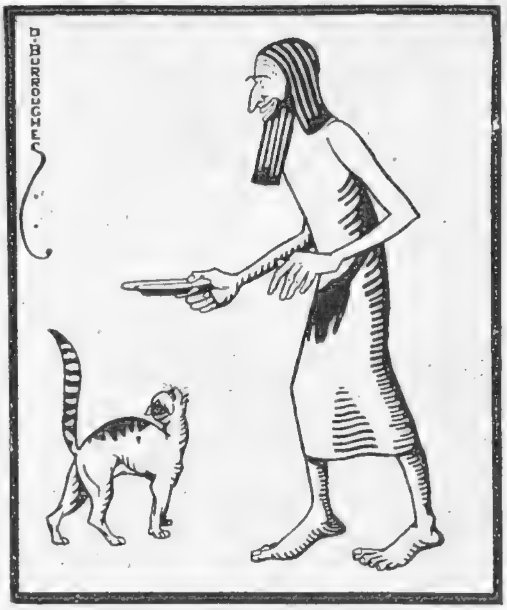
N.B.—It would be better to discontinue this form of apology in the first instance than to extend the sphere of its usage.

As usual, I have wandered from my first point, which was that readiness to take and give offence (which always betrays ill manners by spoiling the pleasures of companionship at home and in public) is very likely an expression of fear lest vanity should be accidentally knocked about. Deliberate attacks are less disliked than other hurts, because the stronger the vanity the more complacent its owner becomes through the consolation of being in the limelight at all, no matter in what capacity. To be noticed, perhaps inspected, and then carelessly left on the floor, is what the poor ego cannot bear with indifference. I hate it for myself, as I hate shaking a fishy hand or meeting the uncomprehending goggle of a self-satisfied eye or listening to the meaningless forms of agreement that express no more than the panic of guarded vanity, as, for instance the ubiquitous cry of "Marvellous!" when no shadow of a marvel has stirred; "crashing," "astounding," "amazing," have in their day followed "excruciatingly funny," "weird to a degree," "monstrous fine," and so back to Noah and his family, who stood on the step exclaiming "How infinitely twee!" when the elephants stepped on board.



". . . Parents should be kept warm and quiet"



". . . poor Noah tripping along with the saucer"

No one need make a fuss about the use of such words, for they are as good as any others used inappropriately. The use of one adjective for all occasions can be justified as follows: "I dare not say anything intelligible in case you think I am not divinely gifted with all knowledge and every grace of mind." Until you have made sure that these timid spirits are only harmlessly engaged in assuming "culture" though they have it not, you will be well advised to act calmly. They may be only playing "bogeys" to warn you off their hard-won place of safe opinion, or they may be themselves victims of a further hierarchy of bogeys and be trying, as it were, to work off the same trick on the office boy as the boss played on them.

Sorry though I am to suggest we should be satisfied with a reputation for good manners based on nothing higher than assumed virtue, there is a great deal to be said for the working theory that the appetite comes in eating. The appetite for being agreeable may well increase with the practice of its technique at home You never know how or when this happens, because the line between courtesy and humbug is not so easily discovered as it ought to be.

How often we hear that this or that domestic tyrant is "getting quite mild" as the years roll by! Perhaps these dragons found out in shame, as I have done, that many a pounce made in self-righteousness on an apparent offender catches nothing more criminal than the tip of one's own tail. The suspected devilry of intention proves to have been only the expression of a differing personal taste. Let us say that the supposed evildoer has overslept herself—just fancy, when she knows quite well what time she ought to be up and about! Children forget all we have said about draughts and noise, evidently by design, for they have been told often enough how important it is that parents should be kept warm and quiet. Tradesmen don't seem to give a thought to the exact hour meant by "in time for lunch." I have known them send Mrs. A's steak (that doesn't take a minute to cook) an hour earlier than Mrs. B's veal for a pie that should have been in the oven by half-past eleven. Isn't it incredible?

To-day I found most startling corroboration of my chastened conviction that differences of opinion as to what is important and what is not do not always deserve so much contumely as they get. I opened the morning paper and read a selection of "howlers" made by school children and certified as genuine. The howlers and the excuses that might be pleaded in defence of their perpetrators are added here.

1. "After the battle of Worcester Charles II fled disguised as a pheasant." If one had never seen either a peasant or a pheasant, how easy it would be to

Within the old baronial hall
Baron and serf were held in thrall
By tales of Arthur's gallant knights
And Roland's strife with pagan wights.
The storyteller learned by rote
And passed on what his fathers taught
And if he heard another's story
He told it too, for added glory.
So, if one had a new edition
He viewed the rest with deep suspicion
'Til they invented copyright
And pledged themselves in Black and White.

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mingle their identity under the familiar interest of the word "disguise"!

2. "Nelson was born a weak and sickly man. He grew up to be a weak and sickly boy. He is now a statue in Trafalgar Square and is seen holding out his hand and saying 'Lest we forget.'"

This seems neither remarkable nor wrong if we reflect how often we ourselves were misinformed about the boy being father to the man, until our own experience taught us that the man is father to the boy.

Since even teachers can make howlers like that, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the old boy who wrote about Nelson got mixed up himself, as old boys generally do when it becomes a question of everyday knowledge.

3. "An insect has three parts in its body. The thorax, abdomen and the doxology." Can any reader explain the difference between that and "I always think Art should serve at least three purposes. To be ornamental, well carried out and inspired by a fine idea"?

If your conscience resolutely rebels against assuming actual knowledge though you have it not, there can be nothing really wrong in pretending that relations and acquaintances and friends are not always doing their best to be as offensive as possible to our (presumably) perfect selves. There is this further chance that the appetite for modest uncertainty in the matter may come by tasting its effect on the general conversation. All the trembling little egos will be able to leave their shelters and walk about in the fresh air of ease that will blow through the home circle and thence into the world at large. The stupid suspicions, inferences and innuendoes that pass for being "a match for anyone" or having "caught her out then" or "not giving oneself away" would drop out of use, because they are never needed where "equality" is only another name for "understanding."

Britannia and Eve's LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE

Results of 58th Series.

COMPETITION I.

A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

It is curious to note how often a single careless or commonplace word or thought is permitted to bring down a good effort. I can understand the offending item being all that could be managed in a first draft, where some inequalities are pretty sure to be unavoidable, but that slips so easy to correct should be allowed to survive into the finished version is difficult to understand. An unusually heavy crop of verses of this type were reaped in this competition. Honourably mentioned:—E. Brabant Partier, Dorothy Jefferis, "Fiona," "Elizabeth F. Alden," "Harriett Garr," Joyce E. Boyd, "J.A.B.," M. R. M. Bone, Phyllis Huggins, Margaret Huxtable, Hermione Kennedy, Annie Huggins, "Michael Forrest," G. M. Hudson, May Belben, "Phyl M. L.," Mary Redmayne, M. H. T., Margaret E. Willis.

The Winning Entry.

AN EXILE IN SPRING.

My heart remembers how the tide
Of orchard-rapture breaks in foam;
How kingcups flaunt their burnished chrome
By streams where pairing mallards glide;
What gold the showers have, when kissed
By fleeting sun; how sapphire clings
Upon a swallow's flashing wings;
What silver dwells in morning-mist:
How good the scent of earth; and how
Invincible, triumphant, strong
The quickening sap, the mounting song,
Breathing their balm, in England now!

GERTRUDE PITT.

COMPETITION II.

A prize of half-a-guinea for the best ode to "Summer Time" (in distinction to Greenwich time).

Awarded to "Nae Luck Ava."

In spite of the clear directions some people held fast to the season! And some, who acknowledged Mr. Willett, were a trifle too solemn about it. "Nae Luck Ava" knew better than this, better than anybody, but Mabel Asher, Margaret R. M. Bone, "G. G.," and Margaret Huxtable thoroughly deserve their honourable mentions.

The Winning Entry.

ODE TO SUMMER TIME

(With apologies to Milton's Hymn to the Nativity.)

Oh, cruel Summer Time!
I heard the church bells chime
Eight (though by Greenwich time 'twas only seven):
I rolled me out of bed,
And heavy-headed said:
"Oh, for my sweet lost hour in this warm heaven."
But now, alas, I must away
To face the chilly east winds of this April day.

Oh, gentle Summer Time!
With golden beams sublime,
Still shines th' ineffable sun that should have set.
I save electric light,
And read small print at night,
And pick up stitches without fume or fret.
Therefore with lifted hand I bless
Dear Summer Time, and all its gracious loveliness.

NAE LUCK AVA.

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read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *a stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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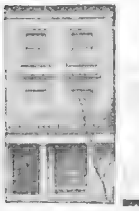

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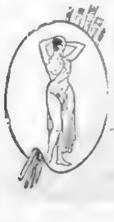

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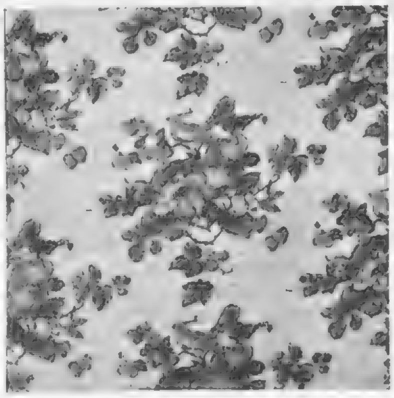

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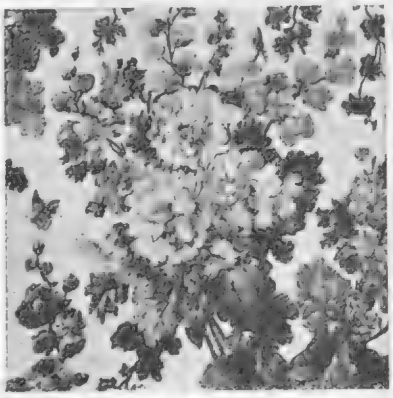

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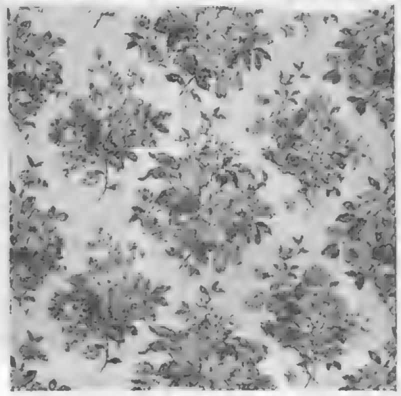

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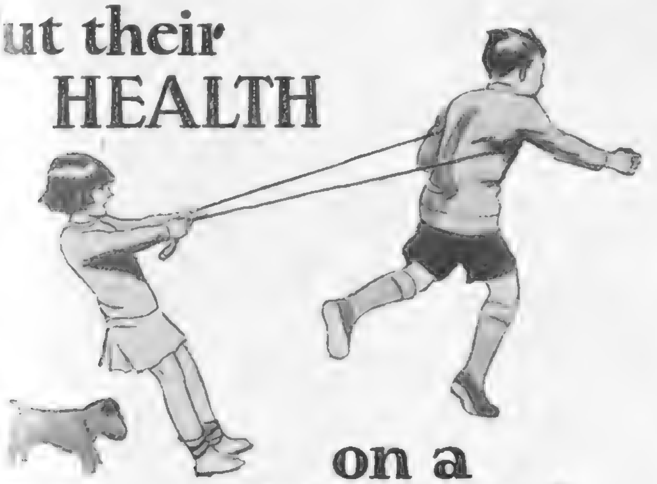

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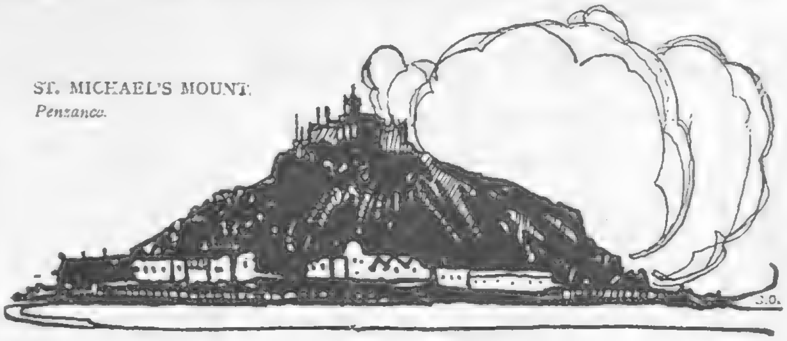

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Mr. James Agate

By JAMES AGATE

THE following is a true story. Some years ago I was lunching at the Waldorf Hotel alone and at a little table behind which was a large table surrounded by a company of obvious musicians. If I were asked how I knew that they were musicians I should have to make reference to their appearance, which was too highly spiritual and too little intellectual. But that is by the way. Presently I heard a silky, purring voice say with that familiar drawl in which there is always a suspicion of mockery: "You may take it from me, gentlemen, that Brahms was a tedious fellow who never wrote anything that mattered." In a loud voice and without looking round I said, "Rubbish, Sir Thomas!" The voice resumed, "You may take it from me, gentlemen, that with the exception of a requiem, four symphonies, four concertos, a good deal of chamber music, and some two hundred songs, Brahms was a first-class composer who wrote nothing of particular importance."

THE general public has shown itself more obstinate and more uncomprehending about Brahms than about any other of the great composers. He was German, and people seem to hold about modern German music, by which I mean music later than Beethoven, the same view which Lady Bracknell held about the German language: "German sounds a thoroughly respectable language, and, indeed, I believe is so." Or perhaps Brahms never quite got over the disability of being the son of a double-bass player, which argues pessimism. He is always inclined to be austere, and perhaps it is not a pitiful analogy to say that he is the Browning of music. But we know that Browning could, when he wanted, write a line which even Tennyson would have deemed sensuous; and there are some moments in the *Violin Concerto (on five Columbia records) which recall the best that Richard Strauss has ever achieved in the way of "linkéd sweetness long drawn-out." This is praise indeed.

BUT the work as a whole belongs to the sublime order, and we have not been listening for five minutes before we realise that we are in the presence of the third pillar of the great triumvirate of the noble in music. This concerto has architecture; it gives the mind two things—something to break itself upon and room wherein to play. The piece will never be popular with violinists who are not musicians first and fiddlers afterwards, and as a vehicle for the display of fireworks a Vieuxtemps or a Wieniawski would regard it as contemptible. Take that opening to the first movement with its long delayed entry of the solo instrument, and note how little disappointed we should be if the soloist never put in an appearance at all and the concerto developed into a symphony. Compare this with our mood in listening to the virtuoso's ideal concerto, where, listening to the introductory bars thrown off by a subservient orchestra, we desire only that the members of that orchestra should cease their damnable antics—as Hamlet very nearly says—and let the fellow we have paid to hear begin. Enough has been written, I hope, to explain why Sarasate found this particular work incompatible with his genius and took the greatest care to play it as seldom as possible. Szigeti is the executant on this occasion, and I personally would not wish for any other. The work is brilliantly played by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty, and is excellently recorded, though, perhaps, for readers who possess the higher-powered instruments it would be as well to use a half-tone needle.

ANOTHER magnificent work which I shall also star is Liszt's **Les Préludes*, played on two H.M.V. records by the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates. I confess that it was many years since I had heard this work, and that, putting it on without looking at the label, I wondered for some considerable time what bit of unfamiliar Wagner I had got hold of. Do readers, by the way, ever indulge in the amusing pastime of getting somebody else to put on a parcel of new records and seeing how often and how soon in each record they can spot the composer? The game is quite entertaining, though perhaps it is only gramophone critics upon whom parcels of records happily descend. But to return to Liszt. This old gentleman was a much better composer than most people are willing to recognise, and probably his own terrific virtuosity as a pianist did equal harm both to his genius and his reputation as a music maker. How much Wagner owed to him in the matter of orchestral colour will never be known, but we do know that he owed to Liszt the first performance of *Lohengrin*. *Les Préludes* is extraordinarily easy to listen to for the first time, and this is at any rate a minor virtue. But pieces which possess this virtue very often possess as well the accompanying disqualification of being too sugary; and certainly in listening to *Les Préludes* one is occasionally reminded that here is the composer who perpetrated that unforgivable *Liebestraum*. It is not, therefore, suggested that everybody will want to play these two discs every morning before breakfast and again before lunch; but once a month will do nobody any harm. They provide a perfect example of that criticism of Liszt's genius which declared that it was "melodious, effective, readily intelligible, with a dash of the commonplace."

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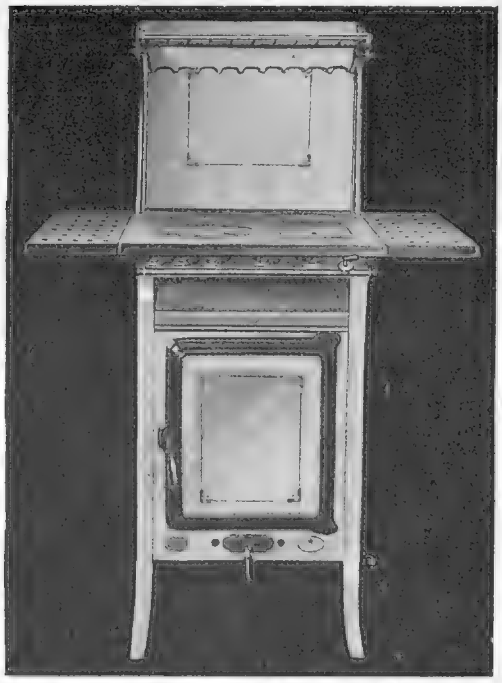
* Recommended for a permanent collection.



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FROM Parlophone we get Weber's still deservedly popular Overture to *Oberon*, played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. And from Columbia that same over-romantic composer's Clarinet Concerto, rendered on one record by the Garde Républicaine Band. This last is entirely typical of music which is not music. I seem to receive records taken from *Rosenkavalier* by every other post. But this I do not mind. It is said that native tribes will barter a herd of African elephants against a gramophone and play that gramophone all day and all night until either the discs are worn through or the machine breaks. I sympathise, for *Rosenkavalier* affects me in exactly the same way. H.M.V. gives us a lovely rendering of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nacht-Musik*; the Dance of the Seven Veils from *Salomé*, which is hardly the same thing; the two Chopin Preludes which, though played by Paderewski, personally bore me most—principally because I can play them myself; and some other records which suggest that the harpsichord is again running into fashion. As to this I will only say that perhaps Mr. Dolmetsch is right and perhaps not. Unfortunately, I know nothing about Life in Vienna, though Komzák's waltz of that name, on two Columbia records, reminds me of sunny afternoons on the ends of piers in North Wales and the long ago, when one thought how splendid it must be to grow up and dance with pretty girls, or to grow up still more and light cigars, as was the fashion for old gentlemen, with those adorably smelling fusees.

FOR Columbia, Miss Bella Baillie sings "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre!" in a manner which suggests that worse entualities might befall, and Miss Ger- de Johnstone disinters those never lly buried favourites, "Ah, Fors è !" and the Shadow Song from *orah.* For Parlophone, Herr Gerard sch brings to the semblance of life one is regarded by all experts as the rd in hierarchy of Wagnerian bores— , Wolfram in *Tannhäuser.* However, Herr Husch does manfully with both ties. Mr. Norman Allin, for Columbia, lays him down in peace to sleep, and, rocked in the cradle of the deep, rests as cure upon the wave as ever did Signor Foli, most vocal of Irish policemen. On the other side of this record is "Father O'Flynn," which personally I venture to think is much better fun. At the same time it is music of this order which has made public dinners largely what they are.

AMONG the lighter Columbia discs are to be found such agreeable persons as Mr. Norman Long, cheerful as ever (in "That's Why I Love Her"), Messrs. Layton and Johnstone, whose supply of syncopated sentimentalities seems inexhaustible (in "Forever" and half-a-dozen others), and Mr. George Dewey Washington (in "The Sun is at My Window"), though personally I would much prefer that this most joyous of negroes would not talk "through" his catchy ditties in the peculiar manner of Mr. Jolson. There are so many excerpts to hand from *Mr. Cinders* that it seems hardly worth while going to the Adelphi. My particular choice among the dance-records is the rhythmically fascinating "What is this Thing Called Love?" from *Wake Up and Dream!* Most of the others are as indistinguishable as they are undistinguished.

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Dead Girl Finotte:

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

(*Continued from page* 31)

canes talking to the wind and the voice of the sea very far away.

"Again she said 'listen!' yet I heard nothing but the cry of a night bird.

"Then the clink of iron, and they came round the bend of the cane clump, breaking the earth with their hoes, followed at a little distance by a boy with a goad.

"Four figures in the moonlight. Three men and a girl, walking not as men walk, working as the spindles in the cotton mill, without sense of mind, followed by the boy their driver—and the girl was Finotte whom I had seen buried, and the tallest of the men was Jaquin who had died six months before, and I was looking at them and I went not mad.

"FOR I knew. I, Baidaux, am not an ignorant man, and I knew of the culte which is brother to the Culte des Morts. Look you, they give a man a drink that brings the fever, he dies, he is buried—but he is not dead, he only sleeps without breathing, his people mourn him and bury him and leave him in the grave. Then come the wicked ones and dig him up, he breathes again and lives, yet he is not truly alive like you and me, for his mind has left him, for the drug has killed his brain. He can hear and obey but he cannot think, so he can hew wood and draw water and hoe the fields and cut the cane, without thought, without pay.

"Ah! Jean Labat, it was an evil day for you when you took the girl of Baidaux for your slave—but it is finished.

"'Come,' I said to the old woman who was holding to me and pointing, 'our place is not here, lead me to the house of Maman Faly, the woman who deals in herbs and who helped to lay out your daughter who was once my girl.'

"AT the little house where the evil woman lived I knocked, and she opened, and with my knife point at her throat she told all.

"'Come,' I said, 'the drug, the drug. I have need of the drug, prepare it or die.' She had it ready prepared and she gave it to me, and I killed her with a thrust of the knife and was caught up in a flame that carried me to the house of Jean Labat.

"I beat on his door, and he opened it, and I drove him with my knife into a room. I made him lie upon the floor. He chose the drug rather than instant death

"THE fever came on before daybreak, and I sat with him to nurse him till the man came who looked after the cooking and house tending—then I left him, and calling all the hands of the plantation I spoke to them of their wickedness and they fled, so that there was nothing left but the crowing of cocks and the clapping of doors to the wind and the three dead men and the girl in the shed where they rested when not at work, and me, me, Baidaux, and Labat.

"I had thought to play with him and torment him and make him my slave—but you cannot play with a machine. To-night I made him drown in the sea.'

"And the three dead men and the girl?" I asked.

Baidaux laughed, and rose up and walked away without a word of good-bye and I knew that they were no longer working on that plantation.

I watched him away down the goat track and then passing beyond the trees at the rise of the bluff. I never saw him again

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BRITANNIA & EVE'S

LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

Results of the Fifty-eighth Series are on page 152.

SIXTY-SECOND SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post Monday, July 15th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best poem entitled "Summer Night."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best brief conversation overheard on a 'bus between two women discussing a third.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—JULY 15th

SIXTY-THIRD SERIES

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post Monday, July 29th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best synopsis of a 3-act play in which a very charming woman is detected in an act of theft.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—JULY 29th

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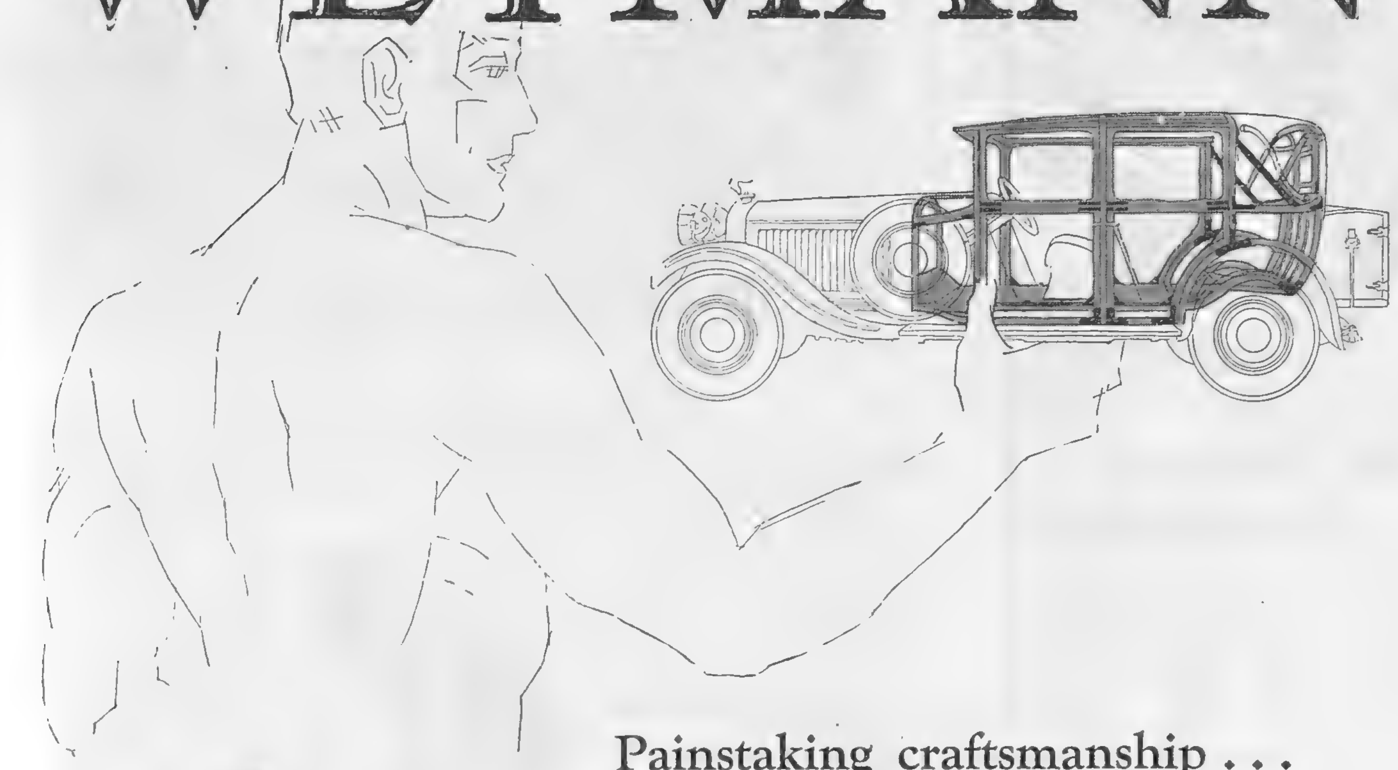

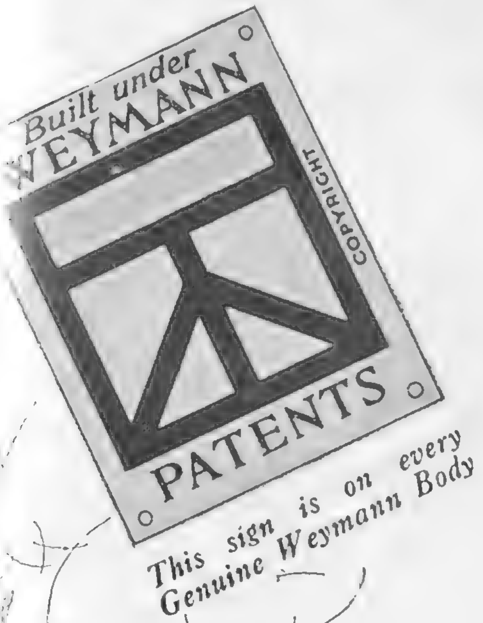
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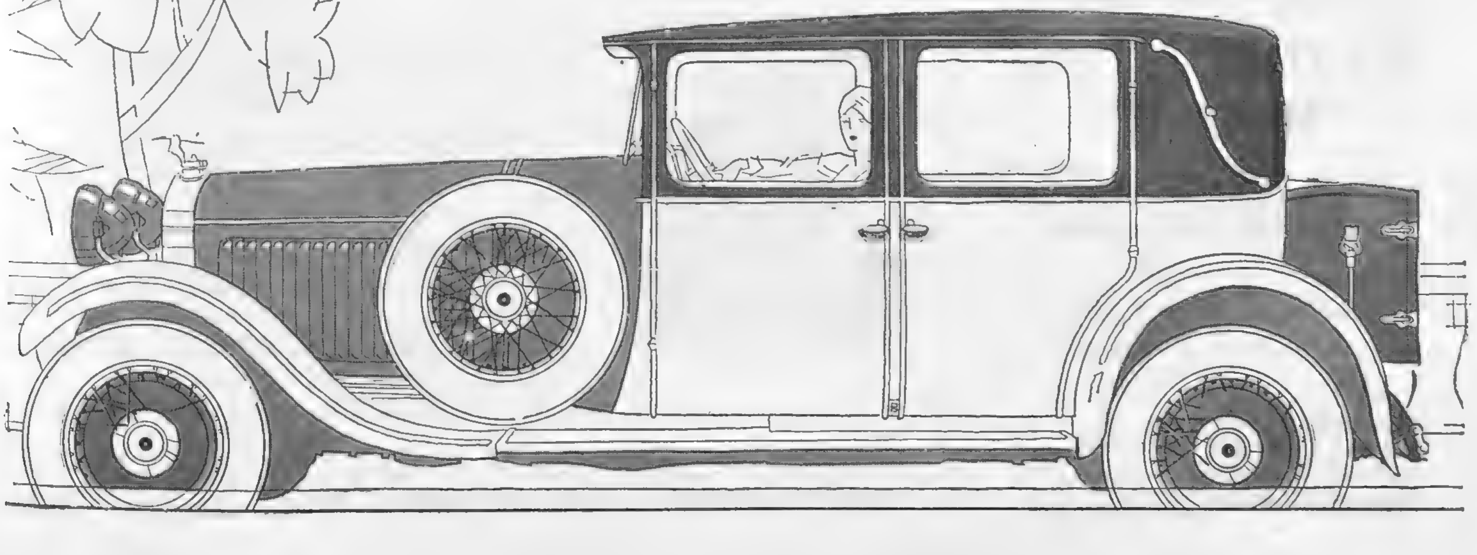

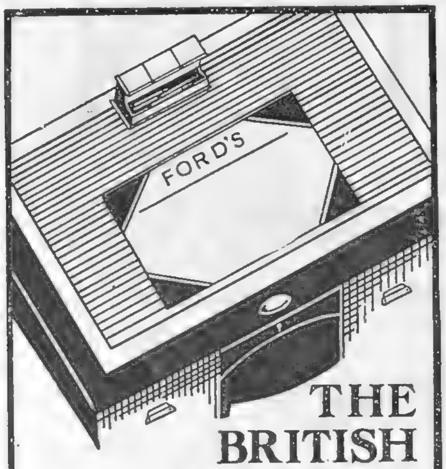

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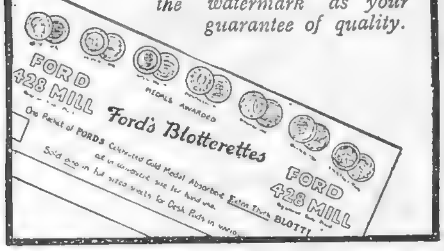

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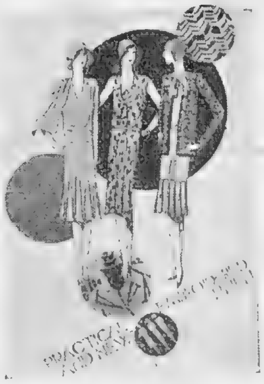

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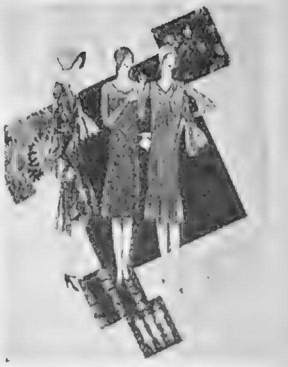

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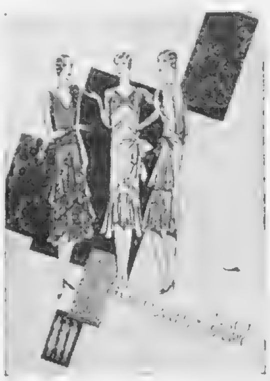

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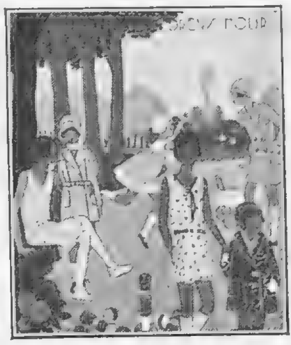

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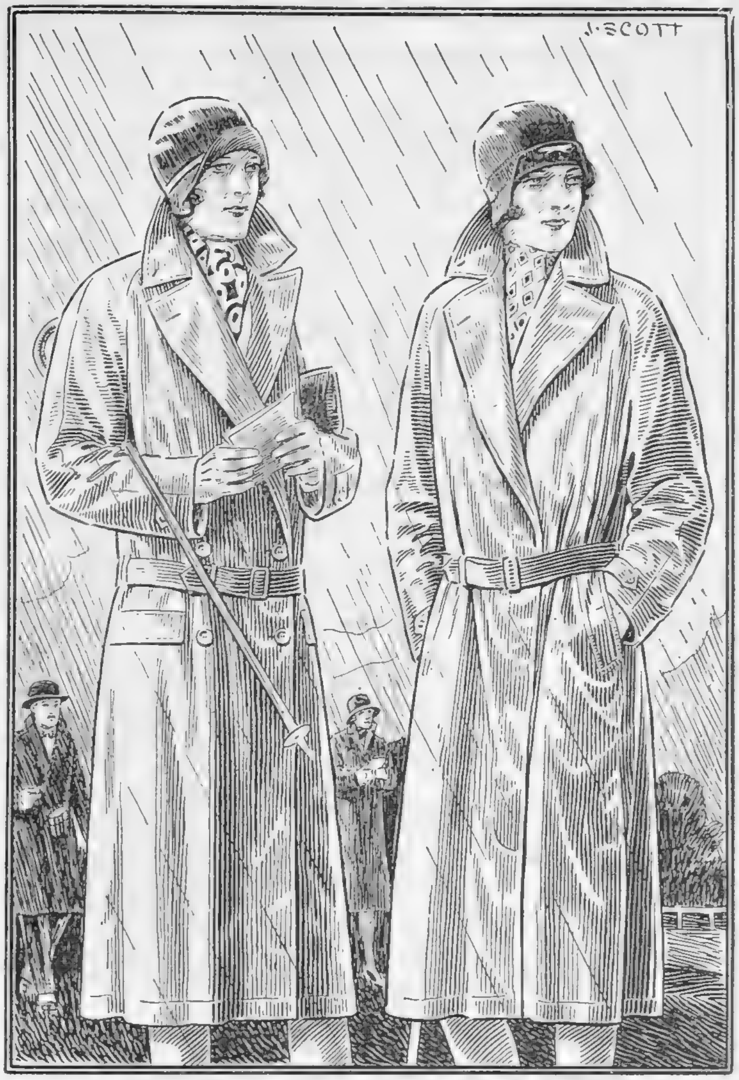

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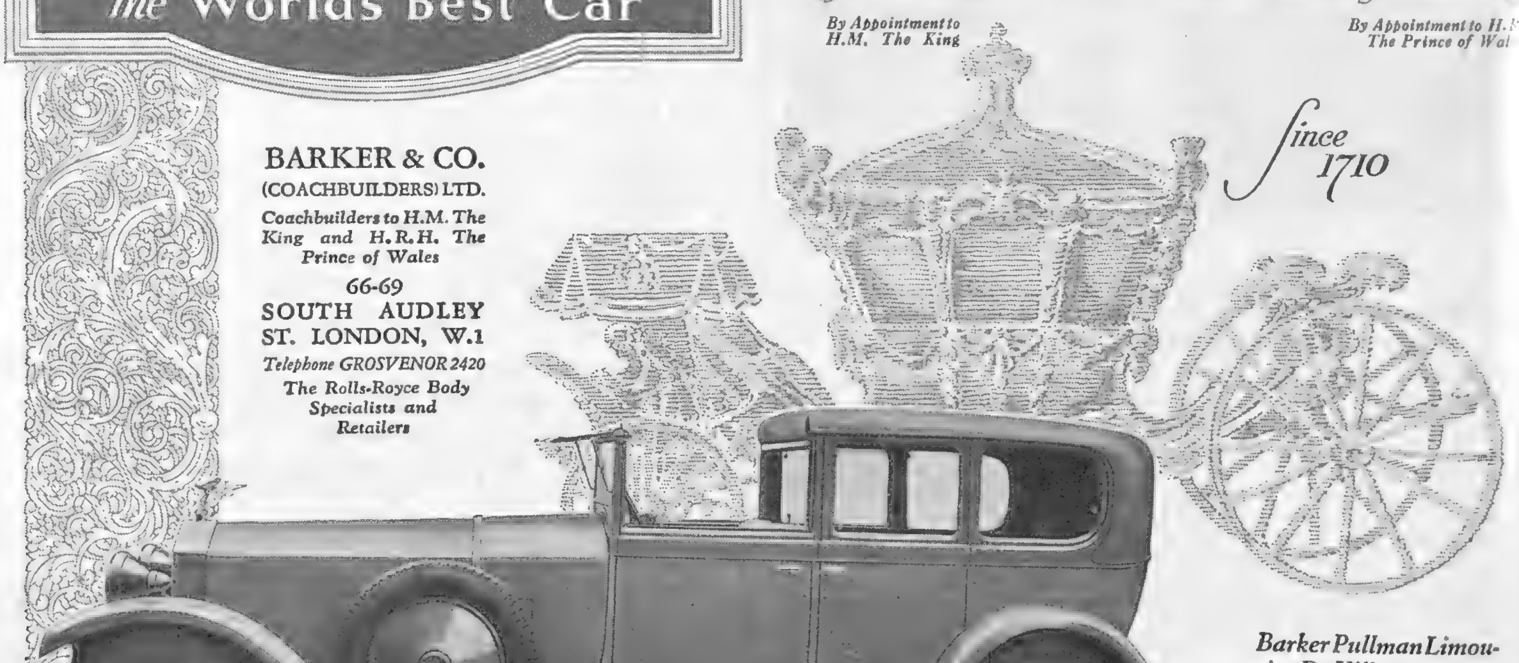

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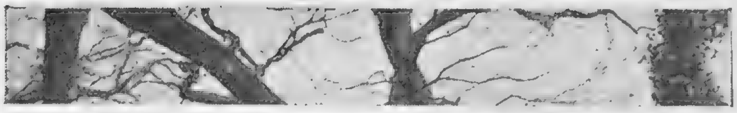
CARDIGAN



Touring in Hilly Districts

Hairpin bends and precipitous hills are frequently encountered by motorists touring in the more rural districts of Great Britain, but by concentrating on two vital points such obstacles can be easily surmounted

Little hills off the beaten track are short but sudden and call for accurate gear-changing

"Well done," says Sir Herbert Austin to Miss Gladys de Havilland after her gallant world tour in an Austin Seven

THIS summer will see many motorists taking their annual holiday in Scotland, Devonshire, or Wales. Here, unless they keep strictly to the main roads, they will encounter hills of a type which they have not seen before—gradients which look "like the side of a house" and "hairpin" bends of unexpected sharpness. Without some experience of this sort of thing the steadiest driver is apt to get "rattled" and do the wrong thing, and to re-start on a 1 in 4 gradient is almost as awkward as having to back down again.

Very little difficulty would be met with, however, if drivers would concentrate their minds on two vital points. The first of these is the necessity for keeping the engine turning over at a fairly high speed throughout the climb, even if, in the case of old cars, this causes them to overheat to some extent. This is done, of course, by changing into a low gear as soon as there is any tendency for the "revs." to fall off, and making due allowance for the fact that the speed of the car will be reduced quite considerably while the change is actually being made. If, for instance, it is desirable in a small car to engage "second" at 20 and "first" at 10 m.p.h., then it will be necessary on steep gradients to begin performing this operation at 25 and 15 m.p.h. respectively. If the engine can be kept at a speed of about 2,000 r.p.m., it should be quite easy, except on hills of the "freak" variety, to make a perfectly smooth and unembarrassed climb.

Every dog has his day. These aristocratic Alsatians arrived at the Ladies' Kennel Club show in fine style. No foot-slogging!

THE second vital point is to avoid cutting across the inside of a "hairpin." The only sure method of getting round a bad one is to swing round the outside of it. The gradient is less on the outside, and the car has much more space in which to make the turn. There are several "hairpins" I know of which a big car could negotiate in no other way.

Descending long hills of this type appears, to the amateur at any rate, a much less alarming affair. Actually the chances of meeting with an accident are much increased, although the modern car is so constructed that it will often stand up to ill-treatment which would have caused serious trouble with earlier makes. I have heard, for instance, of a beginner who came down Porlock safely with his clutch held out, a procedure which would once have been equivalent to suicide!

EVEN now, however, it is hardly worth while to take chances of this sort, for no braking system should be asked to resist such a tremendous and continuous strain without every assistance which the intelligent driver can supply. Gradients of 1 in 4 should invariably be taken in first gear, in which case it will be found that the retarding effect of the engine will approximately halve the strain upon the brakes. The hand-brake should also be used, even if, as is sometimes the case, its own efficiency is slight. It will at least reduce to some extent the work which the foot-brake has to do. Changing over from one brake to another is often a good plan.

When engaging first gear on a downhill slope, it is, of course, necessary to accelerate the engine far more than when making a normal "change down." The car will gather speed throughout this operation, and the wise driver who wishes to be in gear at 10 m.p.h. will slow down to a walking pace before attempting to engage his lowest ratio. The car may easily gain 5 m.p.h. in the few seconds which the change will occupy.

Mrs. Urquhart Dykes filling up her 'Alvis' at Brooklands. She is a most enthusiastic racing motorist

The Fool-proof Gear

A mechanical problem which, in spite of repeated experiments, remains unsolved

IT is related that when one of the early French designers produced, in an elementary form, the gearbox which is still one of the chief components of the orthodox motor chassis, he remarked that it was not good, but that it would serve his purpose until something better had been found. Subsequent designers have agreed that it is not good, but have, until recently, continued to seek with scant success for the "something better." The earliest approach to perfection was through the medium of the "epicyclic" box. It was found, however, that "epicyclic" construction was ordinarily so heavy and so cumbersome that either the number of speeds had to be kept down to the absolute minimum or the power-to-weight ratio had to be sacrificed. There were experiments in "friction" drive which broke down owing to the fact that the "friction" was an uncertain quantity and that gears frequently slipped when it was vitally necessary for them to grip. There were even "electro-magnetic" devices which nobody understood. At present there is a nineteen-speed fool-proof gear being made which works admirably on the bench, but never seems to find its way satisfactorily into the chassis of a car. Finally, there is a gearbox on the market to-day which embodies the principles of the old "epicyclic" gear, but which is neither heavy nor unwieldy. This seems ideal, but experts declare that its very lightness would be fatal in causing it to wear out rapidly in inexperienced hands.

Another little drink! The Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd dispenses the juice in a smart suiting of white overalls

When Everyone *can* drive

Some pessimistic forebodings on the dangers of the road if the "non-crashable" gear ever becomes an accomplished fact

IF the fool-proof or "non-crashable" gear ever becomes an accomplished fact, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that motoring, from the point of view of the ordinary man or woman, will be revolutionised. I recently persuaded a totally inexperienced lady to take the wheel of a car fitted with such a gear, and, although she speedily reduced me to a pitiable state of terror, there is no doubt that, inasmuch as she propelled the car confidently for several miles, she was able to drive immediately. Apart from gear changing, there has long ceased to be any difficulty in driving the modern car, and it is not too much to say that, with this last bugbear removed, the whole process will be as simple as pushing a pram—albeit possibly not so innocuous.

If magistrates and police chiefs are concerned now about the alleged dangers of our roads and streets, how much more cause will they have for anxiety when every adult member of the public is capable, or thinks himself capable, of controlling any car!

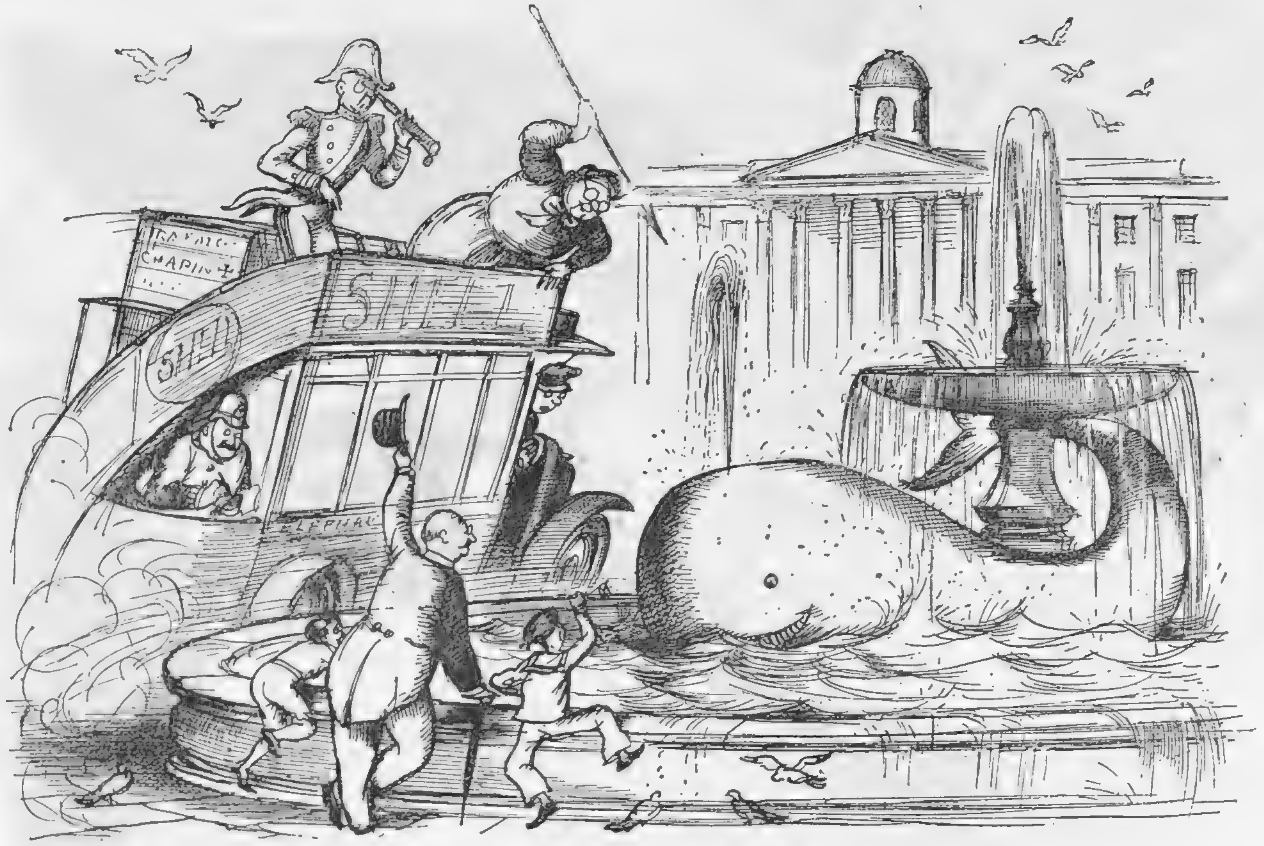
It was the intricacies of the gearbox and not the archaic laws by which we are governed that previously prevented mental defectives from taking out driving licences, but what will deter even this class of society in the future from taking its chance upon the road? Is it possible that we shall be driven to seek safety in the air?

All set for the start. Mrs. W. B. Scott at the wheel of her husband's racing 'Bentley'

Hot Weather Oil

Some advantages of an oil which is unaffected by change of temperature

THE majority of owners will by now have changed the oil in their engines from a winter to a summer grade. In most cases this is very necessary, but there is an alternative in an oil, namely, Speedoline, which has the property of retaining its "body" at all degrees of heat, and is therefore unaffected by any change of temperature. It is surprising that this brand should not be better known, particularly since it is sold in an unusually convenient form. It can be purchased by the drum, with which is sold a stand, together with a measure for decanting purposes. It is almost impossible to pick up the ordinary tin of oil without soiling one's hands. A drum on its stand, however, can stay in a corner of the garage, and it should be quite easy to keep the handle of the measure clean. You can't sell a bad oil by such devices, but, other things being equal, conveniences of this kind are not to be despised.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE

IF EVERYTHING WERE *DIFFERENT*

When everything is changed as in this picture, then perhaps ordinary petrol will have become like Shell, but until you see old ladies harpooning whales in Trafalgar Square Shell will remain *different.* Gloriously and unmistakably DIFFERENT from all other petrols.

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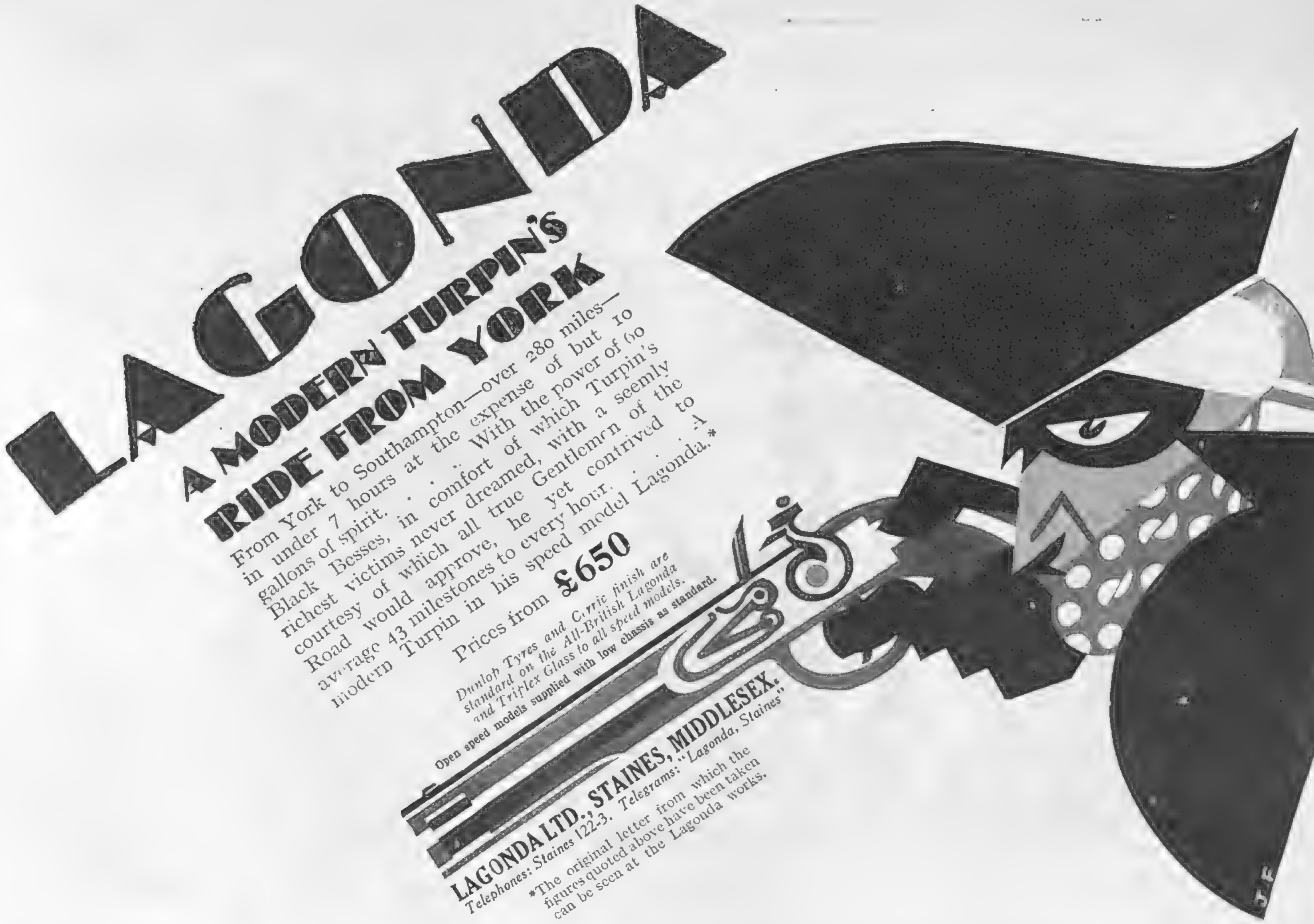

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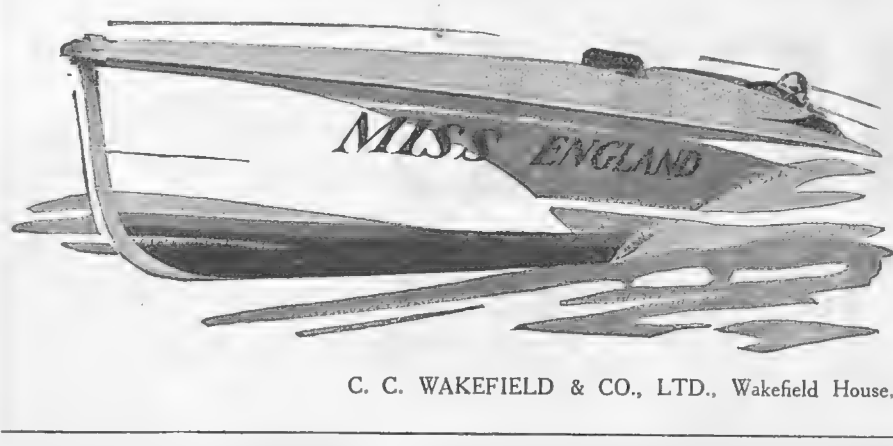

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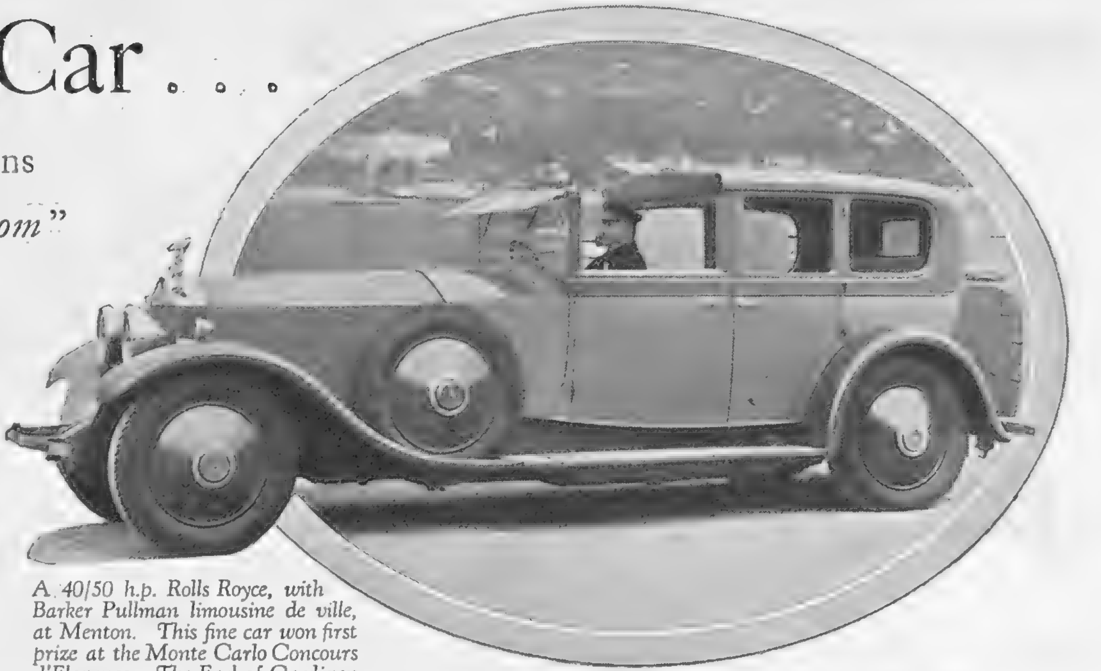
A *Super* Car . . . .

Second Impressions *of the "New Phantom" Rolls Royce*



A 40/50 h.p. Rolls Royce, with Barker Pullman limousine de ville, at Menton. This fine car won first prize at the Monte Carlo Concours d'Elegance. The Earl of Cardigan renews acquaintance with the "New Phantom" in this article

THE 40/50 h.p. Rolls Royce is a car which changes so little with the years that the usefulness of trying it more than once may not be obvious. Personally, however, I always welcome a second opportunity of testing a car which is an established favourite, since enthusiasm may prevent one's original impressions from possessing the critical value which they ought to have. In the case of the "New Phantom" my first impressions were frankly enthusiastic, for I do not remember that I had a single criticism to make, except the trivial one that the little catches on the gearbox "gate" were both confusing and unnecessary.

I need hardly say that my critical faculties were very wide awake as I stepped into the luxurious saloon which was placed at my disposal a few days ago, but almost immediately they received a shock. Where were the little "catches" which alone had enabled me to dilute my praises on the occasion of my previous run? I will not venture to suggest that my still small voice had played any part in their disappearance, but the fact remains that they had most completely disappeared. Only a perfectly straightforward "gate" remained.

No sporting occasion is complete without the ubiquitous car. This snapshot was taken at a meet of the Crowhurst otter hounds at Selham Bridge, near Midhurst. The otter hunting season ends in September

This at once transformed the trial run into a more than ordinarily serious affair. Some brand new criticisms had to be found, and I was by no means certain where to look for them. And so I set out with malice aforethought to find out where I could find some "snags."

WITH the engine it is impossible to find fault. It is silent; so silent that, if the speedometer is audible and "ticks," the noise, by comparison, seems deafening! Vibration is an unknown quantity, and there is no variation in smoothness at any speed between zero and 80 m.p.h. As for acceleration, the Rolls could make rings round a great number of the cars which are sold to the public as "sports models."

The gearbox, deprived of its "catches," is likewise irreproachable. So flexible is the engine that the need for fitting this "mechanical abomination" (as it has been called) is far from obvious, but four forward ratios are provided for the benefit of those who care to use them. On third gear 60 m.p.h. is possible, and the hum which normally accompanies the use of an indirect ratio is practically inaudible. Thus, while all normal hills can be taken easily on "top," no matter whether a run is possible or not, a change down will enable the Rolls to tackle the steeper gradients at a pace that will put the majority of supposedly faster cars to shame.

This Month's Motoring Hint

Negotiating "Roundabouts"

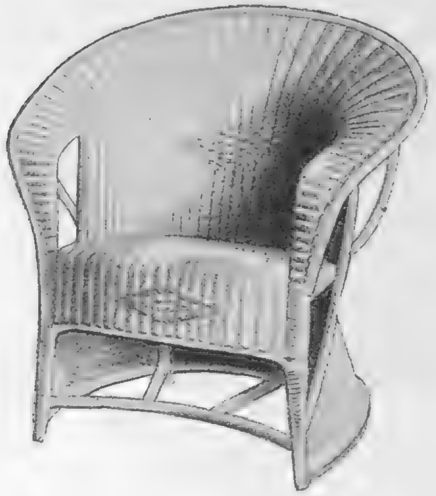
COUNTRY motorists visiting London must often find themselves confused by one-way streets and "roundabouts" such as those in Piccadilly Circus or Trafalgar Square. The 'bus and taxi drivers know them so well that they seem to hurtle round at a preposterous speed, whereas the newcomer wonders how he will ever extricate himself from the whirl of vehicles and find his way into the side street where his business lies.

THE great secret lies in getting ready to break away from the rest of the traffic long before the actual moment arrives. If, let us say, you want to turn down a side street on the south side of a square, begin working your way across to the left hand edge of the stream of traffic as you come down the east side, if not earlier. You may be baulked once or twice, but if you can get well over on the edge of the stream in good time, you will be able to break away quite easily when the moment comes.

MOREOVER, when high speeds are called for, it is only the very exceptional car which can show the Rolls a clean pair of heels on the flat. Not only is this sedate and silent vehicle capable of a perfectly honest 80 m.p.h., but also of clinging to the road in a way that enables the driver to corner, if he wishes, at far higher speeds than he would normally anticipate.

The springing is excellent, and the steering, which is light, has a lock which is exceptionally good for so large a car. The brakes are no less admirable.

As to cost, there is no doubt that something like £2,000 is a great deal to pay for a chassis alone. On the other hand, it is more than questionable whether the Rolls Royce can be said to be extravagantly priced. If a car more perfect, or even as good in all respects, could be sold at a lower figure, this view might be upheld, but where is the car of which so much can be said?



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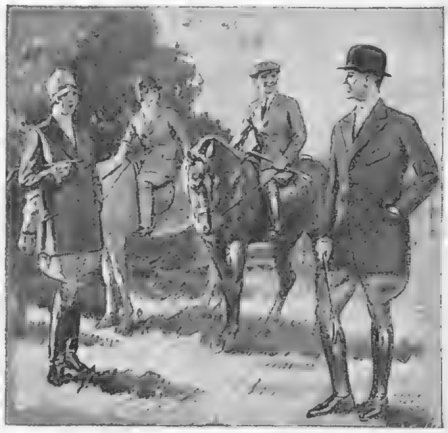

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Famous Women *of* History:

By F. MATANIA, *R.I.*, *and* KENNETH BELL

(*Continued from page* 52)

collapse within it. On them and on them alone depends the safety of the Temple. Fiercely she rebukes their treachery: they have forgotten that their safety lies not with men but with God. The people may be thirsty, but God is invincible; the essential thing is not to please them, but to avoid offending Him. The elders admit that she is right. But the thirsty people still obsess them; all they can suggest is that she should pray for rain to fill the cisterns and put heart into the defence.

NEXT she goes to God. Choosing the time when in far off Jerusalem incense is offered in the house of the Lord, Judith fell upon her face and humbled herself to the dust before Him. Her prayer is not a petition, but a challenge, an invocation to God the omnipotent not to forget His power, to make of her the instrument of His will, the means of vengeance on those who scorn His laws.

The rest of her preparations are for Holofernes. He is a man, a worldling and an enemy; she knows how to cope with him. Away with ashes and with sackcloth, out with the garments of gladness wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasses her husband. To save the Temple, the chaste widow becomes once again the enchantress. Only one thing more and she is ready for battle. The last thing is the all-important point of commissariat. She is going among infidels, and she must not run the risk of breaking the food laws of the Chosen People. So, using her maid as transport, she makes up a ration of wine and oil, corn, figs and bread, all prepared with correct ritual according to the Divine injunctions. Then and not till then she ordered the gates of the city to be opened, and with her maid went out through them, "and the men of the city looked after her until she was gone down the mountain and till she had passed the valley and they could see her no more." One widow woman with a maid and a basket against all the hosts of Assyria.

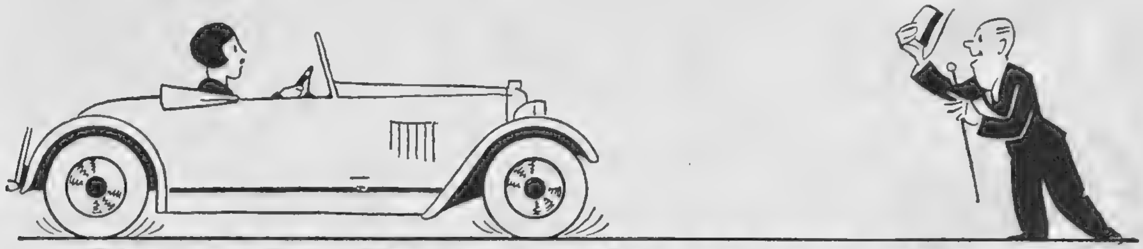
JUDITH'S plan has the simplicity of genius, the genius of her own people. She was out for victory, not for self-sacrifice. She had organised a campaign, not a forlorn hope. She had evolved a scheme which would produce not a windfall, but a large and steady dividend. If she was prepared to risk everything it was with a reasonable prospect of a more than adequate return. Almost the most characteristic thing about her exploit was that she survived it, still the perfect widow ("though many desired her"), till she died at the age of a hundred and five. It is also worth noting that the articles of value which she removed from Holofernes' tent after she had murdered him were dedicated by her to the Temple, and that she gave the canopy which she had taken out of his bedchamber for a gift unto the Lord.

This native forethought it was which insured her success. Everything she took with her came in useful. Her resplendent beauty cunningly set off made an event of her arrival. The naive soldiery, overawed by it, took her straight to Holofernes.

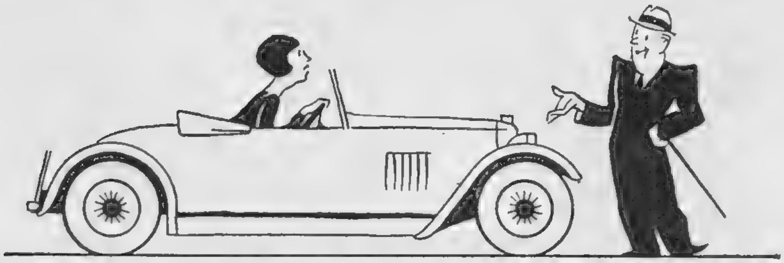
HOLOFERNES, good fellow that he was, no sooner saw her than he hastened to assure her that she was safe in his hands. This gave her an opening for an explanation for her presence which was a masterpiece of skilful lying—like all good lies, so near the truth as to be almost indistinguishable from it. She explained that though she knew Holofernes and his master were invincible in war, yet Achoir had been right in stating that the Jews possessed in the favour of their God a talisman against defeat. All great soldiers cherish a vein of superstition, and Holofernes, no doubt, was impressed. Now Achior's story was confirmed, it did seem possible that this wretched little gang of fanatics had a crafty little god whose local knowledge might upset the best-laid schemes. But she went on to explain that the Jews had already neutralised their advantage by annoying their God. Driven into a corner by Holofernes' plan of starving them out, they had applied to Jerusalem for leave to violate the Divine food-laws, and to eat and drink sanctified provisions. This leave they would surely get from the weak-kneed senate there, and the result would be that their God, justifiably angered, would leave them to their fate. Foreseeing this disaster, she, being a person of the strictest piety, had deserted them and was prepared in every way to assist invaders who were now cast for the rôle of avengers of an outraged Deity. No wonder Holofernes concluded that her wisdom was equal to her beauty. But there were still arrangements to be made before Judith's plans were complete. She had to secure her retreat. This is where her special commissariat came in.

IN her character as a person of the strictest piety she was able to meet Holofernes' offer of hospitality with a cunning refusal and to establish for herself the right to lead her own life in the Assyrian camp, even in the General's own tent, which he gallantly placed at her disposal. When he asked her, as he eagerly did, to dinner, she replied that she had brought with her her special food and asked to be allowed to eat it to avoid offence. Holofernes pointed out that it would soon be exhausted, but her answer was ready: her God would accomplish His design before that contingency arose. She also asked if she might each day leave the tent quarters, which she had accepted, at the appropriate hour for prayer. As she was the official representative of the God who was about to hand His people over to their enemies, those enemies could hardly refuse her leave to commune with Him. So she established a recognised habit of absence from the tent at a known hour in the day.

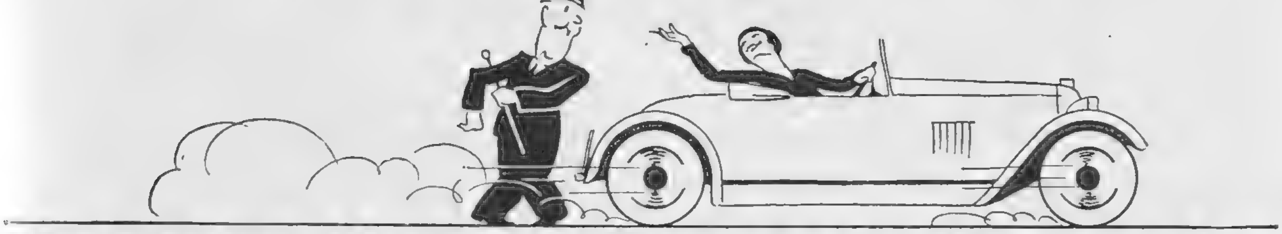
Holofernes was only human. It was really too much to expect him to continue to allow his beautiful captive to isolate herself in his own tent. He stood it, as Judith expected he would, for three days. On the fourth day he determined to change his tactics. His scheme was to give a private dinner to his own household, without the presence of any of his officers, who might outstay their welcome, and to induce Judith to be the guest of



Dearie, Dearie, hear my query



How are your M.P.G.?



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honour. Duly invited by Bagaos, his chief eunuch, she accepted.

HER plan was now the deliciously simple one to make him drunk. It was all the easier because she had stood out so firmly on the special point of drink: if he could get her to drink with him, he would think his cause was won. "Drink now," he said in his bluff, soldierly way; "be merry with us." And to his delight Judith, with shining eyes, made answer, "I will drink now, my lord, because my life is magnified in me this day more than all the days since I was born." Then she took and ate and drank before him. But what she ate and what she drank was still what her maid had prepared. She was not playing fair. He was a man to whom drink was an end in itself, she was a woman to whom drink was only a means. He thought the victory was won, and celebrated it accordingly. As the story very accurately describes the position, "he took great delight in her, and drank much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born." Sure enough, as soon as the dinner was over, the company dispersed, and Judith was left alone in the tent with Holofernes "lying upon his bed, for he was filled with wine."

ONLY one last point required to be arranged: she must remind Bagaos that she would be going out early as usual with her maid to pray, and see that the girl was at hand to go with her. Then she was ready. She was alone with the rival commander-in-chief. She walked to the head of the bed where Holofernes' fauchion was hanging, took it down, grasped his hair with her hand and whispered, "Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day." The strength came. Then she smote twice upon his neck with all her might and took away his head from him. It was then that, true daughter of Israel that she was, she stripped off the canopy, woven with purple and gold and emeralds and precious stones, from around the bed, and tumbled the body on to the floor. She had won the battle and secured the plunder; she had at once saved the Temple and secured the means of beautifying it to pay her debt to God. The rest was easy. What was the basket for, now its provisions were exhausted, but to conceal the head and the canopy? What more simple than to walk calmly out of the camp with her maid to pray? So, in due course, the widow woman, the maid and the basket reached once again the gates of Bethulia and the young men again opened them this time to let the little party in.

EVEN now the tale of her triumph is not complete. Two problems are still to be disposed of: the conversion to the faith of the candid and unfortunate Achior, and the final discomfiture of the Assyrian. These are child's play to Judith. The sight of Holofernes' head convinced Achior in a trice of the virtues of circumcision. On the spot, the symbolic act gives a recruit to the forces of Judaism. Meanwhile the sight of Holofernes' body spreads panic among his host. Bagaos discovers the corpse, and in the resulting confusion the Israelites drive the Assyrians headlong from Samaria. A zealous proselyte and mountains of booty are the twin results. Then and not till then Judith resumes her sackcloth, and for the remainder of her hundred and five years remains the perfect widow.

The Children's Salon: 39th ANNUAL COMPETITIONS

Preliminary Announcement

30 Prizes in Singing, Dancing, Reciting, Pianoforte, Art, Literature, French and Needlework

Provisional Date, Saturday, October 5th.

Entry Fee for each Competition—One Shillin

SINGING.

Prize A. Associates: A Song for Associates.
„ B. Members: A Song for Members.
„ C. Graduates: A Song for Graduates.

Competitors may choose their own song, which must be short, and they must bring their own accompanists.

PIANOFORTE.

Prize F. Associates.
„ G. Members.
„ H. Graduates.

Competitors may choose their own piece, which mus be short.

RECITATION.

Prize I. Associates. Sections A, B, & C.
„ J. Members.
„ K. Graduates.

Competitors may choose their own piece to recite which must be short.

DANCING.

No one who is a professional may enter for these Competitions.

Prize L. Associates' Sections A, B, & C.
„ M. Members.
The Competitors may adopt any style or Dance or Costume.

(Time allowed for dance will not exceed 2 minutes.

ART.

Prize N. Associates
„ O. Members
„ P. Graduates
Sketch from subject given by the Judges—Figure Landscape or Decoration

Competitors must bring own materials.
Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

LITERATURE.

Prize Q. Associates
„ R. Members
„ S. Graduates
The Judges will set a subject on the day for a short Essay.

Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

FRENCH.

Prize T. Associates
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A Short Paper will be set in French, to be translated into English, and English into French

Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS BY POST.

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Any piece of work made entirely by Competitors

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Members of Britannia & Eve's Literary Competition Circle can compete for the above prize, the subjects for which will be set later. Applications for entry forms can be made now.

RULES.

Competitors are allowed to enter for one prize only except in respect of Needlework, which may be taken in addition to the other subject chosen, and must compete in the Section their ages place them in, whether they are attending personally or sending entries by post

Annual Competitions by Post.

(a) Saloners living within twenty-five miles of London are not eligible to compete by post.

(b) Competitors are put upon their honour to complete their competitions in the Art, Literature and French Sections within the time limit stated on the Special Entry Forms, and not to obtain any outside assistance from books or otherwise.

(c) Any piece of work done entirely by the competitor in the Needlework Section must be posted to LEVANA on or before September 21st. All needlework entered will be sold at the Annual Competitions for the benefit of our charities.

Salon Members residing abroad are asked to return their entry forms immediately in order that there shall be ample time to compete.

ASSOCIATES are under 15, MEMBERS between 15 and 20, and GRADUATES over 20 years of age. Graduates, Members and Associates who have won a prize in any section at previous Annual Competitions may not compete again in the same section within three years but may compete in another subject.

Graduates', Members' and Associates' admission tickets, in addition to the entry fee, are 1s. each. (Those wearing Salon Badges will be admitted free. Badges may be bought for 2s. 6d., which are available every year.)

Friends' admission tickets, which must be purchased beforehand, are 2s. each.

Admission on the day will be 2s. 6d. for everybody except those wearing Badges.

Write without delay for Special Entry Forms to "Levana," "Britannia and Eve," Inveresk House. Strand. W.C.2.

Recreations and Re-actions

By Lady Cynthia Asquith

(*Continued from page 46*)

Would the unedited landscape be flatter and drabber to our uncoached eyes?

Or should we perhaps gain by encountering our own experiences unhampered by the standards set by literature, standards which may make our own reactions to certain situations seem so inadequate?

For instance, does familiarity with Romeo and Juliet invest the loves of Jacks and Jills with enhancing glamour, or does it, perhaps, make them dissatisfied with their own romance because its setting and libretto fall so short of the standard set? Life has become rather like reading a book marked by former readers, or walking through a German landscape in which all the finest views are pointed out by signposts indited "Schönes Aussistspunk." It is sad to find one's appreciation refusing to be thus conscripted.

ONE thing I feel sure fiction is responsible for: the inconvenient tying of tongues. Memory often inhibits us from saying things which might otherwise happily spring to our lips and give complete satisfaction to the unread. The heroes and heroines of fiction have taken the words out of our mouths. Many phrases rise in our minds but never attain speech just because we have met them too often in books. Had we not read them, they might well have occurred to us spontaneously. As it is, they are threadbare, hackneyed and made fatuous by Fiction before our own occasion for their use arises.

Yes, life is over-edited to us; its seas too charted.

Imagine an average woman condemned to perpetual solitary confinement. Would she retain her interest in the fancied lives of men and women? Certain books appeal to her at a particular age. She rather likes the heroine to be about her own age. At seventeen she prefers the heroine to be also on the threshold of life. At thirty the same woman wonders how any serious novelist can occupy himself with a heroine still in her callow teens.

HOW strange to remember that when Balzac wrote his story called "The Woman of Thirty" the title implied a note of exclamation! He intended a sensation. Was it not a bold paradox that a woman so advanced in age could be worth writing or reading about—could possibly prove dangerous? Why, at that time of life it behoved a self-respecting woman to take to a cap, and the cap was not of a kind that she could—what is called "set." Balzac's idea was that masked batteries may prove more dangerous than apparent ones, but that at the age of thirty the batteries of a woman's charm must be masked—the danger insidious; this was considered incontestable. I wonder what a story of the same gist would have to be called now. "The Woman of Sixty," I suppose.

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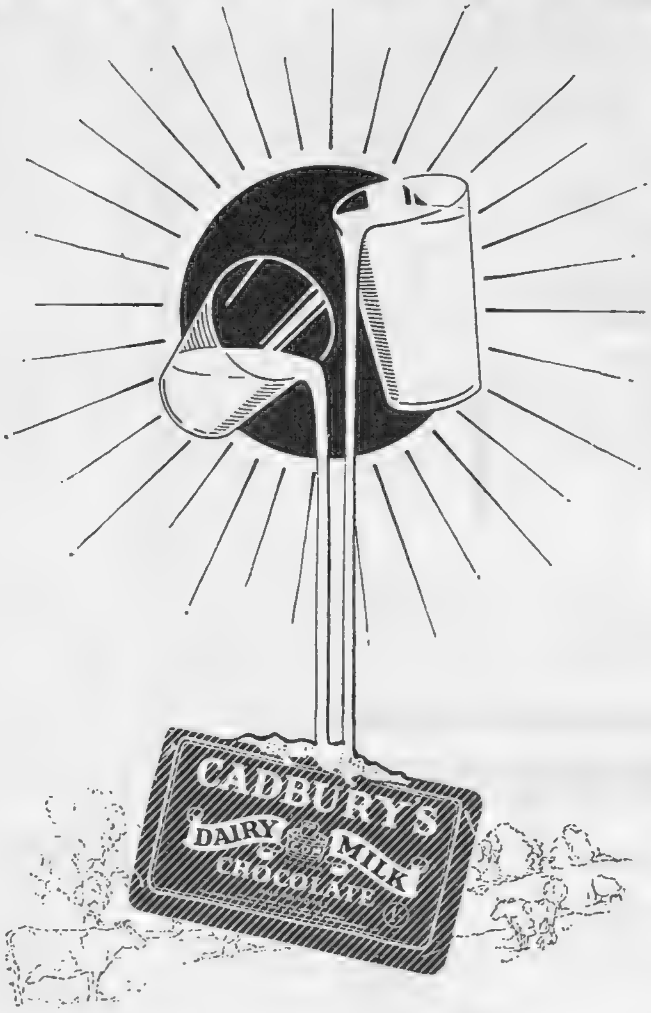

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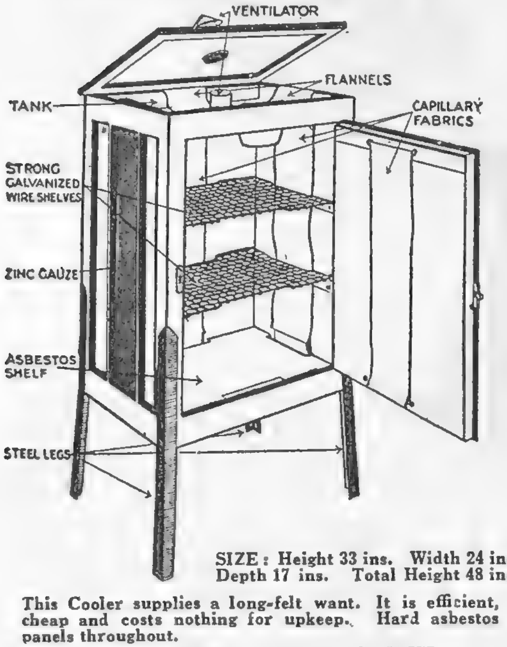

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The Lure *of* "Sex-Appeal": *By* Cosmo Hamilton

(*Continued from page* 33)

The human eye craves beauty—essentially so to-day; especially here in England where we are tortured and depressed by long and dismal winters, punished by the carbon monoxide in our more and more mechanised streets, hurt daily at the sight of the bastardisation of our country side, given less and less that is haunting and enchanting in music and on the stage, and now asked to listen to the squalling of that illegitimate infant whose father is the theatre and whose mother the screen. Is it any wonder that we look pathetically to women to provide us with that beauty without which we cannot exist? I am therefore all in favour of those pretty things which are invented mostly in Paris to catch the eye and charm.

THE glorification of our womenkind is a beneficent work. I am deeply sympathetic, then, with all those people who devote their lives to the manufacture of the numerous aids to beauty which are the only antidotes to the increasing ugliness and vulgarity from which we suffer now. I waft encouragement to those ingenious people who decide the momentous questions as to the length of frocks, the size of brims, the height of heels, the colour and texture of stockings, and the manner of wearing the hair. They belong to a profession which is as necessary to humanity as those which provide us with music, pictures, literature, —or at least novels—and the places in which to live. They are more important than these even because the results of their handiwork may be seen in the street. They provide us with living pictures, with actual sweeps of sound and with far more tangible heroines than those in our favourite books. Man demands a tingle, as anyone can see who passes St. James's Palace when the guard is being relieved, and if, during a dull day, he has the great good fortune while avoiding the Academy or the Royal Exchange, when issuing from the bowels of the earth or elbowing through a crowd, to see, however briefly, the living cover of a monthly magazine, a human angel with a dimpled knee, he has not lived in vain.

WITHOUT the appeal of sex and the lure of women, disaster would fall on the world. Poets would fade away and novelists die in their boots. The income tax would shrink to nothingness because there would be no incentive to work. Artists would go in for plumbing and musicians for carpentry. Heroism, martyrdom, sacrifice and service, joy, intrigue, adventure, passion, heart-break and all the pleasant things would utterly cease to be. The earth would be laid under a solid surface of ice. So long as women remain a destruction, a peril, an enchantment, seducing all mankind with wheedling arts and every cunning assistance, placing men under a despotic and undisguised bondage which they are only too glad to accept, remaining an inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice, generosity and greed, while they see that they are alluring and lovely by every conceivable trick, there will be immeasurable compensations for the human man.

Life is not measured by the time we live, but by the many times we love.

The Queen *of* Italy: *By* Evelyn Graham

(*Continued from page* 97)

slightest rumble, and during one wild, mad rush of the frightened, the Queen was knocked down as she tried to calm the poor creatures.

THESE are noble traits in the Queen's character, and it was perhaps of happy augury for Italy that though King Victor Emmanuel's reign should have been begun in tragedy, yet it was also begun with nobility, and that is consoling to human beings.

"The throned monarch" has his trying times to go through. Kingship has always had to face the uneasiness of him who wears a crown. It is only just to realise that when the present King of Italy came to the throne Italy was by no means in a happy state. From being a "geographical expression" Italy was now a nation. But she was poor, and the effort to raise her had cost money. The Triple Alliance made demands on her that may have been reasonable, but they were hard for a young, unrich country like Italy to bear.

The King and Queen visited Russia. This may not have been pleasing to Germany and Austria, but it gave Italy a certain feeling of power. The visit was a pronounced success for one reason—Queen Elena was amongst friends. She had been educated in Russia, and the Tsar-mother—the sister of the late Queen Alexandra—had taken the Montenegrin princess to her heart.

Queen Elena also visited the President of the French Republic when the King went to France, but she did not go to Berlin.

THERE is a very sure tact in this seeming reticence of Queen Elena. The King has it too. Perhaps they react on each other. There are some who venture to suggest that the King is almost too constitutional a monarch. But he rises invariably to the occasion.

Hearts are touched by simple things as well as by big ones. The war was a critical time for Italy. She was a member of the Triple Alliance, but, as we know, elected to fight on the side of the Allies. When war was actually declared by Italy on Austria, Queen Elena was tireless. There was, in a sense, so much that she could do. She showed in every way the sympathy of the woman and the high duty of her office. And her remark about her son, the Crown Prince, was noble. "I regret he was not of an age to go to the front."

The Prince of Piedmont is now of an age to watch the progress of his country with pride, and his bearing must give pleasure to his parents. It is said that after Mussolini's march on Rome, the Crown Prince went to visit him quietly, shook him by the hand, and said, "Italy has need of you; it was time you came."

The King, Mussolini, the Crown Prince —and behind them, never negligible, is the sovereign Lady, the Queen.

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The Cowes of Yesterday:

By HECTOR BOLITHO

(*Continued from page* 98)

masonry, and in one place the guide will show you the window through which Charles the First made his second and unsuccessful attempt to escape from the castle. In the north-west is the room in which his daughter Elizabeth died when she was fifteen years old.

BUT the story of Carisbrooke is older than the tragedy of Charles the First. The hill upon which the Castle is built is believed to have been a Roman camp in A.D. 300. Two hundred and thirty years after this, when Cedric subdued the island, he found a fortress here and established himself within its walls. In those days it was a castle of slaughter and tragedy.

It was not until the Norman Conqueror came that the first Lord of the island was made, to frown on rebels and reward the virtuous and, withal, act as the King's eye in this island, which was far enough away from London and Windsor and his other strongholds to be an unruly and unmanageable child.

In the great hall of the castle William the Conqueror arrested his half-brother Odo for conspiring against him. In 1263 Isabella, the widowed Countess of Albemarle and Devon, came into possession of Carisbrooke Castle, and it is supposed that Edward the First bought the entire island from her for four thousand pounds. So the King became Lord of the Isle of Wight.

DURING these years the structure of the castle was changed, enlarged and strengthened, and in 1583 Sir George Carey was appointed by Queen Elizabeth to rule the island. When Philip the Second of Spain sent his Invincible Armada to invade England, Carisbrooke was strengthened, and we are told how the gentlemen of the island "sent their carts and horses to assist in making new trenches and walls around the castle." The islanders climbed to the hills and looked out over the sea for the Spanish galleons. They saw them ride up splendidly, their great hulks pompous with the assurance of victory. They saw, too, the defeat of the Spanish ships and watched their crippled retreat. When this danger had gone the castle was further strengthened, to face the hazardous years through which the island was to pass—to the time of the rupture between King and Parliament, when the islanders sided with Parliament against the King and advanced against the castle.

THE last drama in the story of Carisbrooke came with the days when Charles the First was imprisoned there, in the months before he was taken to London for his execution. We read how "His Majesty constantly exercised himself in the morning by walking on the ramparts, and in the afternoon in the bowling-green, at the same time observing stated hours for writing and devotion." He could see the blue sea from the battlements and, across the water, the white chalk cliffs of the England from which he was banished.

One night the Loyalists arranged for the King's escape. The King sawed away the bar of his window, "but when he was going through the window, he perceived more persons under it than he expected. This made him suspect what was but too true, that his intention was discovered: he therefore shut this window and returned to his bed."

IT was from the Isle of Wight that he went to Whitehall on that terrible day for which England may be eternally ashamed.

Two years after the sad night when his body was carried up in the snow to the castle at Windsor, his two younger children, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Elizabeth, were taken to Carisbrooke. The young Duke lived there until early in 1653, when the authorities considered him to be a menace—a rallying point for the Royalists. So he was taken to Cowes, whence he crossed the Channel to Flanders and his elder sister, the Princess of Orange.

The younger Princess, then aged fifteen, was left behind. We are told how she caught cold "while playing bowls." She was "consumed by a feverish distemper," and she died on September 8th, 1650.

Two hundred years afterwards Queen Victoria erected a monument in her memory as "a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes."

WHEN they carried the dead Princess out of the gates to bury her at Newport the curtain was lowered on the drama of Carisbrooke. From then on, the castle was neglected, and although it was spasmodically restored, it slowly became a ruin. The rubbish of fallen stones has been removed now, and it is possible to walk around the ramparts and look down on the perfect and lovely house which belongs to Princess Beatrice, and which is the only inhabited portion of the castle nowadays.

Princess Beatrice is dearly loved at Cowes and Osborne and Carisbrooke, especially when she goes there at this time of the year as Governor. This gracious old lady—"The last real Princess," she has been called—mingles unconsciously with the life of Carisbrooke, and many hundreds of people pass her sitting in the garden, never guessing that she is a daughter of the great Queen, and a memory of the Osborne which I have tried to recreate in this story.

NOR have royalties been the only famous people who have come this way.

One of the most interesting chapters of Keats' life was lived at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. He went there with Charles Armitage Brown, his great friend, and at Shanklin they wrote "Otho the Great" together.

The other interesting literary association which Carisbrooke can claim is with Scott, who visited the castle when he was writing "Marmion." It is believed that the battlemented keep, which he describes in the poem, took shape when he was walking on the ramparts of Carisbrooke, as so many hundreds of people will walk during the coming weeks when Cowes will be celebrating its great summer festival.

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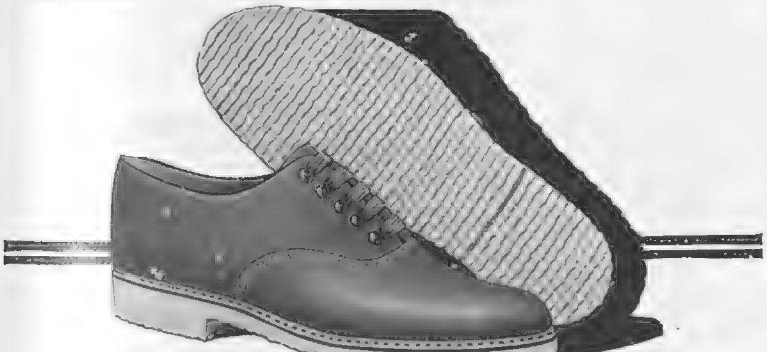

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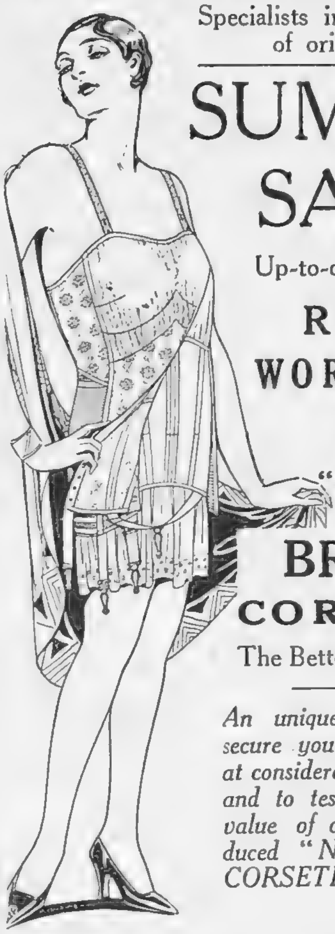

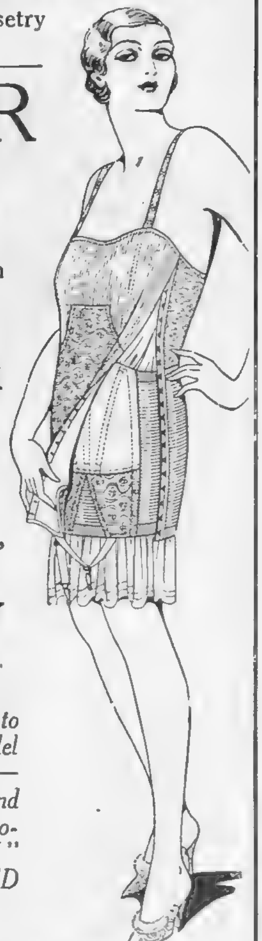

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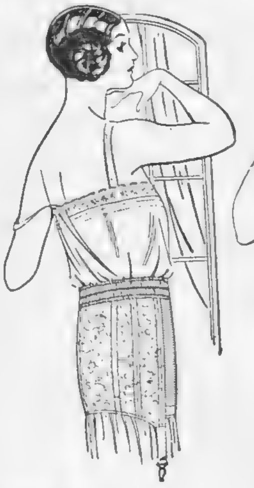

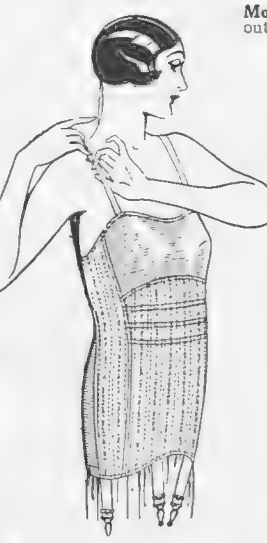

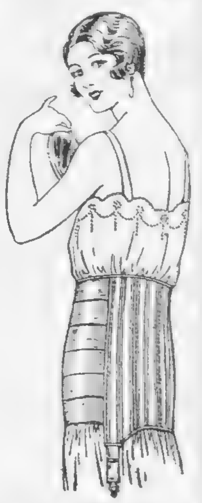

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Outside the Reef: *By* BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

(*Continued from page 25*)

me to take it like that," I thought. Girls had been fond of me, but never one like this; never one as beautiful, or as loving.

The stranger had landed. In the same instant, I became conscious that Marie had loosened her grip, was gone. "Shy," I thought. Then, to the man before me, "This is Los Pinos Island; private property."

"I'm aware of that," he answered. "I hope you won't mind my landing for a little wood and water."

"No," I said, without stressing any special welcome. "Where are you from?"

"The Corrientes. Got there by the Fiji steamer some weeks ago, and hired this jolly little boat for a cruise. I'm going back in a few days; this is as far as one ought to venture in a half-decked craft." He stood on the beach looking about him, and smiling a pleasant, simple smile.

I judged him to be a man of good breeding; a little weak, perhaps, not clever, but eminently agreeable; his age seemed to be about twenty-seven.

"Do you mind awfully if I anchor inside your reef?" he asked. "It does seem such a capital place, and I shan't be in your way."

"I don't mind, and it isn't my reef anyhow," I said. "Bit more than three miles out, if one wants to be particular; that makes it anybody's. Can you put yourself up on your boat?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! I can put up in worse places than that. May I come along and look at the island? It is a jolly place, though it's not what I'd call exactly homelike, if you understand me?"

I did understand; I was, moreover, a little amazed that so commonplace a type should have grasped, before well ashore, the odd, hostile significance of Los Pinos, that happy place that didn't want man. I wondered, too, whether he was speaking the truth in saying that he could rough it anywhere and anyhow. He didn't look like that.

"We shan't keep him long enough to find out," was my thought, my intention rather. And then, recollecting the duties of hospitality, I asked him if he wouldn't like to come round to our camp.

"It isn't half a mile away," I said. "Just round the other side of the island." I was pulling on my clothes as I talked. "Did you see Miss Williams?"

"Miss how much? The little thing who ran away through the trees?"

"Yes; she has a habit of doing that when strangers come. She didn't exactly welcome me when I arrived."

"Oh?"

"Thought I was the quarantine come for her invalid father. I can't imagine why she should think they'd bother about him. Spanish quarantine doesn't amount to much at any time, and for an ordinary T.B.——"

"Oh, he's T.B., is he?"

"Well, she said so; but doctors make mistakes, and I don't think he can have had much the matter with him. Certainly there's no infection likely now; you needn't be uneasy." For I saw that his attention was caught.

"Thanks," he said cheerfully.

We strode together towards the camp. "My name's Fisher," I told him, and significantly paused.

"I'm Barrett, Richard Barrett," he answered promptly. "Law student, Melbourne. Having fun in my long vacation."

THE sun was lower; he took off his hat, and walked bareheaded, with side-glances as he went. I took stock of this unwanted newcomer. Very clean-skinned and pink. Hair black, satiny, smartly trimmed, and perfectly brushed. Long eyes, deep set. Rather jolly, rather dull, very self-possessed and poised. A man belonging—I thought—to society's limited circle.

That troubled me a little, when I thought of Marie. Long since, I had given up my own claim to be of the elect. Marie and her father (I guessed) had never belonged to the inner circles; I liked her none the less on that account, but I knew she would almost certainly feel the glamour of Barrett's manner and position.

"Well, he needn't stay," I thought. "He can be gone to-morrow."

But he was not gone for many days after. When it came to the point, I found myself unable to turn him out. He was so gaily stupid, so jollily sure of everybody's liking, that I could not find it in my heart to drive him out of our little Paradise.

And Paradise it was, by now. We all got on well together; old Williams was much stronger in health. The weather had settled down into the silver south-east season, the kind, delightful winter of Pacific isles. We could relish the fire of nights, now, under the pine trees, and with the camp fire came the inevitable camp fire's story. And one night somebody proposed that everyone else should tell the tale of his life. I thought at the time that the idea was mine. I have doubted that, since.

MARIE wanted to hear me first. She had been very ready to take up the idea, in a laughing, almost hysterical way.

Barrett jovially teased her. "Don't faint," he begged. "We shan't ask you to incriminate yourself. We know the record you've run up—heart-stealer!"

She steadied herself then, and asked me to begin. So I told them very briefly how I had been a wanderer for years, the black sheep—harmless enough—of a conventional family—how my people had lured the prodigal home, and given him his "portion," with the recommendation that he buy a sheep station and settle down; how, not loving the idea of a sheep station, I had speculated with the money, lost it, and found myself a prodigal, and a fairly contented one, again. "But I'm not quite such an ass as all that sounds," I told them. "Lots of better men than I were taken in at the same time. It was the Mount Melleray frauds; everyone remembers them."

"You were taken in by that?" said old Williams. "Really, really, Fisher! and I had thought you a sensible man. The scheme was rotten from the start. I lost my money, too, or most of it—but I lost it decently, through someone else's treachery. Solicitor, family man, stable as a rock—till he was found out."

"What were the Mount Melleray frauds, old chappie?" asked Barrett, sucking his amber cigarette thoughtfully.

"It's about a year ago. Case of a salted mine, very cleverly salted, shares boomed, right people got out from under before it collapsed, wrong people got caught. I'm astonished you don't remember." He seemed almost hurt that Barrett didn't.

"Oh, that," said Barrett, casually. "Yes, I remember being bored with it, people talking of nothing else. Yes, well, if you want my bally history, here it is. Cattle station in Queensland; Sydney Grammar School; Oxford. Less said about the degree I took the better. But I don't mind telling you, with loud cheers, that I rode the winner of the Grand National the year after I went down, and was promising so nicely as an amateur, that my people took fright, being Presbyterian and pi, and yanked me home. Said I must work, quoted the jolly Bible at me. Put me into the law—and then went and died on me."

HE stopped. I had a queer idea that there was more to come. "And then?" I prompted.

"Why, then I went on with the law," he said easily. "And also I found I had two great talents, and took 'em out o their napkin."

"I know what one of them is," interrupted Marie.

Barrett was a heaven-born cook; th labours of Marie and of Williams had been considerably lightened since hi arrival.

"What's the other?" I asked.

"It's a secret," said Barrett. "I would make me hated, especially on little island, if it became known."

SILENCE followed, lasting a littl longer than such intervals usuall last. Marie broke it.

"Am I to tell my story?" she said with that hysterical giggle again.

Barrett answered. "You wouldn't tell the truth. You won't tell people, a year from this, that you mashed two innocent fellows on Los Pinos, and broke their silly hearts." And a lighter tone took possession of the talk.

But I remembered after that Williams had taken almost no part in any of it, until, quite soon, we separated for bed.

Then he came up to me and said, a little apart, "How long is that blighter going to stop?"

"I thought you liked him!"

"If I wanted my daughter to marry," he said, "it wouldn't be a giddy ox like that. I don't know why, Fisher, but I hate the sight of him."

"Who's talking of marrying?" I countered sharply.

"Use your eyes, young man," he told me, with some impatience. 'Can't you see he's in love with her?"

IT was true that I had guessed at something of the kind, but I troubled little about it, because Marie, of her own sweet self, had taken pains to show me whom

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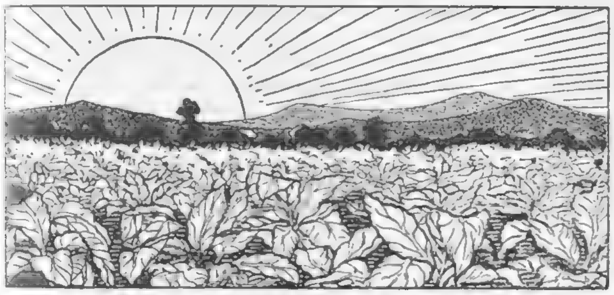

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she did prefer. Every night now, after we had all separated, she would come stealing back again alone in the starry dusk, silent and barefoot, to the little parlour we knew among the pines; she would lace her long arms round my neck, as she had done that day when the boat was sighted, while we said good-night in our own lovers' fashion. " Crusoe," she used to call me; one of my Christian names was Robinson, but she liked the primitive, half-savage sound of the other.

I made short work of old Williams' discontent that night. " Don't worry," I told him, " if she ever marries anyone, it won't be him."

" Oh," he said, " that's the way of it, eh ? Well, I don't know what anyone wants with marrying in a nice peaceful place like this, but if ever I get away——"

" Why shouldn't you ? "

" Of course, of course. Why shouldn't I ? It might be in six months, and it might be more. But if you want her then, I—I—I have a very high opinion of you. You would have my consent. Freely given."

I HAD never loved the queer, futile old man very much, and I liked him less now; it seemed clear that he only wanted his daughter for just so long as his health compelled him to live on Los Pinos. Marie, that heart of gold, loved him with all that was in her, and he—once the need of her services should be past—was clearly ready to hand her over to the first comer.

We parted, and I went to my tryst with Marie. Long that night I held her cradled in my arms.

The spirit of Los Pinos was upon me to-night, but I did not give it words; I feared . . .

Marie spoke at last, " Set me down, Crusoe; I want to talk."

I set her little pale feet on the sand and she stood against me, her hand touching mine.

" Crusoe," she said, " I'm afraid."

" What of ? "

She hesitated. " Of things I don't understand—and things I do."

" Suppose you tell me, and begin with things you do understand ? "

" Ah, I can't—I can't. Not even you, Crusoe. But the other things—do you like him ? "

" Why, yes," I answered, not misunderstanding. " As much as there is of him to like. I don't think very much about him. He'll be gone soon."

" He wants something," she said, half below her breath. " I wish I knew—— "

" But, of course—he wants you ! "

" Yes," she said, as if that did not cover everything. " I sometimes wonder——"

" What ? "

" Oh, I don't know ! Take care of me, Crusoe; you're so strong."

" In life, and death, and in the next world, if I may," I told her, and on that we parted.

IT was about this time, I think, that Barrett began to take an interest in our fishing. He came out several times to the reef with us, and declared he thought there wasn't a better way in the world of earning one's living. " So jolly independent, so healthy," he said.

" You needn't talk as if we were a party of invalids," I told him irritably. " Marie's as fit as a racing filly, and I've never been anything but well in my life."

" Yes, but the old boy," he said gravely. " You know, he does make a mistake in hanging about those damp pine trees. Nobody in these days thinks pine-needles can cure T.B.'s."

It sounded such a sensible remark—for once—that I turned and stared at him, from where I was sitting, wet and warm with sun, upon the platform of the canoe. Marie, just " come up from below " (like an anchor), was hanging on the gunwale, yards of black hair fanning out in the blue-green water. I saw Barrett look at her; heard him catch his breath short . . .

" Much you care about Williams," was my thought. " Trying to suck up to her, are you ? " Aloud I said, " Probably he knows his own business."

" Yes, but," Barrett went on again (and I saw him making play with those absurd long eyelashes of his towards Marie while he spoke), " everyone knows nowadays that sun and sea are the real cures. If you could get him to stop fugging in there, and take a morning or so with us out on the reef "—he was speaking to Marie now—" he'd have twice the chance of becoming really fit again. How long is it since he had any bacilli ? "

MARIE seemed to sink lower down in the water, slacking the hold of her long hands on the gunwale.

Barrett was waiting for her reply. " Why is he so anxious ? " I wondered. " Why doesn't she say something ? "

It was Barrett who spoke first. " I say, you know," he began, with one of his usual idiotic prefaces, " are you sure he ever did have any of the bally things at all ? "

She answered now, pulling herself up out of the water, and throwing one leg over the gunwale; her hair half hid her face.

" I don't know how far he's really better," she said, " but I daresay you're right. I daresay he ought to come out more. I'll try and persuade him."

" Persuade him ? "

" He hates going out on the water. But there's no reason why he shouldn't," she said, speaking rapidly. " I'll talk to him."

THIS was the beginning of another period, which lasted, as well as I remember, about ten days. Old Williams came out, persuaded by Marie and, I must allow, by myself. I thought that Barrett, fool as he was, had struck good sense for once. If Williams was an imaginary invalid, as I had begun to suppose, why, there was no better cure than air and sun. And we had plenty of both. We gave him the job of tally-man; we made him count the shells, knowing by this time about how many went to a ton. He took some interest in his task, he grew less tallowy in face, less queer and secretive in manner, more like a natural ordinary man, in fine.

But something, I thought, must have broken his nerve in the not remote past, for he still showed a curious dislike of rough water, never venturing beyond the spumy reef to where immense Pacific rollers lifted, glittering like hills of glass in the silver sun.

SO it went on for eight or nine days, I remember. On the tenth, a shoal of mullet made its appearance in deep water, and I dropped the trochus fishing at once.

" We'll dynamite those beggars, and get hundreds," I told Marie. " We can smoke all we don't eat. Come on."

We paddled over to the dinghy, got the little tin box of dynamite, caps and fuse, which I kept ready, and went off outside. The first shot killed dozens, and sent dozens more flapping and jumping helplessly to the surface.

" Oh, this is prime—this is fishing ! " shouted Barrett from inside. " Oh, I say, Williams, don't let us miss it; there's hardly any sea on—come along out ! "

I don't know what the old man said, but he nodded assentingly, and took the tiller in his hand. I think his covetous instincts (always the strongest part of him) were aroused by the sight of all that wealth of fish. At any rate, he steered while Barrett pulled the dinghy through the reef passage, into open sea.

They caught us up and passed us; I did not think that Barrett seemed very keen on the fish after all, for he made no attempt to pick any up. Twenty or thirty yards ahead of us, he paused. It was noon now, and the light was very brilliant; from above and below, flames of fiery crystal seemed to lick the boat, the oars, the figures and faces of the two men. And in one stabbing moment I knew that something had happened.

BARRETT'S face was changed. It was no giddy, lazy law student who sat there in the dinghy. It was a man strong and purposeful, smooth as the glittering sea on which we floated, ruthless as that sea. I saw him take something from underneath the thwart; a stick, four or five feet long, with a flag rolled about it. I saw him, swiftly, reach behind Williams to place it in the flag-socket at the stern. Out on the breeze floated the Union Jack, and at the same moment Barrett, laying his hand on Williams' shoulder, said, in clear tones that carried plainly to the canoe.

" Isaiah Brackenbury, I arrest you on the charge of conspiracy and fraud."

Isaiah Brackenbury ! The Mount Melleray scandals, that had beggared towns full of people, taken the bread out of the mouths of countless widows and orphans ! I had good cause to remember Brackenbury's name; it had been the bait that deprived me of my own prodigal's share, and flung me, empty, on the world. There was a reward of two thousand out for his apprehension; but he had got away so early and so cleverly that no news had been heard of him for nearly a year. Even if he had been sooner discovered, one could not at that time arrest a criminal in a Spanish colony; but one could arrest him beyond the three miles limit, out at sea, if you could lure him there. You could take him back then, and hold him prisoner safely. Williams' hiding and doubling, his daughter's sacrifice and love were useless. The thing was done now. He would go down to prison, and to hell.

" He meant to get away by the *Almirante Diaz* when she calls at Corrientes," was my thought. The *Almirante* ran once yearly, from the port of Corrientes to Iquique. " I suppose they'll take him away on the schooner. My God ! who would have thought that giddy ox—in the law, he said, he didn't tell a lie about it. And his two talents. And his—this will break Marie's heart."

Marie, I realised now, was struggling

within the circle of my arm, which I had mechanically clasped about her to prevent her from diving overboard and swimming to the dinghy—an act that would have meant instant death, in that shark-haunted stretch of open sea. She was not crying yet, but she was breathing as hard as if she had just run a race, and her eyes were like two swords.

"The sneak—the scoundrel!" I heard her say, "Oh! if I'd only believed myself! I thought there was something that didn't ring true. Oh, Dad!"

THERE must have been good in the villain of Mount Melleray; I have always thought and said so since that day. No man wholly bad could have inspired the burst of anger, love and sorrow that swept over Marie like a tropic thunderstorm, and left her at last half insensible, resting in my arms. She was not so weak, however, that she could not rouse herself when the dinghy approached, with Barrett at the oars, and the British flag, emblem of freedom, mockingly afloat from the stern. Williams seemed struck, stunned; he sat with his head in his hands, and never moved. The detective coolly rowing, turned his head over his shoulder to look at us.

"I'm damned sorry about all this," he said; "but a man must do his duty."

"Duty!" cried Marie. "To sneak and pretend, and take him off his guard—an old man—oh, you honourable—gentleman!"

THE boat was alongside now. I could see Barrett's expression more clearly; I wondered that we had ever been taken in by his sham character. I did not know then, what I heard afterwards, that he had really left a good home and an assured position, to develop his amazing talents as a detective; that he was, then, the most famous of his class.

I hope I shall never spend another night like the one that followed. Our little Eden was blasted. Old Williams, who was not Williams, kept walking endlessly, miserably, alone, up and down the beautiful beach that we had defiled with our foolish and sordid affairs.

In our little parlour among the pines, where sea grass grew thick and sweet, I found, not Marie alone, but Marie and Barrett. It was as if a cold wind blew over me when I saw them there together. I knew Marie to the core of her sweet heart; I knew her to be utterly faithful—and yet, I feared.

She was standing face to face with Barrett, and the look in her eyes turned my heart cold in my breast. Just so, the daughter of Jephtha might have looked, centuries ago, when she stood bound before the altar, in payment of her father's vow, ready to save his honour at the cost of her virgin life.

If I stood still and listened, who could blame me?

"I suppose you know how much you are asking?" came gravely the voice of the man we had known as "giddy ox," fool, court jester.

"I know," she answered, "I'm asking you to give up just one of your victims——"

"Victims! What about his?"

She waved that aside. "He's my father. He never intended—I'm asking you to say nothing till the *Almirante Diaz* calls; she's coming soon. He thought it would be safe—then."

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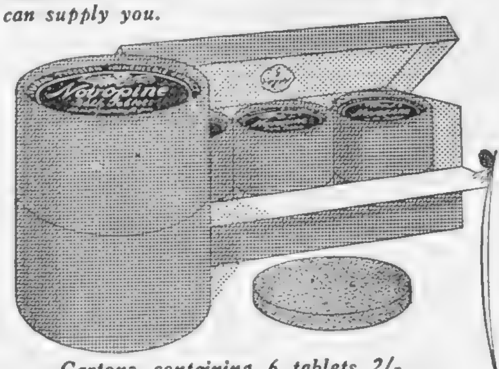

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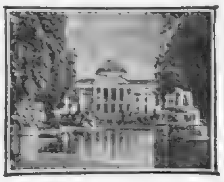

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To this she answered nothing; she knew that her strength lay not in argument. She looked—with that Jephtha's-daughter expression in her eyes. There are men who would rather have an unwilling bride than one who comes too easily. Barrett, I think, was such a man.

Silently, he accepted her silent offer, laid his hands on either side of her face, and passionately kissed her.

AT that I broke into the glade, tore her out of his hold, and said I don't know what. Some of it—there was a great deal—adjured him to come out on to the beach and stand up to me like a man.

"I'll stand up to you as long as you like, though that mightn't be long," he said, cool as snow. "But before we begin, let Marie tell you something. Are you engaged to him or not, Marie?"

"No," she said, her face flower-pale in the moon.

"Are you going to marry me, as soon as I can run you to the Corrientes?"

"Yes."

"Did I suggest this, or you? I want Fisher here to understand that I've played the game, as far as he is concerned."

"I suggested it."

"Well, I accept, and I take the conditions. My people will be deuced glad, anyhow. They never——I'll give you a darn sight better life than he could have done, Marie. You're worth a man's career. You're worth anything. Now, Fisher, if you'd like to come out on the beach, I'm at your service."

"Unnecessary," I told him with a mocking bow. "I'm so far from agreeing with your estimate, that I don't think her worth a single blow, or even a single thought."

"Crusoe," she said in a low tone, as I brushed past her, "won't you hear me?"

But even the "little name" did not touch me. I would not talk to her, I knew all about it; just what she had done, and why she had done it. She had bought her father's freedom at the cost of her happiness and mine.

I AM not going to tell how I spent the night that followed. I did not commit suicide, or murder. But I have known ever since why men, in like case, do one or other, or even both.

In the morning, the schooner was outside the reef. Yesterday, that would have meant old Brackenbury's forcible conveyance on board, the beginning of a long term of misery and gaol for him who had brought so much misery upon others. To-day, it meant that he was to stay behind and await the call of the *Almirante Diaz*, which would convey him safely to Iquique and the criminals' Alsatia of Chile. I had seen him; he looked ten years younger; he was almost swaggering. What was it to him whom his daughter loved or married, so long as he went free?

Barrett and Marie, I understood, without asking, were to travel in the little yacht. As for myself, I resolved to leave by the schooner, let my tenancy lapse, and never see the cursed place again.

The captain was not surprised to see me come on board with my goods packed.

"I thought you wouldn't stick it longer," he said. "Glad them other people aren't coming, they'd 've kept me waiting, and I don't care to 'ang about Los Pinos no longer than I can help. Bin too many wrecks about 'ere. Time they got the charts corrected—which has just been done, by the way."

"What, the Admiralty chart?"

"The Admiralty isn't any holy Pope, never to make mistakes. They do correct them, when they know, but they don't 'urry about it. This hisland's been charted near half a mile too far to the suth'ard, and the reef passage has bin all wrong for years." He leaned out over the rail and spat contemptuously into ten fathom of sapphire water.

"Captain," I said, "I'm extremely sorry to delay you, but I must look at your new chart before we leave." Something like a wild bird was leaping and throbbing in the place where my heart should have been. I don't know what I hoped, expected—but——

"That won't take long," he said good naturedly enough, and led me to his cabin. The chart was spread out. My eyes went instantly to the reef and the passage through it.

"How far is that from land?" I asked him. I felt my mouth go dry as I spoke.

"How far? Two miles and an eighth puttin' it roughly."

"Will you swear to that?"

"Swear? I'll measure it off for you. This is the corrected chart, which I just brought up from Sydney this trip—Admiralty. They do make errors sometimes, but when they correct them, they are corrected, you can take your bloomin' Davy of that. What's it all about?"

I told him, briefly.

THE captain, like all master mariners loathed every variety of police.

"You send him to me," he said knowingly. "I'll anchor for the night, if ness'ry, and see it out. I can't do more than that. You send him. Three-mile limit! 'Igh seas! I'll learn him something—a bloomin' landsman and all!"

"As long as Williams stays on this island——" I began.

"I understand, I understand! Listen here—I'll tell you something, but don't you tell 'im. The *Almirante* is due Corrientes to-day, here day after tomorrow. And me wonderin' who chartered her to call! You get the flamin' policeman off of the island, and let 'im do what 'e likes. The old boy's safe."

I took the chart with me ashore—and never, I think, has a chart done better work in saving lives from wreck. Barrett gave in to my proofs at once, taking his defeat, and his loss, like the man he really was. I have often wondered, since, whether he was not glad to have been saved, after all, from the necessity of giving up the profession which was his very life to him. He saw Marie alone for a little while, and what he said to her I have never asked. But in half an hour his yacht was under way, and in an hour she was hull down on the horizon, making for Corrientes.

"He means to try again—somehow," I thought. "He doesn't know about the *Almirante*." But Barrett, and Brackenbury himself, bulked very small in my mind, compared with someone else.

I FOUND her where I knew I should find her, in the little parlour among the pines. I had meant to ask her forgiveness, and she was only waiting to ask mine, and between us—well, the reconciliation was worth all that went before.

Going aboard the schooner again to get my traps, I found the captain sentimentally interested, and very well pleased with his own part in our romance.

"How long do you reckon to stay there?" he asked.

"Not long," I said, for indeed Los Pinos had had her will of me at last, and I knew I should, soon, give her back the solitude that should never have been taken away.

He put his mouth to my ear. "I've got a present for you," he said. "I'll send it ashore by and by. Only lent, you know."

"That's a queer kind of a present," I told him. "What is it?"

The captain giggled like a schoolgirl. "It's a parson," he said . . .

One Night in Somerset: *By* EDGAR WALLACE

(*Continued from page 43*)

"In a way—yes. I mean, she goes to church, but she loathes doctors, my dear fellow. It's queer, isn't it? How can people get so prejudiced?"

He didn't explain why he had asked the question till the train was within ten minutes from the Halt.

"I wonder if you would like us to put you up for the week-end?" he asked abruptly. "There's no inn where you can stay and the nearest town is twelve miles away, and you probably wouldn't be able to hire a car."

He was amused at the effect of his gloomy prediction. John Carberry's face fell.

WHEN the Halt was reached and they were on the little wooden platform he offered the promise of a solution to John Carberry's problems.

"If you wouldn't mind waiting here till I come back, I will be able to fix you up. The truth is, my mother is rather weird about—strange people. Particularly since this ghastly business in the neighbourhood."

He did not particularise what the ghastly business was, nor did Carberry express any curiosity.

"If you can get me a car, I will be terribly obliged to you," he said. He was more than amused at the young man's frankness.

"I won't be gone more than half-an-hour. Perhaps Tillett will give you a cup of tea."

Tillett proved to be the signalman and station master. Perhaps signalman was too dignified a title. He occupied a small cottage near the level crossing, the opening and closing of which was shared between himself and a spinster sister.

The stranded passenger watched Lord Tenford's Rolls sweep out of sight and surrendered his ticket to the querulous station chief.

"You are a friend of m'lord's, sir? Or maybe you are a lord yourself?"

"I am a plain mister myself," smiled Carberry.

"Marvellous young gentleman: he has been in the army, been all over the world, India, everywhere. Staying at Tenford Court, sir?"

"No," said the visitor.

"Ah, that's a pity: you'd like her ladyship. She is a bit severe, but a wonderful lady."

APPARENTLY Tillett's invitation to tea was an inevitable sequel. Tea was his one dissipation, and he offered the hospitality of that meal on the least excuse. Carberry followed him to the cottage.

"Lonely? I should think it was!"

Mr. Tillett shivered. He was a thin man, and sandy as he was grey, but the type of man from whom one would expect emotional reaction.

"My sister has gone into Bath. She always goes in on Fridays, and I tell you I will be glad when she is back. Since this terrible business that's been going on——"

"What terrible business? His lordship was telling me something about it."

Tillett looked right and left as though he feared an eavesdropper.

He told the story of the cattle maiming, of a devilish man who burned and hurt in sheer lust of cruelty.

"We found a dead tramp up there"—he pointed to the infinite—"up in Crawley Woods. An old fellow; I saw the body after the police found him——"

"Scared, are you?"

Tillett shivered.

"Nobody is safe. I keep my door locked, and I wouldn't open it for all the money in the world. A fellow tried to get through with a car last night, but I told him to go up to the one on the Bath Road. I am not taking any risks."

He lowered his voice.

"Mackintosh is coming down," he said impressively.

"Who is Mackintosh?"

"Scotland Yard—one of the big men. He is expected at Bath by train, and he is coming out here this evening. One of the police sergeants told me—Sergeant Grear, a very nice man who lives down the village."

"People are frightened down here, I suppose?"

"Frightened! It's not the word for it! You won't meet a soul on the road after dark. Most of the farmers who go out carry a gun, and I don't blame them, though the police think there will be a lot of accidents."

HE was the kind of man who could talk without the stimulant of interest He was still talking when the Rolls came back with Tenford himself.

"My mother will be delighted if you come and spend the week-end with us," he said. "You will get all the fishing you want"

The invitation was not unexpected. John Carberry anticipated such an invitation after the mystery that accompanied his host's departure. He sat by his side on the drive back and ventured to raise a topic of conversation which he thought might be distasteful to his host.

"He is a marvellous fellow," said Lord Tenford with enthusiasm. "He has got everybody scared stiff—everybody except mother. The devil couldn't scare her! We are doing some patrolling to-night. The police has been reinforced and if you care to join our party——. We are going to comb out Branson Wood."

"Thank you," said the other with a smile "That's not my idea of spending a perfect Saturday evening."

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LADY TENFORD was waiting to meet them in the big hall. Her welcome was neither enthusiastic nor hearty. Mr. Carberry thought that possibly her coldness was normal. Her scrutiny had a quality of suspicion and, remembering her dislike of doctors, he wondered whether her son had convinced her that this was not his profession.

Her ladyship resented his presence—she hardly disguised the fact. The gesture which she made to the scared-looking servant had in it something of contempt. He examined her curiously: a close-lipped woman, thin and angular. Harry Tenford was nervous in her presence, grinned amiably, but was uncomfortable, like a wilful child who had had his way and was a little apprehensive as to the consequence.

In the background was the big heavy-jawed servant whom Tenford called "Sool." He had changed into a footman's livery, and looked a little awkward.

"The man will take your bag to your room, Mr.—ah—Carberry. Sool, will you see to Mr. Carberry?"

Sool took the suit-case from the maid and led the way up the broad staircase, to a small, plainly furnished bedroom. He put down the case, making no attempt to open it, turned towards the door and stopped.

"Staying here?"

His voice was harsh, his tone unfriendly.

"Till Monday—why?"

THE man was taken aback by the brusqueness of the question.

"I just asked," he said.

He opened the door, but the visitor called him back.

"You might say 'sir' when you speak to me, will you?" said Carberry. He was smiling in the face of the discomfited Sool. "Let me see—were you in the Army or the Navy?"

"Navy, sir."

Carberry nodded.

"S.B.S. of course." He saw the man jump, and laughed. "I shouldn't tell her ladyship if I were you," he said. There was the hint of a threat in his words. "By the way, when do you expect Miss Bourne?"

"She's here, sir," said the man.

Carberry's eyebrows rose. Then she could not have had his letter—the letter that he had written and re-written with such care.

"She came down last week," said Sool.

Carberry nodded slowly.

"Very well. . . . You'll remember not to speak a word to her ladyship about my question. It is going to be rather awkward for you anyway—don't make your position a dangerous one."

He changed and strolled upstairs; he knew his way about the house—an illustrated weekly had once described and illustrated Tenford Court exhaustively, and he had taken the trouble to look up the files.

For John Carberry intended to spend Saturday to Monday at the Court, his arrival in Lord Tenford's reserved compartment had been most carefully timed; his intention to spend the week-end at Braime House entirely fictitious. Nobody knew better than he that Lord Perley of Braime was not in residence. He had banked upon the hospitality of Harry Tenford.

HE strolled into the library, and its one inmate rose with flushed cheeks and amazement in her eyes at the sight of him.

"You? You're not Mr. Carberry?" she gasped.

"I am Mr. Carberry," he smiled.

She stared at him.

"But that isn't your name. Why did you come here in a false name?"

"One does those things," he said carelessly.

"Does Lady Tenford know?" She was a little breathless.

He shook his head.

"I'd rather she didn't," he said. "I'm terribly sorry if I've annoyed you. I quite realise that I'm not a welcome visitor—I seldom am."

"Not a welcome visitor!" She could have fallen on his neck in sheer thankfulness. Two nights of horror she had spent at Tenford—the Tuesday and the Wednesday nights.

She had wakened one night to hear a low chuckle, and had seen a hand and an arm coming through the open window of her bedroom. Her screams brought the servant Sool and her ladyship's voice was shrill with anger at her "nightmare" (as Lady Tenford most summarily dismissed the apparition).

On the Wednesday there was a terrific thunderstorm, and in the flicker of the lightning she had seen two shapes flying across the lawn—men, one in pursuit of another. She did not scream, but somebody else was screaming in the dark of the sombre woods.

"No . . . I sha'n't tell . . . ."

LADY TENFORD came in at that moment. She was almost amiable.

"You've met Miss Bourne? Darling, it is time for you to dress." She pecked at the girl's pale cheek. Audrey was not sorry to go.

"You are a Somerset man, Mr. Carberry? Then you know the family?"

"The Family" was the one subject that her ladyship would discuss with the humblest of her servitors. The Tenfords of Tenford Court, William of Tenford who held the West County for King John, Laurence of Tenford whose name is inscribed in the Doomsday Book. It was essential for the peace and happiness of the world that the Tenford line should continue unbroken.

John Carberry gathered that Audrey Bourne was not the medium her ladyship would have chosen to this end. The Bournes were not a really old family—they emerged from obscurity after the Restoration: but Audrey was a "nice gel" and her archæological shortcomings had been excused. Besides which it was high time that Harry was married.

At dinner the conversation became more human. Harry Tenford was full of the latest outrage—the tramp murder. It had happened on the night of the storm. He was forming one of a party that was to make a midnight search of the woods.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" said her ladyship sharply. "Leave these matters to the police."

Harry sulked through the rest of the meal.

For Mr. Carberry the dinner was interesting, if only because of the gaucheness of the footman. Undoubtedly Sool was the most left-handed servitor that had ever waited at table. The girl hardly spoke through the meal and did not address him directly until she said "good night" before retiring.

"I'm not sorry you're here," she said in so low a voice that none heard except the man with the scar.

SHE fell asleep almost as soon as she was in bed; she had an unaccountable sense of security. Her room was sanctuary at least against the clumsy love-making of Harry—he had kissed her before she came up to bed, and that was one of the things she wanted to forget.

She woke suddenly to hear the deep-toned clock in the hall chime two. It had not disturbed her before, but now she was wide awake—wondering, fearful. Why had the clock sounded so near and so loud. That could not have awakened her.

She sat up in bed, and her blood went cold as the explanation came to her. The door of her room was open. She had locked it and taken out the key. She listened.

It was not imagination; she could hear somebody breathing, and then a board creaked.

The scream died in her throat; she was paralysed by fear, incapable of movement or sound. Then she felt a hand touch the silken coverlet—she heard the soft swish of it moving.

In an instant she was out of bed, darting blindly toward the door.

And then a big hand gripped her arm—another closed about her throat.

She struggled in the madness of her panic.

She heard something snap, and the room was flooded with light.

In the doorway was the man who called himself Carberry, and behind him she saw the frightened face of Sool.

The hand about her throat relaxed, and Harry, Earl of Tenford, drew back, a grin on his foolish red face, and then Sool called him and he went obediently.

* * *

IN the library they drank coffee together—the scar-faced Inspector Mackintosh from Scotland Yard and the pallid girl.

"It was an odd coincidence meeting you in Berlin," he said. "I was over there collecting information about this very case—I didn't tell you so, but that is a fact. Tenford nearly murdered a German professor who was in India, the guest of the Governor to whose staff Tenford was attached. He's mad—a pretty dangerous homicide, but it was hushed up because of the family, and he was placed in the care of a keeper. Sool was an S.B.S.—Sick Bay Steward—at Haslar, that is the naval hospital, and was in charge of lunatics. As soon as these atrocities started Scotland Yard put the case in my hands, and I started hunting up Tenford's history."

"Did Lady Tenford know?" she asked in a shocked whisper.

He nodded.

"She's probably the madder of the two: Tenford mad! She would have sacrificed you or anybody else to carry on the line."

There was a long silence.

"I'm taking you back to town tomorrow," he said. "I'm terribly sorry you've had this shock. I hope what I have to say to you when you're well enough to hear it will not be a greater one."

She shook her head.

"The shock will be yours, I think," she said quietly, "for I shall say 'Yes.'"

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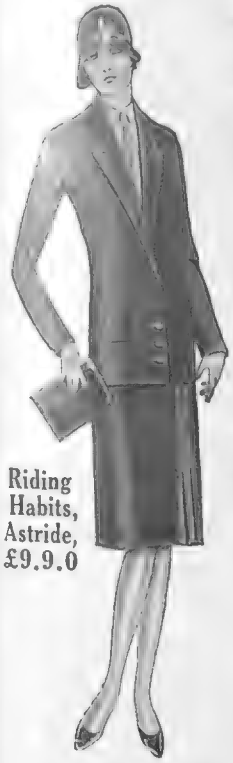

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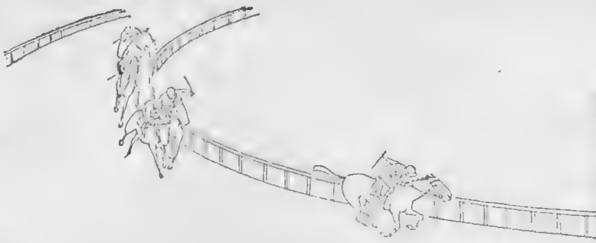

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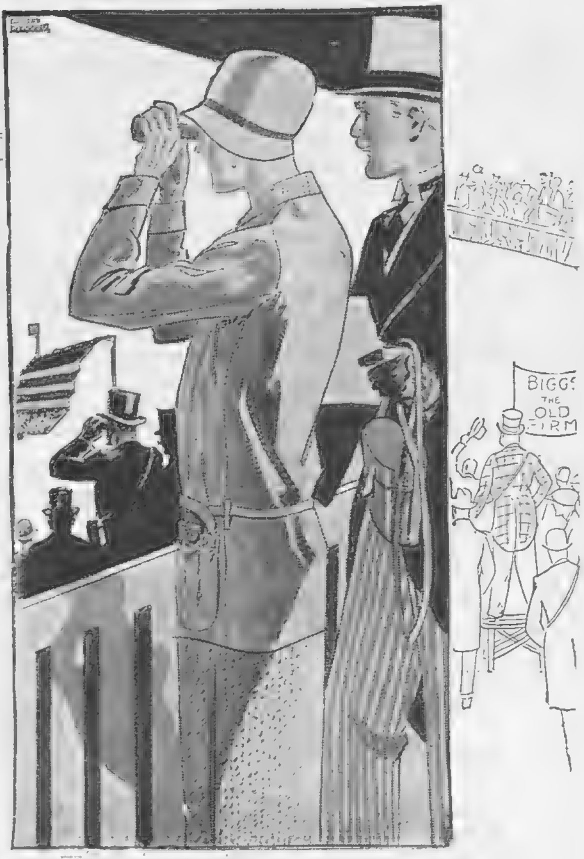

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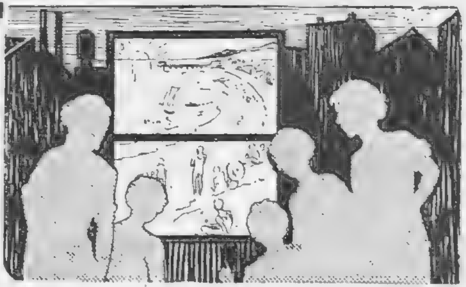

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CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES

Flesh and Blood: 2nd £1,000 Film Competition

(*Continued from page 57*)

Mother (sneering): "Blame me, of course, and it's yourself who drink away all the profits."

Albert (shutting book with bang): "Aw, shut up!" (He goes towards shop.)

Mother picks up bottles from table and goes to door at the back.

She hurls the bottles into a huge 5-ft. high pile of empties, venting her rage on them.

Albert trying to sell, and having no heart—only a few customers—an altercation in progress—a burly man complaining. In his hand a lump of meat in paper.

Man opens the parcel and shows—

Albert the maggots seething in the meat.

The man throws the meat at Albert and comes inside, demanding the money back from the terrified schoolgirl cashier.

A fight between Albert and the man.

Police intervene and the intruder is taken away.

Mother comes out and calms Albert, who is unsteadily drunk and raging.

Mix To.

Newspaper cutting announcing that a well-known Fulham butcher was fined on two charges—exposing unfit meat and assaulting the police.

Mix To.

Motionless, deserted impression (as on Sunday morning) of Albert's shop, shuttered and labelled, "Premises for Sale—Owner Retired from Business." There is also a notice in large, painted letters: "Stick no Bills." A seedy and lethargic ancient is posting up a theatre bill.

Mix To.

Close Up of poster of *twice-nightly* music-hall; in large letters: "Harry Cagliari and Partner," half-way up the list of turns.

Mix To

Harry (comic clown costume) standing in the wings of a theatre kissing an underdressed blonde chorus girl surreptitiously. He gives her a little bunch of violets.

With her back to them, Elsie stands awaiting her cue to go on. She is in black tights and an abbreviated kilted white skirt.

The curtain goes up and Elsie runs on carrying a light notice board.

Harry squeezes the waist of the chorus girl, who runs away.

He stands, annoyed at Elsie's performance; gesturing impatiently.

From the front of the house the notice board reads: "The Great Ton of Bricks Speciality, as performed by Cagliari unchanged for a year."

The board, attached to a wire is trick-snatched from Elsie's hand to wings and she sings a song, while Harry plays violin off. Slowly he comes on.

There is great applause.

(The turn is as follows: Clown and partner quarrel as to who shall perform. Manager comes on and says only one can appear as it has been decided to rebuild the theatre. He points up to a crate of bricks hanging from a crane in the flies, just visible to audience. Clown and partner try to perform together and discord results. Partner goes off in a temper saying the line: "Watch out, or I'll come down on you like a ton of bricks." She pulls rope at edge of stage, releasing "ton of bricks" over clown, who, however, steps out of danger just in time. Bricks crash harmlessly on stage. Clown goes on playing as if nothing has happened. Partner appears from wings; shows annoyance at failure; observes another load of bricks being manœuvred into position just over where clown is; pulls another rope and releases the bricks. They crash on to clown, but turn out to be made of rubber sponge and bounce off him and off the ground. Partner again annoyed and goes off in a huff.)

Just as the turn (very quick) finishes, Elsie is taken ill and collapses.

The curtain descends and Harry picks her up. He is much put out.

Stage manager shouting, while new dancing sisters' turn goes on.

In a dressing-room—Harry enters carrying Elsie. She recovers as he lays her on a couch.

Dialogue:

Elsie: "I'm so sorry, Harry, to be so stupid."

She pulls his head down and whispers excitedly. He leaps up astounded.

Dialogue:

Harry: "You . . . we're going to . . . you must be mad . . . the act will be ruined. . . . You'll be out of the bill for months . . . just after I have trained you."

Elsie (putting arms round his neck): "Harry darling, I have so wanted a baby . . . all my life."

Harry (thrusting her away): "Rot! It's incredible, just as we were making money . . . half way up the bill and all!"

Elsie (temper rising): "You're a brute . . . absolutely inhuman . . . oh, men are all the same . . . beasts . . . and then selfish beasts . . . I gave you all you asked . . . money and everything—all I could give . . . everything . . . you give me nothing what I want . . .

Harry (furious): "Shut up whining! You must go at once. . . . I shall get another girl . . . to carry on."

Elsie: "Where *am* I to go?"

Harry: "I don't care . . . go to the devil . . . I won't have you on for the second house, it's not safe . . . for the act. . . . Oh, go home, go anywhere . . . only don't crab my show." (He flings out of the room in a rage into the adjoining dressing room.)

In Harry's dressing room, the blonde chorus girl awaiting him.

Harry pauses, looking at her. Then an idea strikes him.

Dialogue:

Harry: "My partner's ill . . . shall I get you released and you join me?"

The girl needs no second asking. She jumps straight into his arms and kisses him extravagantly.

Dialogue:

Girl: "Say, boy, you spilt a bibful. . . . Let's seal the contract here and how. I'll sign right along the dotted line, you bet."

Elsie enters and sees the red-hot blonde clinging to Harry.

Dialogue:

Elsie: Will you order this girl out of your room?"

Harry: "Certainly not. I've just engaged her as my new partner. She's got real personality, . . . You're fired . . . here's a fortnight's money in lieu of."

He hands her bank notes. She tears them up and flings them over the blonde girl.

Dialogue:

Elsie: "You can't get rid of me like that. . . . I've my rights."

Harry: "But nothing in writing. . . . Anyway, this girl dances better than you. . . . So you quit . . . see?"

Elsie: "But, Harry, you've got obligations, you know."

Harry: "I deny it . . . there is no proof that *I* shall have any obligations whatever."

Elsie hits him across the face and goes back to her room.

Outside Harry's room in the passage, Harry appears and summons an assistant manager.

Dialogue:

Harry: "I have discharged my partner and paid her off. This is my new partner . . . it'll be O.K."

Manager: "Well, you'd better go on first act in the second show in case of mistakes. . . . I'll alter the order just for this performance."

Harry: "O.K."

Elsie is left crying in dressing room Official enters and asks her to leave. She is hysterical, walks about rocking herself.

On stage (curtain down) Harry puts new girl through the act.

In dressing room:

Dialogue:

Elsie: "I can't leave till after to-night. I have to pack up . . . beside I must see Mr. Cagliari."

Official: "It will be no use. . . . Mr. Cagliari does not want you."

Elsie: "But I must see him . . . so get out." (Official goes shrugging.)

Harry and the blonde enter his dressing room. He comes through to Elsie's room

Dialogue:

Harry: "I told you to go."

Elsie (appealing): "Harry, you can't mean that . . . it'll kill me . and more than that."

Harry: "I do. . . . I won't have you here or anywhere . . . can't you see, anyway I'm fed up with you . . . I've only kept you out of charity."

Elsie (frantic): "Kept me! Why, I gave you your first start with my own savings. All I wanted was some humanity . . . and love."

Harry: "Don't rake all that up."

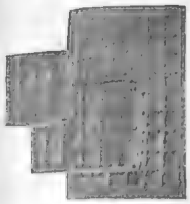
Elsie: "I warn you, Harry, take care. . . . Good God . . . is that girl listening? . . ." (Elsie thrusts open the communicating door and reveals the blonde, who swaggers through, brazening out her eavesdropping.)

The Blonde (insolently): "Harry says I'm to have your room. . . . I'm sending my baskets over."

Elsie: "Get out, you slut, you can't come here. . . . This man belongs to me."

The Blonde (sarcastically): "Are you married then . . . to him?" (Harry interrupts and pushes the blonde into his room, closing the door.)

RADIOACTIVITY



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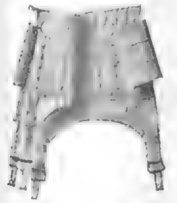

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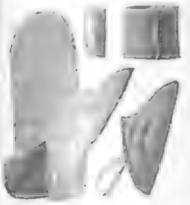

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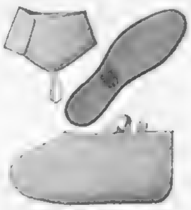

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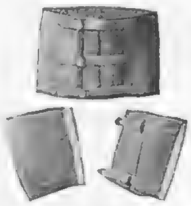

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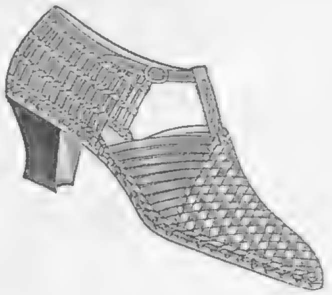

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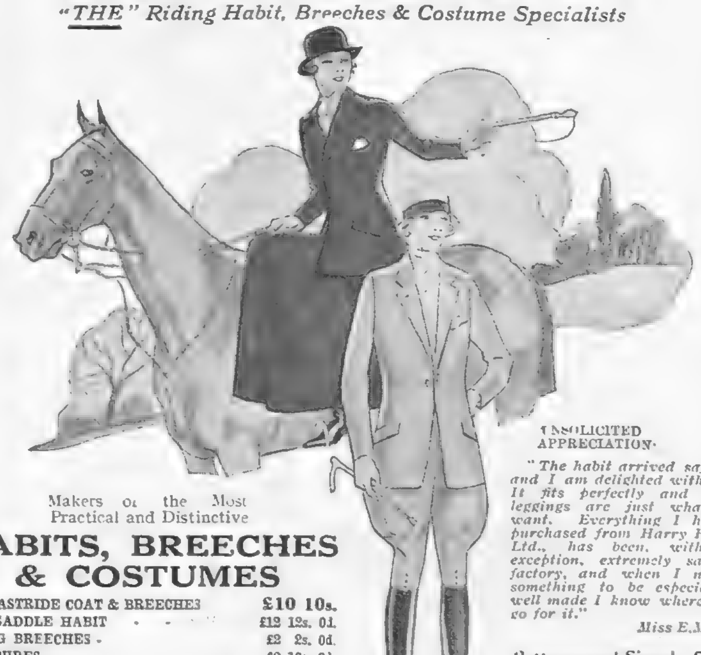

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HARRY: "Now, Elsie, you'd better go quickly. I'll send you some more money . . . but I can't be cumbered with a family at this stage."

ELSIE: "I won't have your money. I won't have it (rising in tones to a shriek) . . . why shouldn't you have a child . . . it's cruel (Elsie lies down sobbing on the couch and Harry mops his brow) . . . . anyway, I needn't leave this room . . . the girl may as well dress with you now. . . . I won't go, I tell you. . . . I won't go." (Harry turns to leave the room.)

In Harry's dressing room, the blonde, in underwear, making up.

Harry enters, but will not let girl kiss him.

In Elsie's dressing room, she lies motionless on couch, wearing dressing gown. She sits up and listens:

Call boy shouts, "Overture and beginners—second show."

The blonde leaves Harry's room.

Elsie enters and appeals to him. He throws her off and escapes from room.

She sits down in his room hopelessly.

On stage, blonde doing her song and dance.

In dressing room Elsie sees the blonde's basket, etc., and gear.

She stands and takes furiously a fierce decision. Wild, nervous and unstrung, Elsie moves towards stage.

Harry and blonde starting "quarrelling" gag.

Elsie, watching them jealously from wings, sways under stress of emotion.

Her hand touches cord attached to tons of bricks.

Harry, blonde and manager gag about rebuilding theatre.

Elsie looks at cord near her hand.

Prompt-man watches her curiously.

She looks ill and distraught, her dressing gown loose and disordered.

Across her mind a series of visions:—

Mixes (swift): begging in the street; a deformed child in her arms; Harry kissing blonde; slabs of red meat hurtling through the air; calves' heads attached to pigs' trotters; the "caterpillar" whirli-go-round like a great serpent, wheels revolving near her head.

Elsie sways again.

Prompt-man looks alarmed and rises (but she is between him and rope).

Blonde is walking towards the prompt corner, tossing her head angrily. Beyond her, Harry, as the clown, is fooling on the stage, playing violin. (In another second blonde will reach pull-rope.)

The prompt-man moves towards Elsie.

The blonde's insolent face fills the screen—suddenly becoming alarmed.

Elsie's face changes for millionth part of second from terror to defiance, and then back to the state immediately preceding a faint.

Her hand jerks pull-rope and she collapses.

The blonde screams hideously.

Shot from the audience; the bricks are released, and with a roar and a cloud of dust crash down . . . on Harry—entirely obliterating him.

At the same moment orchestra stops playing suddenly and leaps up. Front rows of the stalls also leap up. Cries and yells of panic are heard. For a second, stage is filled with excited stage hands, and then, mercifully, curtain comes down. Manager appears before curtain and implores silence

The house is horror-struck.

The manager speaks:

Dialogue:

MANAGER: "There has been an accident, but we hope Mr. Cagliari is not seriously injured."

Howls of reprobation and incredulity and a loud cry of "Fool!" is heard, and then shrieks, moans and groans from hysterical women.

On stage, doctors attending to Elsie and blonde.

Firemen digging in gruesome pile of bricks.

Stage hands and chorus girls running about.

Elsie (collapsed) and blonde (hysterical) carried away.

A large tab is spread over the bricks.

In her dressing room Elsie lies unconscious.

Doctor looks up as policeman appears.

Doctor resumes examination, gives Elsie injection.

Dialogue:

DOCTOR: "She'll be all right in a moment."

POLICEMAN: "I'm sorry for that, sir."

Doctor is about to speak, when he realises what the policeman hints. His usually placid face is momentarily shocked, and he says nothing.

SLOW FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE 4

FADE IN.

Elsie's prison cell (this scene is an animated stained glass window and must be staged and played with exceptional care).

Close Up.—Elsie (soft focus). In her arms a bunch of flowers. She is placing first one and then another flower out of the picture. Her eyes closed, lips move.

Slow Track Back.—Elsie kneeling upright on the floor. Across two low trestles in front of her is a baby's coffin. Candles alight at both ends.

A wardress quietly places another bunch of flowers on a table.

Close Up.—Elsie, prematurely aged, but strangely beautiful.

MIX TO.

Newspaper in two hands—lowered.

MIX TO.

Typical suburban breakfast table.

Dialogue:

TYPICAL CITY-GENT HUSBAND: "My dear, you remember that girl who killed her lover on the stage . . manslaughter it was, they said . . . she's had a child in prison . . . and it died yesterday . inquest and all . . . quite extraordinary."

WIFE (reading another paper): "Eh, what, dear, I'm sorry, I wasn't listening . . . girl . . . who what? Do you want any more coffee?"

Husband turns paper inside out, studies picture page, hands cup across without looking up.

MIX TO.

Albert, a good deal older, near kerb in North End Road.

He has small hand-barrow labelled "CATS' MEAT." He is crying his wares.

Behind him is butcher's shop labelled "LONDON MEAT COMPANY (late Higginbottom)."

Dialogue:

"Buy, buy, buy. . . . . Come along then. . . Puss, puss puss. . . . 'Ere's a pretty bit of gee-gee for the nice puss-cat."

Paper-boy passes. Albert buys paper. He sits on handle of his barrow and begins to read. Suddenly he is specially interested.

The paper slips down with his hands.

Albert sees everything mistily. He rubs his eyes self-consciously as—

Small boy, holding miaowing kitten by scruff of neck in one hand, looks curiously at him, and holds out penny. Albert serves boy, who goes off whistling, and swinging kitten by its neck.

Slowly he lays the paper down.

MIX TO.

Albert outside prison gates.

Elsie comes out—ill and frightened.

Albert, with head bare, meets her.

Dialogue:

ELSIE: "Can you forgive me, Bert?"

ALBERT: "Can you forgive *me*, Else?"

Their hands meet, and then he kisses her cheek.

MIX TO.

Albert and Elsie with cats' meat barrow—larger than the barrow in other scene.

Elsie is entering up sales—

In her neat writing in cash notebook.

Albert is singing and shouting his patter.

Elsie leans, a little wearily, against a notice board outside a police station. On either side of her head are notices: on the left—

£10 REWARD.

LOST.—A Pekinese bitch answering to the name of Fee-Fo-Fum.

on the right—

£2 REWARD.

FOUND ABANDONED AND ALIVE.—Healthy male child. Anyone giving any information etc

Near the barrow a child runs up and begins poking meat with a stick.

Petulant and harassed mother scolds child and smacks its hand. Child cries.

Dialogue:

MOTHER: "Keep yer paws off the meat, can't yer? The lady won't like yer messing it about."

Elsie comes into picture and protests in kindly manner to the mother.

From a drawer in the barrow she lifts out tiny puppy for the child to stroke.

The child stops crying and is delighted.

Elsie stoops down and kisses the child, her eyes fill with tears. She passes the child on to its puzzled mother.

The mother looks at Albert and makes a shrugging gesture, wondering what Elsie can see in the dirty brat.

Albert smiles gently and humours the woman's lack of understanding with similar gesture, and jerk of his head towards his wife.

Elsie comes over to him, pats his bare arm, and gets out her notebook.

Albert pushes off barrow down North End Road singing out:

Dialogue:

ALBERT: "Buy, buy, buy, 'ere's a pretty bit of gee-gee for the nice puss-cat . . . Buy, buy, buy . . ."

The barrow goes along until Albert's cries are only heard faintly in the distance—"Buy, buy, buy." His hand is round Elsie's shoulders, and as the group recedes out of focus a long way down North End Road—

FADE OUT.

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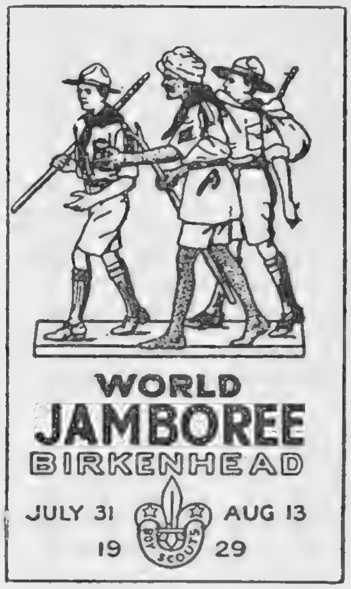

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by

Leonhard Frank

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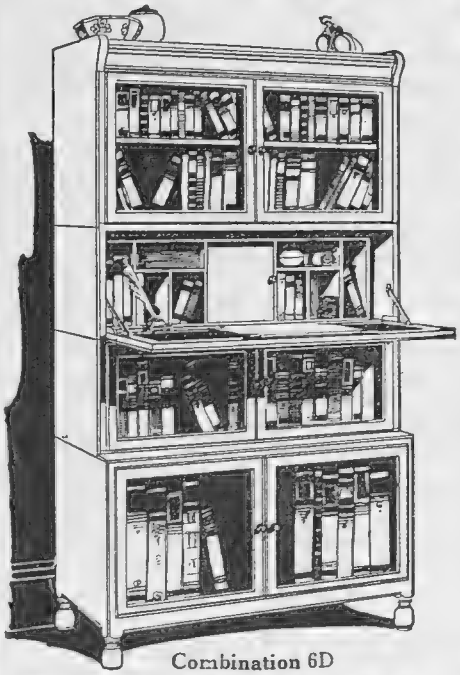

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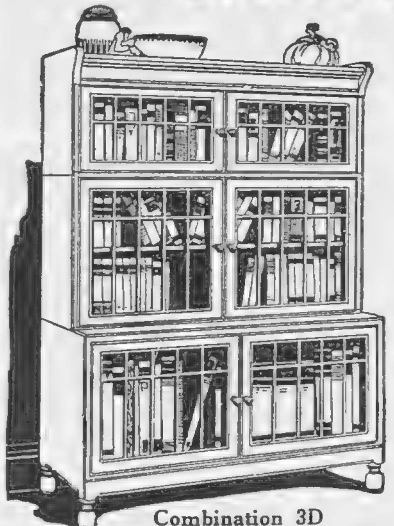

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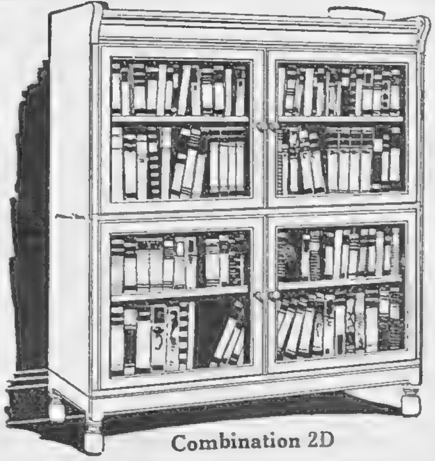

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These Mannerless People:

By WARWICK DEEPING

(Continued from page 47)

gentleman who purloins your seat at Lord's, or coolly removes your wife's deck-chair at Henley.

THOSE of us who motor have suffered the rudeness of the road, the selfishness of the flamboyant owner-driver of a " class " car, who travels dispensing scorn and curses. Always he is in a hurry, and the other people are but dawdling fools.

There is the rudeness of the golf course. Often it is due to the arrogance and the impatience of a certain sort of youth. " Damn these old rabbits! Let's drive into 'em."

There is the rudeness of the young woman who will not deign to do this or that. She refrains with an air of bored indifference. She will not dance save when her selfishness is properly befloored and partnered.

There is the boorishness of the " bridge" table.

There is " old man's " rudeness. It snarls, or is strangely and obtusely unseeing and unfeeling. An old man treads on a French lift-boy's foot, and growls at him. The child might be hurt. But what was his foot doing there—anyway? An old man is presented with a seat in a crowded tube, and takes it without so much as a word or a glance at the giver.

WHAT is the " inwardness " of such people? Why is it that they belong so largely to a particular class? Certainly life has become more crowded and restless, and self-expression has tended towards material ostentation. The new barbarians must swagger, but when there are so many other people who can claim the right to swagger, competition becomes more fierce. The country spirit has decayed. To wait at the gate and listen and to gently let others pass is to be weak. These pushful people despise those of us who have thin skins. They keep their money in a good pig-skin purse, and believe in it and in little else.

With them it is no case of " The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." The spirit is not there, and the flesh is strong. These prosperous and pushing people must use their horns and their haunches. They appear to assume that the world owes them things, the front seats, the head of the queue, the centre of the road for the big car. But again there are too many of them, and jostling each other and the decent multitude, and growing impatient, they become hot and headstrong and rude.

" Damn it! I've got the money. What are all these other people doing here? I come, I see, I conquer. Get out of my way!"

But these people are not Cæsars. Moreover, in these crowded days we have no room for multitudes of self-made Cæsars, nor for Assyrian bulls who must thrust and trample. We do not want these people who advertise the arrogance and selfishness of material success, and the insolent and unregenerate " I " of moneyed Bolshevism. They may be far more dangerous and provoking than ranters on sugar-boxes.

Manners maketh man. Bad manners may help towards revolution. If these mannerless people cannot be persuaded perhaps they can be frightened.

A Roman Holiday:

By WALTER DURANTY

(Continued from page 95)

locate the sword. He fussed about *that*, and one thing and another, till he nearly drove me *crazy*.

" SO *at last* I took him down to the place where we'd got the Christians, all waiting for their call. They were kind of resigned and fairly cheerful, so I introduced him to a little dark girl from Lutetia on the Seine; one of these black-haired babies with snappy eyes. And I told him for Jupiter's sake to tell her nothing about him biting the lion. ' Just ask her where she comes from,' I told him, ' and talk about your own home in the west, and that sort of thing . . . "

" Well, Ponty, you know how they *do* these things in the Circus. I mean, the brass trumpets blaring ' Jove save the Emperor ' from every tier in the arena, and the speech from the rostrum below the Imperial box about Rome being the greatest city in the world. All that sort of thing . . . and then the trumpets sounded again, and the little mob of Christians shuffled out on to the yellow sand . . .

" I'd got poor Tuni wrapped up in a kind of brown bath-robe like the others, for it seems that Christians have funny ideas about clothes, and I didn't want him to be recognised too soon. He'd evidently made progress with this Lutetian kid, for they came out hand in hand.

" You don't know the theatrical business, Ponty. But I tell you that when they pulled up the grill, and the lion jumped in, I *knew* I'd got 'em. There was a sort of sigh all round the arena, and I saw Nero lean forward . . .

" The lion caught it too. He knew he'd got something more before him than just go and collect his supper.

" I TELL you it was uncanny. This big Nubian lion had been in ten Christian finales, one after the other, and he'd always streaked across the arena like a hawk after chickens. But not this time. He crouched flat on the sand, his black mane fluffed up over his head.

" The whole house was silent, waiting for him. And he didn't move. And didn't move. Just when I thought they could bear it no longer, the lion sprang into the air and came down on all four paws, and lifted his head and *roared* . . .

" You know how the steep walls of the arena throw back sound. I could see that whole crowd jump, and sort of shudder.

" Most of the Christians dropped down on their knees. But the roar started Tuni. He threw off the brown thing and began running forward in zigzags across the Arena. The lion stood steady, moving his *head* right and left to keep his *eyes* on the man.

" Barbarian or not, I'll say that boy used his head. His fourth zigzag brought him right under the Emperor's box, where the sword was. He seemed to grab it in his stride, and swung it flashing up into the air in salute to Nero.

" ' *Moriturus te salutat, Imperator!* ' he shouted, and then the crowd knew him.

" WELL, you know, Ponty, the older you get in the show business the more you learn that the effects you haven't planned are always the best. There was Tuni standing like the Colossus of Rhodes, and, twenty yards away, the lion, watching him. And the Emperor on his feet waving a purple scarf, and the whole audience crazy. Then silence. And in the middle of it a small thin, wavering sound, coming up from the Arena. The Christians were singing their hymn of universal brotherhood.

" You'd have thought that might have reminded the lion he was hungry. But cats know. He never even looked at the Christians. Suddenly, instead of standing up, he was crawling with his chin in the sand, not seeming to move unless you watched the muscles along his flanks. He'd covered half the ground between him and Tuni before the gladiator realised that the fight had begun.

" In the silence I heard a young patrician in the box below me whisper to his friend, ' The lion's stalking him Two to one in thousands on the lion! '

" Then Tuni did a clever thing. He gave a loud yell and ran back towards the Christians before the cat could spring

" ' I'll take you,' said the other patrician boy. ' He's ducked that clinch anyway.'

" Tuni stopped suddenly, and cam right back at the lion with a sweep of hi sword. But the cat was quicker still—off in the air, three yards away, befor the sword came down.

" The man ran forward again, slashin right into the lion's neck. The man turned the blow and the sword broke of short, a foot from the hilt. A flip of the lion's right paw knocked Tuni sprawling

" ' Ten to one on the lion! ' shouted the boy below me. ' Ten to one—no takers. It's twenty to one on the lion! '

" *I* thought so too. But in that instant the little girl Christian I spoke of ran forward and smacked her brown robe across the lion's face. As she turned back she slipped and fell almost between his paws.

" BUT Tuni had time to pick up the broken sword and throw himself on the lion, stabbing with it like a dagger. There was a whirling confusion of *beast* and *man* and *girl* and *sand*.

" You can take it from me, Ponty, *that* was the biggest moment in the whole history of the Circus. I rushed down the steps and across the Arena.

" The sword was up to the hilt behind the dead lion's shoulder. Tuni was lying on his face, I turned him over. " How's Marcella? " he mumbled, so I knew he wasn't dead.

" ' Stand up! ' I shouted, and salute, to show you've won."

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"' Not—without—Marcella,'' he said. ' It's—she—who—gets—the—credit.'

"So I bent over her. She hadn't a scratch, but she'd been stunned in the final mix up. She came to when I shook her, and I led them both, staggering, to the Emperor's box.

"I tell you, Ponty, that was *another* moment! An hour or so ago I'd been expecting to be *fired* the next day. And now, here was the Emperor throwing his own crown down on top of us, and the patricians doing the same with their coronets, and a perfect *hail* of money and jewels and everything. It was a *riot!*

"WELL, after that there was no more talk of me being fired. And I did a lot to stop the Christians being persecuted in Rome.

"Of course, I had to keep my promise to Tuni about his match with the Nubian, and Nero backed me up. The Nubian's manager, an Armenian named Azerbadjan, came to me and protested.

"I let him talk for a while and then I said, ' Listen here. You don't seem to know what "world champion" means. Your man holds the title, doesn't he?'

"' Yes,' he said, ' he does. And is prepared to defend it against all comers.'

"' Precisely,' said I, ' and Tuni looks like a comer to me.'

"' Yes, but what'll I do if Tuni kills him? I've got to live, haven't I?'

"Now, I'm a kind-hearted man, Ponty, but I didn't see *why* this Armenian had to live at all. So I rang the bell for Izzy.

"It's a strange thing that a lot of these alien people don't seem to like each other. Personally, I think Jews are fine. And I've got nothing special against Armenians. But the moment Izzy set eyes on this Azerbadjan the war started.

"' Oh yes,' he said, ' the *Boss* told me you were grumbling about your Nubian having to fight. Well, let me show you this poster which Emperor Nero has just approved.' And he held it up, like this:

BATTLING CHRISTIAN
v.
NUBIAN.
TUNI THE LIONKILLER
WILL FIGHT
BLACK CHAMPION
Greatest battlers of all time to meet
for purse of million

'THE Armenian tried to argue, but he was no match for Izzy. So the fight was scheduled for Saturnalia Week, two months later. And it was provided in the contract that the loser should have a public funeral, with the Pretorian Guards' band playing the Dead March.

"They were betting on that match all over the city, with a shade of odds on the Black Champion. The Emperor and the Court crowd put their money on the net and the trident from the start, luckily for me, as it turned out later. Every now and then I'd pick up a nice little bet myself at six to four, and nail it right down with my stylus on a wax tablet.

"The thing looked a certainty. We'd tried Tuni out against three netmen at once. I said to him, ' If your sword will cut a man in half, why won't it take the head off a spear?' And so we'd worked it out. All he'd got to do was dodge the net, cut the trident, and everything was over except cashing the bets, and the Pretorian march for the Nubian.

'THEN one fine day a week before the fight in comes my noble Tuni and sits down at my desk and says, as cool as you please, ' Biblus, this match is off.'

"' What are you *talking* about?' I asked.

"' My match with the Nubian. I do not *choose* to fight.'

"' What the Hades do you mean,' I said. ' Talk *Latin*, man! What do you mean, you do not *choose*?'

"' Never mind,' he said. ' I mean I'm not going to fight.'

"' Then why not say so?' I said. Anyway, you've got to.'

"' I do not *choose* to,' he repeated.

' ' Now listen here,' I said. ' Apart from any question of the purse of a million, do you realise that there isn't a man, woman or child in Rome who hasn't bet money on this championship?'

"And what do you think he replied? I am a Christian,' he said, ' not a gladiator. Marcella's converted me.'

"I've been talking things over with her,' he went on cheerfully, ' and I find my point of view has changed a good deal. You see, Marcella says we Christians have to stick to our principles. Now, take this matter of the Nubian hitting me in the face. It seems I'd have to turn the other cheek; Marcella says that's the *rule*. And there's another of the rules, the one about loving my enemy. But, of course, no white man can love a Nubian. So I'm barred on both counts. I've just got to give up fighting.'

"' Why not give up Marcella?' I asked. ' Haven't you any regard for the public who've bet their money?"

' The public be damned!' he said. ' I'm a Christian now, and Marcella says gambling's immoral. . . .'

"One thing I've learned about gladiators is, that you can't argue with 'em. Their heads aren't built for it. So I tried to *frighten* him by saying the Emperor would have him massacred to slow music if he spoiled the Saturnalia week.

"' So you say,' he came back, ' but Marcella tells me that the Emperor and the Court crowd have been betting on the Nubian, and I know the terms of championship matches in this city as well as *you* do. "Win, die or forfeit, and bets go with stakes." So *Nero* won't lose if I duck the contest.'

"' Oh, *all right*,' I said, ' Duck your fight, and go marry Marcella, and let her run your bank account, if she's so clever.'

"' I have,' he said, ' and she does. Between you and me, Boss, I could carve that Nubian into chicken feed, and would do it to-morrow, Christian or no Christian. But Marcella isn't so certain.'

"HE dropped his voice. ' It's a strange thing, Biblus Bogatus, that a girl seems to think you're wonderful, and a hero, and all that; and then when you've married her, she talks to you as if you were seven years old.'

"' Yes,' I said. ' Women *are* like that.'

"And then I went out and hedged all my bets . . .

"Well, this Marcella girl guessed right. There was a dreadful row when it was known that Tuni had forfeited the match. But I will say for Izzy, he handled the publicity marvellously. By the time I'd read his stuff twice I'd begun to believe that Tuni had *always* been a Christian, and only picked up the sword in the fight with the lion by *accident*, so to speak, and against his real principles.

"They say the Emperor and his crowd cleaned up three hundred million. And *that*, of course, helped to stifle criticism.

'TUNI and Marcella have got a farm up in Apulia, and I agreed to be godfather—which is some Christian rite meaning I had to give a silver cup to Tuni Junior.

"So you see it worked out all right in the long run. But I wouldn't go through that six months again for anything. I sold out the Circus rights at a big profit, and now I'm recuperating.

"*And*, Pontus, if you know of any business proposition up there in Germany or Britain that could use some money at say, ten per cent., I've got five million for them, if the security is good."

Through *the* Jungle: *By* W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

(*Continued from page* 21)

that he did me justice. I had never made a wittier speech. I was surprised that it did not seem to go down. Not a smile rewarded any of my sallies; they listened politely, but no change in their expression suggested that they were either interested or amused. I had kept my best joke for the last, and, as I reckoned that it was approaching, a smile on my lips, I leaned forward. The interpreter finished. Not a laugh, not a chuckle. I will admit that I was put out. I signified to the headman that the ceremony was at an end, they shikoed, struggled to their feet, and one after the other left the bungalow.

For a moment I hesitated.

"They didn't seem to me very intelligent," I hazarded.

"They were the stupidest lot of people we've come across," said my interpreter, and there was indignation in his tone. "I've made the same jokes every day, and this is the first time they've never laughed."

I was a trifle startled. I was not sure that I understood.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"What for you say all sorts of different things, sir? You take too much trouble for ignorant men like that. I make the same speech every day and they like it very much."

I was silent for a moment.

"For all you care, I might just as well say the multiplication table," I said then, with what I thought a certain irony.

My interpreter smiled brightly, flashing a great many white teeth at me.

"Yes, sir, that will save you a lot of trouble," he said. "You say the multiplication table and then I make my speech."

The worst of it was that I could not be quite certain that I remembered it.

WHEN I set out in the early morning the dew was so heavy that I could see it falling, and the sky was grey; but in a little while the sun pierced through, and in the sky, blue now, the

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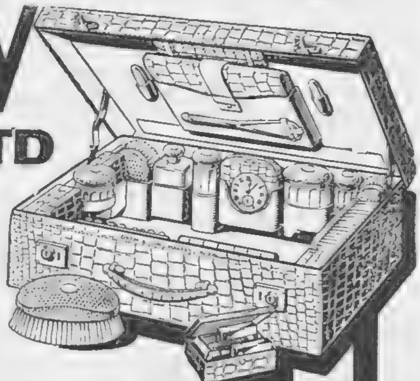

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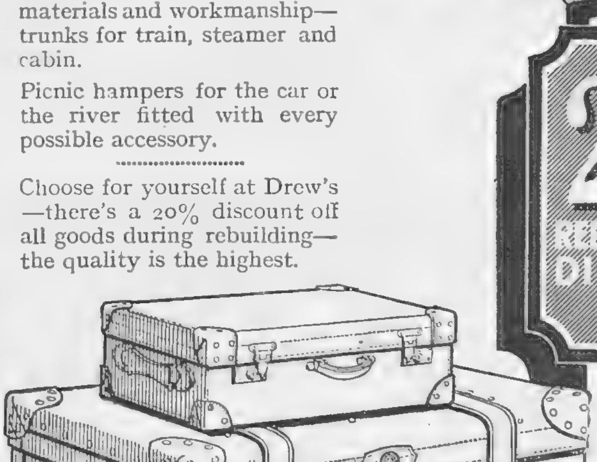

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cumulus clouds were like white sea-monsters gambolling sedately round the North Pole. The country was thinly peopled, and on each side of the road was the jungle. For some days we went through pleasant uplands by a broad track, unmetalled but hard, its surface deeply furrowed by the passage of bullock-carts.

At last we arrived at the Salween. This is one of the great rivers that rise far up in the Tibetan steppes—the Brahmaputra, the Irrawaddy, the Salween and the Mekhong—and roll southwards in parallel courses to pour their mighty waters into the Indian Ocean. Being very ignorant, I had never heard of it till I went to Burma and even then it was nothing to me but a name. It had none of the associations which are for ever attached to such rivers as the Ganges, the Tiber or the Guadalquivir. It was only as I went along that it gained a meaning to me, and, with a meaning, mystery. It was a measure of distance, we were seven days from the Salween; then six; it seemed very remote; and at Mandalay I had heard people say:

"Don't the Rogers live on the Salween? You must go and stay with them when you cross."

"Oh, my dear fellow," someone expostulated, "they live right down on the Siamese frontier, he won't be going within three weeks' journey of them."

And when we passed some rare traveller on the road, perhaps my interpreter after talking to him, would come and tell me that he had crossed the Salween three days before. The water was high, but was going down; in bad weather it was no joke crossing. "Beyond the Salween" had a stirring sound, and the country seemed dim and aloof. It became the Oriental river of my dreams, a broad stream, deep and secret, flowing through wooded hills; and it had romance, and a dark mystery, so that you could scarcely believe that it rose here and there poured itself into the ocean, but, like a symbol of eternity, flowed from an unknown source to lose itself at last in an unknown sea.

WE were two days from the Salween; then one. We left the high road and took a rocky path that wound through the jungle in and out of the hills. There was a heavy fog and the bamboos on each side were ghostly. They were like the pale wraiths of giant armies that had fought desperate wars in the beginning of the world's long history, and now, lowering, waited in ominous silence, waited and watched for one knew not what. But every now and then, straight and imposing, rose dimly the shadow of a tall, an immensely tall tree. An unseen brook babbled noisily, but for the rest silence surrounded one.

But at last we came out into the sunshine, and soon passed through a bedraggled village. Suddenly I saw the Salween shining silvery in front of me. I was prepared to feel like stout Cortez on his peak and was more than ready to look upon that sheet of water with wild surmise, but I had already exhausted the emotion it had to offer me. It was a more ordinary and less imposing stream than I had expected; indeed, then and there it was no wider than the Thames at Chelsea Bridge. It flowed without turbulence, swiftly and silently.

The raft (two dug-outs on which was built a platform of bamboos) was at the water's edge, and we set about unloading the mules. One of them, seized with a sudden panic, bolted for the river and before anyone could stop him, plunged in. He was carried away on the current. I would never have thought that that turbid, sluggish stream had such a power; he was swept along the reach, swiftly, swiftly, and the muleteers shouted and waved their arms. We could see the poor brute struggling desperately, but it was inevitable that he would be drowned, and I was thankful when a bend of the river robbed me of the sight of him. When with my pony and my personal effects I was ferried across the stream, I looked at it with more respect, and, since the raft looked to me none too secure, I was not sorry when I reached the other side.

The bungalow was on the top of the bank. It was surrounded by lawns and flowers. Poinsettias enriched it with their brilliant hues. The muleteers were cheerful because they were to get their rest, and I had given the headman a trifling sum so that they could have a treat.

THEN, their duties accomplished, and the servants having unpacked my things, peace descended upon the scene, and the river, empty as though man had had never adventured up its winding defiles, regained its dim remoteness. There was not a sound. The day waned and the peace of the water, the peace of the tree-clad hills and the peace of the evening were three exquisite things.

The spot was so lovely and the bungalow with its lawns and trees so homelike and peaceful, that for a moment I toyed with the notion of staying there not a day, but a year, not a year, but all my life. Ten days from a railhead, and my only communication with the outside world the trains of mules that passed occasionally between Taunggyi and Keng Tung, and my only intercourse the villagers from the bedraggled village on the other side of the river, and so to spend the years away from the turmoil, the envy and bitterness and malice of the world, with my thoughts, my books, my dog and my gun, all about me the vast, mysterious and luxuriant jungle. But, alas, life does not consist only of years, but of hours, the day has twenty-four, and it is no paradox that they are harder to get through than a year; and I knew that in a week my restless spirit would drive me on, to no envisaged goal it is true, but on as dead leaves are blown hither and thither to no purpose by a gusty wind.

But, on a sudden, I heard a commotion in the compound, and my Gurkha servant coming in at that moment with a gin and bitters, with which I was accustomed to bid the departing day farewell, I asked him what was the matter. He spoke tolerable English.

"The mule that was drowned, he come back," he said.

"Dead or alive?" I asked.

"Oh, he alive all right. The mule fellow he give mule a damn good beating."

"Why?"

"Teach him not to show off."

I TOOK to the road once more. One day followed another with a monotony in which was nothing tedious. At dawn a cock, crowing loudly, woke me, and the various sounds in the compound, first one and then, after a pause, another, stealing upon the silence of the night a little uncertainly—as in a symphony one instrument takes up after another the first notes of a theme, the theme of day and the labour of man, prevented me from going to sleep again: there was the bell round the neck of a mule that tinkled as he stirred, or the shake another gave himself, and the hee-haw of an ass; there were the lazy movements of the muleteers, their muffled talk, and their cries as they called to their beasts.

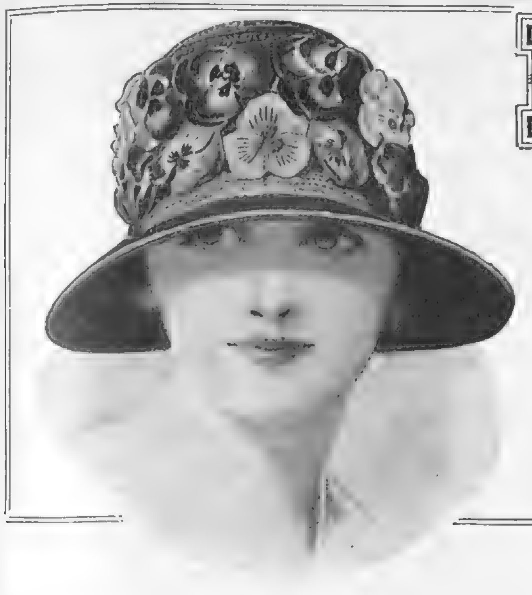
The gathering light crept into my room. Then I heard my servants moving, and in a little while my Gurkha boy, Rang Lal by name, brought me my tea, and took down my mosquito curtains. I drank the tea and smoked the first delicious cigarette of the day. Pleasant thoughts crowded upon me, scraps of dialogue, a metaphor or a sonorous phrase, a trait or two to add to a character, an episode, and it was charming to lie there idly and let my fancy wander. But Rang Lal brought in my shaving water silently, and the thought that it would soon grow cold urged me to get up.

Then I smoked my pipe and to clear my mind, read, idly enough I fear, some philosophical treatise that was not too heavy to hold in one hand. The first lot of mules had already got away, and now my bedding was rolled up, the things I had used for breakfast were put into the proper boxes, and everything was loaded on such of the mules as had remained behind. I let them get ahead.

I CAUGHT up with the mules as they were nearing the bungalow, and, knowing it was close, they increased their pace. They went along now with a sort of bustle, the bells ringing, the loads jangling, and the muleteers shouted to them and called out to one another. The muleteers were Yunnanese, strapping fellows, with bronzed faces, ragged and unwashed, but they bore themselves with a bold insouciance. Up and down Asia they marched with a lazy stride, hundreds upon hundreds of miles, and in their dark eyes were open spaces and the dim blue of far off mountains.

The mules crowded round them in the compound, each wanting his own load taken off first, and there was a shouting and a kicking and a jostling. The load is lashed to the yokes with leather thongs, and it needs two men to take it off. When it was lifted off, the mule retreated a step or two and bowed his head as though he were bowing his thanks for the release. Then the pack-saddle was taken off him, and he lay down on the ground and rolled over and over to ease his back of the irritation. One after the other as they were released, the mules wandered out of the compound to the herbage and their liberty.

Gin and bitters waited for me on the table, then my curry was served, and I flung myself in a long chair and went to sleep. When I woke, I went out with my gun. The headman had designated two or three young men to show me where I could shoot pigeon or jungle fowl, but game was shy, and I am a bad shot, and I came back generally with nothing for my pains but a scramble in the bush. The light was failing. The muleteers called the mules to shut



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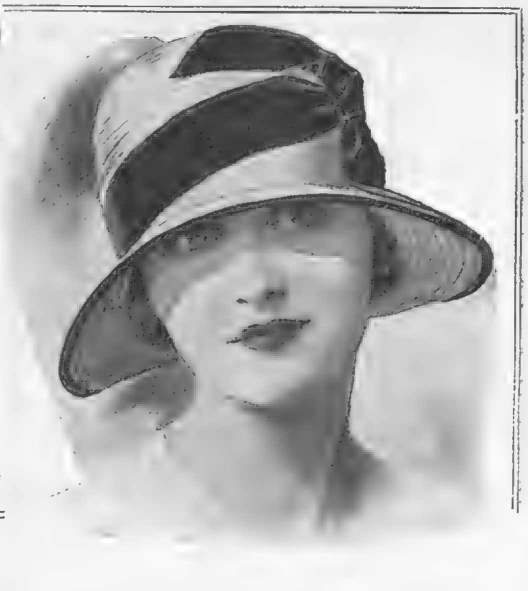

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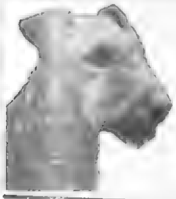

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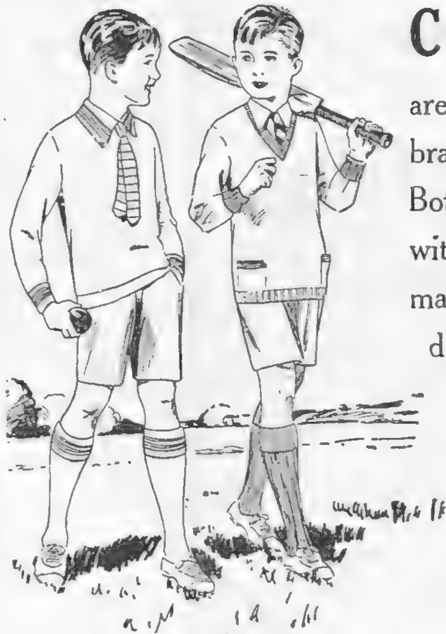

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them up for the night in the compound. They called in a shrill falsetto, a sound wild and barbaric that seemed scarcely human; it was a peculiar, even a terrifying, cry, and it suggested vaguely the vast distances of Asia and the nomad tribes of heaven knows how many ages back from which they were descended.

I LOST count of time. The track now could no longer be called a road, and a bullock-cart could not have gone along it; it was no more than a narrow path, and we went in single file. We began to climb, and a river, a tributary of the Salween, ran over rocks boisterously below us. The track wound up and down hills, through the defiles of the range we were crossing, now at the level of the river, and then high above it. The sky was blue, not with the brilliant, provocative blue of Italy, but with the Eastern blue which is milky, pale and languorous. The jungle now had all the air of the virgin forest of one's fancy: tall trees, rising straight, without a branch, for eighty or a hundred feet flaunted their power majestically in the sun. Creepers with gigantic leaves entwined them, and the smaller trees were covered with parasitic plants as a bride is covered by her veil. The bamboos were sixty feet high. The wild plantains grew everywhere. They seemed set in their places by some skilful gardener, for they had the air of consciously completing the decoration. They were magnificent.

One day, looking for a short cut, I ventured along a path that led straight into the jungle. There was more life than I had seen while I stuck to the highway; the jungle-fowl scurried over the tops of the trees as I passed, pigeons cooed all about me, and a hornbill sat quite still on a branch to let me look at it. I can never quite get over my surprise at seeing at liberty birds and beasts whose natural habitation seems a zoological garden, and I remember once in an island, away down in the south-east of the Malay Archipelago, when I saw a great cockatoo staring at me I looked about for the cage from which it had escaped, and could not realise for a moment that it was at home there and had never known confinement.

THE jungle was not very thick, and the sun, finding its bold way through the trees, diapered the ground with a coloured and fantastic pattern. But, after a while, it began to dawn on me that I was lost, not seriously and tragically lost as may happen to one in the jungle, but astray as one might be in the squares and terraces of Bayswater; I did not want to retrace my steps and the pathway, with the sun shining on it, was tempting: I thought I would go on a little farther and see what happened. And suddenly I came upon a tiny village; it consisted of no more than four or five houses, surrounded by a bedraggled stockade of bamboos.

I was as surprised to find it there, right in the jungle, and six or seven miles from the main road, as its inhabitants must have been to see me, but neither they nor I would betray by our demeanour that there was anything odd about it. Small children playing on the dry, dusty ground scattered at my approach (I remembered how in one place I was asked if two little boys who had never seen a white man might be brought to have a look at me, and were promptly carried away screaming with terror at the revolting sight); but the women, carrying buckets of water or pounding rice, went on unconcernedly with their tasks; and the men, sitting on their verandahs, gave me but a perfectly unconcerned glance. I wondered how those people had found their way there and what they did; they were self-subsistent, living a life entirely of their own, and as much cut off from the outside world as though they dwelt on an atoll in the South Seas. I knew and could know nothing of them. They were as different from me as though they belonged to another species. But they had passions like mine, the same hopes, the same desires, the same griefs.

I urged my pony on, and in a few yards I was once more in the thick of the jungle. I continued to climb, the path crossing and recrossing little rushing streams and then wound down, wound round the hills, the trees growing upon them so densely that you felt you could walk upon the tree-tops as though upon a green floor, until all sunny I saw the plain and the village for which I was bound that day.

THE village was called Mong Pying, and I had made up my mind to rest there for a day or two. It was very warm, and in the afternoon I sat in shirt sleeves on the verandah of the bungalow. I was surprised to see approaching me a white man. I had not seen one since I left Taunggyi. Then I remembered that before leaving they had told me that somewhere along the road I should meet an Italian priest.

I rose to meet him. He was a thin man, tall for an Italian, with regular features and large, handsome eyes. His face, sallow from malaria, was covered, almost to the eyes, with a luxuriant black beard that curled as boldly as the beard on an Assyrian king. And his hair was abundant, black and curling. I guessed him to be somewhere between thirty-five and forty. He was dressed in a shabby black cassock, stained and threadbare, a battered khaki helmet, white trousers and white shoes.

"I heard you were coming," he said to me. "Just think, I haven't seen a white man for eighteen months."

"What will you have?" I asked him. "I can offer you whisky, or gin and bitters, tea or coffee."

He smiled.

"I haven't had a cup of coffee for two years. I ran out of it, and I found I could do without it very well. It was an extravagance, and we had so little money for this mission. But it is a deprivation."

I told the Gurkha boy to make him a cup, and when he tasted it his eyes glistened.

"Nectar," he cried. "It is real nectar. People should do without things more. It is only then that you really enjoy them."

"You must let me give you two or three tins."

"Can you spare them? I will send you some lettuces from my garden."

"But how long have you been here then?" I asked.

"Twelve years."

He was silent for a moment.

"My brother, who is a priest in Milan, offered to send me the money to go back to Italy, so that I might see my mother before she died. She is an old woman, and she cannot live much longer. They used to say I was her favourite son, and, indeed, when I was a

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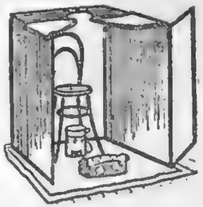

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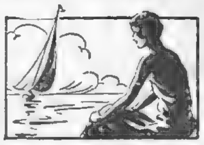

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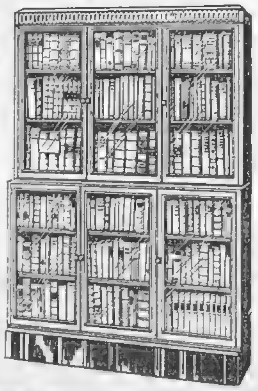

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child she used to spoil me. I should have liked to see her once more, but, to tell you the truth, I was afraid to go, I thought that if I did I should not have the courage to come back here to my people. Human nature is very weak, do you not think so? I could not trust myself." He smiled and gave a gesture that was oddly pathetic. "Never mind, we shall meet again in Paradise."

Then he asked me if I had a camera. He was very anxious to send a photograph of his new church to the lady in Lombardy through whose pious generosity he had been able to build it. He took me to it, a great wooden barn, severe and bare; the reredos was decorated with an execrable picture of Jesus Christ painted by one of the nuns at Keng Tung, and he begged me to take a photograph of this also so that when I went there and visited the convent I could show the nun how her work looked in place. There were two little pews for the scanty congregation. He was proud, as well he might be, because the church, the altar and the pews had been built by himself and his converts. He took me to his compound and showed me the modest building which served as schoolroom and as sleeping-quarters for the children in his charge. I think he told me that there were six and thirty of them. He led me into his own little bungalow. The living-room was fairly spacious, and this, till the church was built, he had used also as a chapel. At the back was a tiny bedroom no larger than a monk's cell, in which was nothing but a small wooden bed, a washing-stand and a book-shelf. Alongside of this was a tiny, rather dirty and untidy kitchen. There were two women in it.

"You see I am very grand now, I have a cook and a kitchen-maid," he said.

The younger woman had a hare-lip, and, giggling, took pains to hide it with her hand. The father said something to her. The other was squatting on the ground pounding some herb in a mortar, and he patted her kindly on the shoulder.

"They have been here nearly a year now," he said. "They are mother and daughter. The woman, poor thing, has a malformed hand, and the girl, as you see, that terrible lip."

We went into the living-room and sat down. It was bare of every sort of comfort. There was a large table, and two or three wooden chairs, straight-backed and severe; there were shelves on which were a number of religious books, paper-bound and musty, and a great many Catholic periodicals. The father received a daily paper from Italy, the *Corriere della Sera*, arriving in bundles once a month, and he told me that he read every word of every one.

"It amuses me," he said, "of course, but I do it also as well as a spiritual exercise for I cannot afford to let my faculties rust. I know everything that is happening in Italy, what operas they are doing at the Scala, what plays are given, and what books are published. I read the political speeches. Everything. In that way I keep abreast of the world. My mind remains active."

He talked fluently, in a resonant voice, and he was quick to smile; he had a loud and hearty laugh. When first he came to this place he put up at the P.W.D. bungalow and set about learning the language. The rest of his time he spent building the little house in which I now sat. Then he went out into the jungle.

"I can do nothing with the Shans," he told me. "They are Buddhists, and they are satisfied with Buddhism. It suits them." He gave me a deprecating look of his fine black eyes, and with a smile made a statement that I could see was so bold to his mind that he was a trifle startled at it himself. "You know, one must admit that Buddhism is a beautiful religion. I have long talks sometimes with the monk at the Pongyi Chaun; he is not an uneducated man, and I cannot but respect him and his faith."

He soon discovered that he could hope to influence only the people in the little lonely villages in the jungle, for they were spirit-worshippers, and their lives were perplexed by the unceasing dread of the malignant powers that lay in wait to ensnare them. But the villages were far away in the mountains, and often he had to go twenty, thirty or even forty miles to reach them.

It was his custom on arriving at a village to go to the headman's house and ask for lodging. When the people came back in the evening from their work he gathered them together on the verandah and talked to them. Now, after all these years, they knew him for forty miles around and they made him welcome. Sometimes a message came to ask him to go to some distant village that he had not yet visited so that they could hear what he had to say.

I remembered the lonely little village, shut off by the pressing growth of that dense verdure that I had come upon in the jungle. I wanted to form in my mind's eye some picture of the lives those people led in it. The father shrugged his shoulders when I questioned him.

"They work. Men and women work together. It is a constant round of unceasing toil. Believe me, life is not easy in the jungle villages up in the mountains. They sow their rice, and you know what time and trouble it takes and then they reap it; they cultivate opium, and when they have an interval, they go into the jungle to gather the jungle produce. They do not starve, but they only save themselves from starvation because they never rest.

"Sometimes when I arrived at a village and the headman and the elders, kneeling on the ground, gave me their presents I had seemed to read in their large dark eyes a strange hunger. They looked at me in a humble, dog-like fashion as though they were expecting from me a message for which they had been long eagerly waiting. I wished that I could make them a discourse that would stir them; I wished that I could deliver to them the glad tidings for which they seemed to hanker. I could tell them nothing of a Beyond of which I knew nothing."

I looked at the priest. He at least could give them something. I saw him arriving, footsore and weary, at some village, and when the approach of night prevented the people from working any longer, sitting on the floor on the verandah, lit by the moon, perhaps, but perhaps only by the stars, and telling them, silent shadows in the darkness, things strange and new.

I do not think he was a very intellectual man; he had character, of course, and shrewdness. He knew quite well that the hill Shans let their children come to him only because he clothed, lodged and fed them, but he shrugged his shoulders tolerantly, they would return to their hills when they were of a proper age, and though some would revert to the savage beliefs of their fathers, others would retain the faith he had taught them, and by their influence perhaps lighten the darkness that surrounded them. He led too busy and active a life to have much time for reflection, and certainly there was in his mind no mystical strain; his faith was strong, as an athlete's arms are muscular, and he accepted the dogmas of his religion as unquestioningly as you and I accept the fact of single vision or the flushing cheek. He told me that he had had a desire to come to the East as a missionary when he was still a seminarist and studied in Milan to that end. He showed me a photograph of the group, sitting round the bishop, who had come out with him, twelve of them, and pointed out to me those that were dead. This one had been drowned crossing a river in China, that one had died of cholera in India, and the other had been killed by the wild Was up in the north of the Shan States. I asked him when he had sailed, and without a moment's hesitation he gave me the day of the week, the date of the month and the year; whatever anniversaries they may forget, these nuns, monks and secular priests, the date on which they left Europe remains on the tip of their tongues. Then he showed me a photograph of his family, a typical group of lower middle-class people, such as you may see in the window of any cheap photographer in Italy. They were stiff, formal and self-conscious, the father and mother sitting in the middle in their best clothes, two younger children arranged on the floor at their feet, a daughter on each side of them, and behind, standing according to their heights, a row of sons. The priest pointed out to me those that had entered religion.

"More than half," I commented.

"It has been a great happiness to our mother," he said. "It is her doing."

She was a stout woman, in a black dress, with her hair parted in the middle and large, soft eyes. She looked like a good housekeeper and I had little doubt when it came to buying and selling she could drive a hard bargain. The priest smiled affectionately.

"She is a wonderful creature, my mother, she has had fifteen children and eleven of them are still alive. She is a saint, and goodness is as natural to her as a fine voice is to a *cantatrice*: it is no more difficult for her to do a beautiful action than it was for Adelina Patti to take C in alt. *Cara*."

He put the photograph back on the table.

WHEN the next day but one I set out again the father said he would walk with me till we came to the hills and so, slinging my pony's bridle over my arm, we trudged along while he gave me messages for the nuns at Keng Tung and impressed upon me not to forget to send him prints of the photographs I had taken. He walked with his gun on his shoulder, an old weapon that looked to me much more dangerous to himself than to the beasts of the field; he was an odd figure in his battered helmet and his black cassock trussed up round his waist in order not to impede his gait, his white trousers tucked into his heavy boots. He walked with a long slow stride and I could well imagine that the miles sagged away under it. But presently his sharp eyes caught sight of a kingfisher which sat on the low branch of a tree, green and blue, a little quivering, beautiful thing, poised there for a moment like a living gem. The father put his hand on my arm to stop me and crept forward very softly, noiselessly, till he got to within ten feet; then he fired, and when the bird dropped he sprang forward with a cry of triumph, and, picking it up, threw it in the bag he carried slung to his side.

"That will help to make my rice tasty," he said.

But we reached the jungle and he stopped again.

"I shall leave you here," he said. "I must get back to my work."

I mounted my pony, we shook hands, and I trotted off. I turned back when I came to a bend of the path and waved as I saw him still standing where I had left him. He had his hand on the trunk of a tall tree and the green of the forest surrounded him. I went on, and soon, I suppose, with that heavy tread of his that seemed not to spurn the earth but to stamp upon it with a jovial energy, as though it were friendly and would take his affectionate violence in good part (like a great strong dog who wags his tail when you give him a hearty slap on the buttock), soon, I suppose, he trudged back to the life from which for a day or two I had lured him. I knew that I should never see him again. I was going on to I knew not what new experiences, and presently I should return to the great world with its excitement and vivid changes, but he would remain there always.

(*To be continued next month.*)

Pastiche of War: *By* THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

(*Continued from page 45*)

generation of young men, now in their thirties, were in fact not "destroyed" but only temporarily paralysed. To-day, at last, a decade after the conclusion of the four years of horror which ravished their youth, they are recovering vigour and ambition like shell-shocked men from whom the veils have slowly fallen

SO much more intelligent are these books than earlier volumes on similar themes that I do not fear that they will encourage the more foolish kind of pacifism. I repeat that no one who reads *All Quiet on the Western Front* can ever again fail to understand the filth and horror of war; but at the same time he will appreciate the strength of the complex and universal forces which go to produce war.

It is useless to say, with our less intelligent Socialist politicians, that the first step towards the abolition of war lies in disbanding the British Army, Navy and Air Force. Whoever reads Remarque's book—and I could call no more unbiased witness—will realise that such folly on our part would lead not to less war but to more. There are at least three characters in his book whose type, existing everywhere, would welcome British disarmament not as a step to peace but as our enemies' opportunity.

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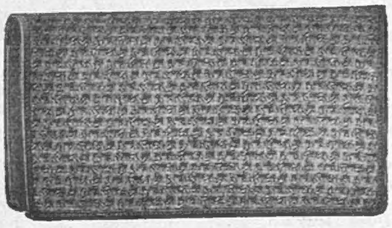

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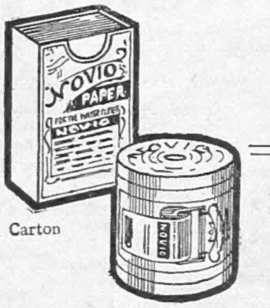

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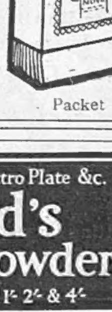

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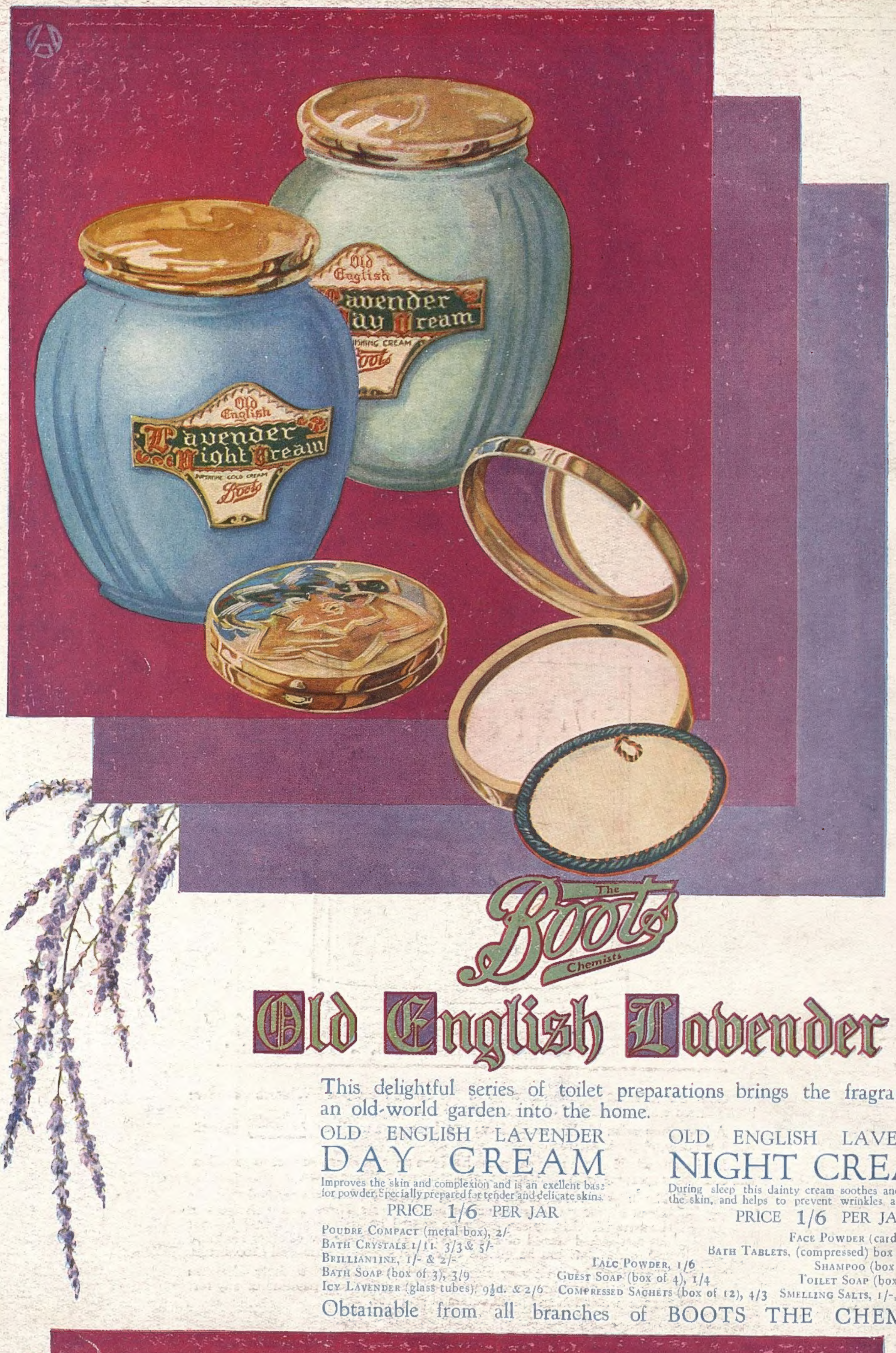

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